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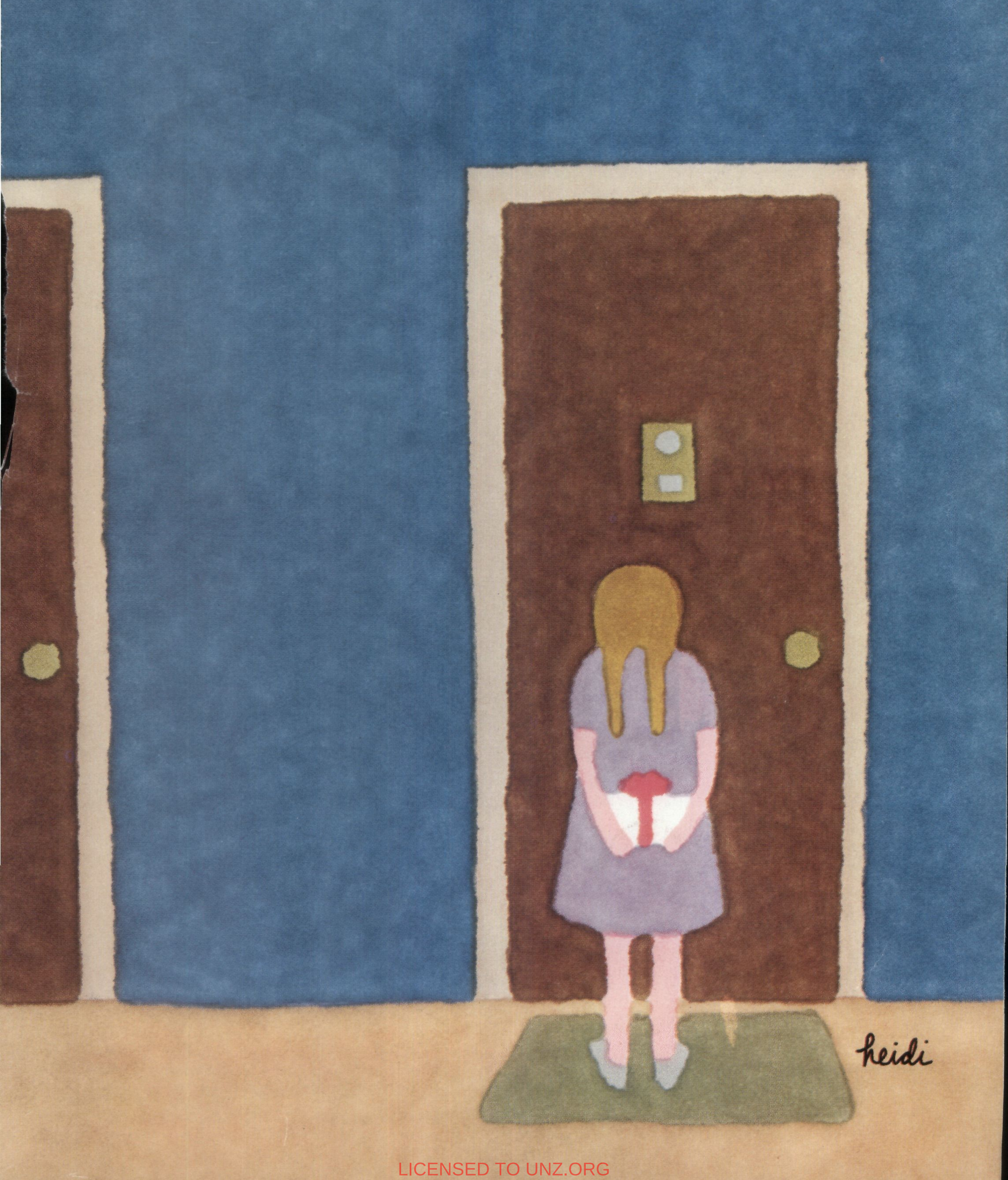

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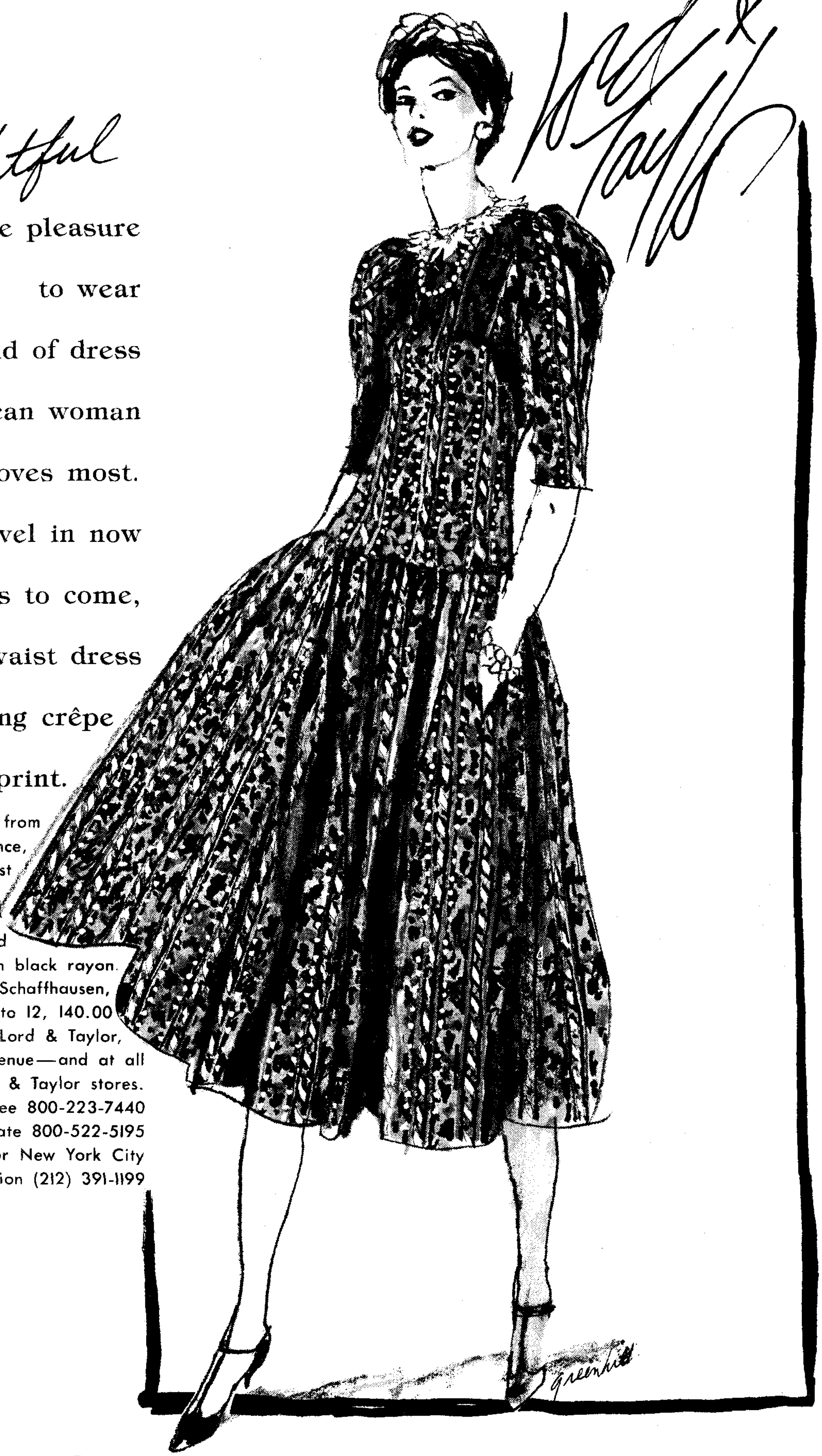

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Agnes of God—A distinctly flaky young nun has given birth to a baby, whose body is subsequently found in a wastepaper basket in her convent room. The nun maintains that God is the father of the child, and the Mother Superior of the convent is inclined to agree with her, but a court-appointed psychiatrist (herself a lapsed Catholic) has other notions. More of a debate than a play, but brilliantly enacted by Geraldine Page and Amanda Plummer. The author is John Pielmeier. For two weeks, Diahann Carroll is filling in for Elizabeth Ashley in the role of the psychiatrist. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/12/82.) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A/K/A Tennessee: Facts and Fictions of Thomas Lanier Williams—A collage of works by Tennessee Williams performed by Maxim Mazumdar (who devised this entertainment), Carrie Nye, and J. T. Walsh. (South Street Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Baseball Wives—A play by Grubb Graebner which was seen at the American Renaissance Theatre last spring. Opens Wednesday, Sept. 29, at 6:30. (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Cats—A London musical by Andrew Lloyd Webber, who based it on T. S. Eliot's "Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats." Trevor Nunn is the director. Previews through Wednesday, Oct. 6. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 7. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6222. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Charlotte Sweet—A spoof of Victorian music hall. The libretto is by Michael Colby and the music by Gerald Jay Markoe. The young company performs valiantly and with some skill. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Dining Room—The action of A. R. Gurney, Jr.,'s delightful play takes place in a formal dining room somewhere in New England, and this action is a matter of brief scenes about a large assortment of characters over the past fifty years or so. All the characters are portrayed by six nimble, accomplished actors—Nicholas Hormann, Pippa Pearthree, Debra Mooney, Ann McDonough, W. H. Macy, and Charles Kimbrough. David Trainer was the good director. Starting Tuesday, Oct. 5, Mary Catherine Wright will replace Miss Pearthree. (3/1/82) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of Ray Cooney and John Chapman's **not now, darling** is the first in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Oct. 10. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

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Geniuses—Jonathan Reynolds, a gifted playwright, has written an annoying, campy comedy about some movie people on location near Manila during a typhoon. (5/24/82) (Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Ghosts—Ibsen's classic work has been made a vehicle for Liv Ullmann, who as Mrs. Alving is unequal to her task. A sorry production makes the play seem more obsolete than it actually is, or ever will be. (9/13/82) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, Oct. 2.)

Knucklebones—A comedy by Douglas Anderson. (Nat Horne, 440 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting Victor Herbert's **mlle. modiste.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Little Shop of Horrors—Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is untainted by camp. The spirited, tuneful rock score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman wrote the witty book and witty lyrics; the singing and comic acting by the entir company is a credit to Mr. Ashman, the i ventive director. Martin P. Robinson d signed and manipulates the menacing plan and it speaks and sings in the menacing bar tone of Ron Taylor. With Lee Wilkof, as th apprentice florist who discovers and nurtur it, and Ellen Greene as the lady he love (9/27/82) (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., a 8th St. 477-2477. Tuesdays through Friday at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays a 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Master Harold . . . and the Boys—The theme this short, elegantly written melodrama is th desolation of failed relations, whether in th family or out in the world. The scene is Sout Africa. The author, Athol Fugard, has directe his superb cast with appropriate energy (5/17/82) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239 6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinée Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Nine—A musical version of the autobiographica movie "8½" that Fellini directed almos twenty years ago. Raul Julia plays the hard-pressed hero, here depicted as an overgrow crybaby, surrounded by twenty-odd wome most of them abjectly servile sexual objects A gorgeous production. (5/24/82) (46t Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-024 Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinée Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Present Laughter—A better play than it has th reputation for being, this autobiographica work by Noël Coward—a case of Cowar mocking Coward with the witty malice h

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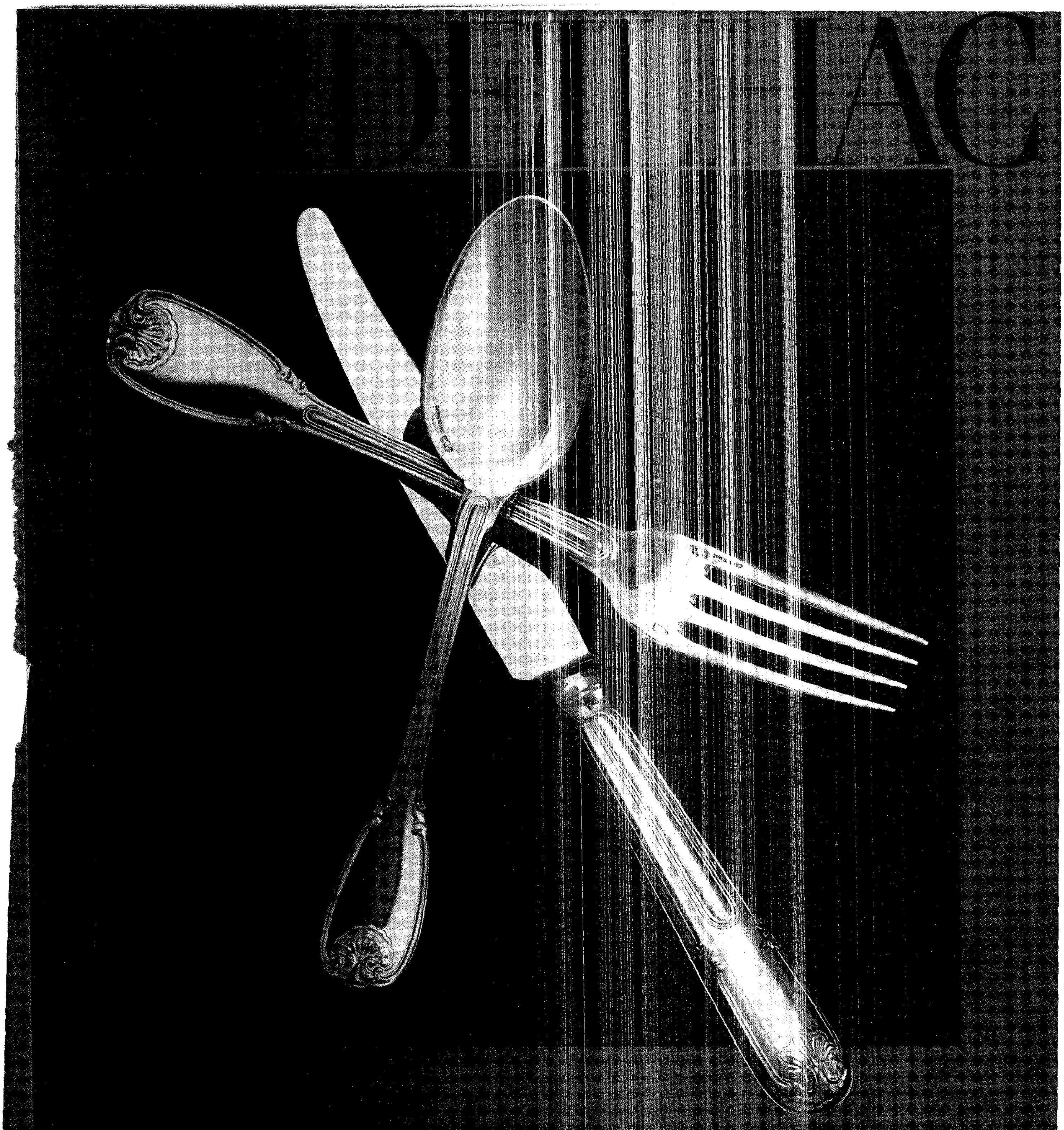

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

was famous for—has been turned into a slapstick farce by George C. Scott, its director and star. The rest of the cast is more cowed than Cowardly. (7/26/82) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

The Price of Genius—A play by Betty Neustat, with Patrizia Norcia. (Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

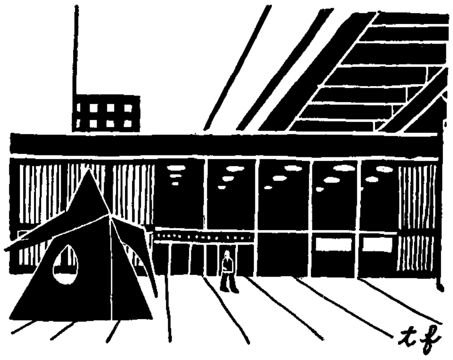
The Queen and the Rebels—Colleen Dewhurst is the star of Ugo Betti's play, translated by Henry Reed. Staged by Waris Hussein. Previews Wednesday, Sept. 29. Opens officially on Thursday, Sept. 30. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Stage That Walks—Bruce D. Schwartz, a *puppeteer of impressive invention and dexterity*, opens this season's American Humorists Series. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Subplot Cabaret, American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Torch Song Trilogy—Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by and starring Harvey Fierstein, as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. Richard DeFabees substitutes for Mr. Fierstein at the matinée performances. (2/1/82) (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Your Arms Too Short to Box with God—Patti LaBelle and Al Green in a revival of the musical taken from the book of Matthew by Vinnette Carroll, who also directed. The music and lyrics are by Alex Bradford and Micki Grant. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Sept. 29, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 31.)

Long Runs—**amadeus:** We are at the court of Joseph II, in Vienna, in the eighteenth century, and the court composer Salieri is engaged in killing off his upstart rival, Mozart, either by actual poison or by denigration. A sumptuously staged melodrama by Peter Shaffer, with Frank Langella, Dennis Boutsikaris, and Suzanne Lederer heading the large cast. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **annie:** Daddy Warbucks is transformed into a benign New Dealer and Little Orphan Annie is not very waiflike in this pleasant but uninspired musical. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays and Sundays at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **a chorus line:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **cloud 9:** Caryl Churchill's comedy about the "confusion" of sexuality—first in a British outpost in Africa in 1880 and then in a park in London in 1980—is a witty and original work that adds a measure of confusion all its own. It is very well performed under Tommy Tune's brilliant direction. (Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **crimes of the heart:** In a small town in Mississippi, a number of terrible things happen, but the author, Beth Henley, makes nearly all of them appear very funny indeed. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **dreamgirls:** Traditional musical-comedy hokum, directed and choreographed by Michael Bennett at his usual frantic pace. The enormous cast is young, tireless, and talented. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **evita:** A sung version of the life of Eva Perón, with Loni Ackerman, Anthony Crivello, and David Cryer. Nancy Opel substitutes for Miss Ackerman at the Wednesday and Saturday matinée performances. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **the fantasticks:** 9,328 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42nd street:** A musical based on the old Warner Brothers movie and *by no means an improvement on it*. Directed and choreographed by the late Gower Champion. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **joseph and the amazing technicolor dreamcoat:** Allen Fawcett heads the cast of a musical derived from the Old Testament story. Andrew Lloyd Webber composed the score and Tim Rice wrote the lyrics. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **oh! calcutta!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **one mo' time:** A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **the pirates of penzance:** Gilbert and Sullivan Americanized, which, in this case, is to say good-humoredly vulgarized. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **pump boys and dinettes:** A thoroughly engaging and spirited little cabaret musical, set in a gas station with diner attached, somewhere in the South. Most of the appealing songs were written by Jim Wann or by his wife, Cass Morgan. (Princess, Broadway at 48th St. 586-3903. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **sister mary ignatius explains it all for you** and **the actor's nightmare:** "Sister Ignatius," the second of Christopher Durang's brace of one-acters, is a scathing satire on Catholic education: a crazy nun verbally molests her small pupils until she is given her comeuppance by four visiting alumni. In the curtain-raiser, "The Actor's Nightmare," a businessman dreams that he is on a stage and forced to perform, giving rise to a cluster of shrewd parodies of respected playwrights. Everyone in the company does very well; Nancy Marchand is the nun, and Jeff Brooks is the actor-in-spite-of-himself. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **a soldier's play:** The Negro Ensemble Company production of Charles Fuller's gripping drama about an investigation into th shooting of a black sergeant at an Arm *camp in Louisiana in 1944*. The performance by all members of the company are excellent under Douglas Turner Ward's direction (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545 Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays a 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturday at 3 and Sundays at 2:30.) . . . **sophisticate ladies:** A stunning potpourri of Duke Ellington numbers, affording us again and again welcome shock of recognition. The cast, headed by Maurice Hines, sings and dances wit extraordinary energy; few musicals have eve moved so swiftly from a confident start to no less confident finish. (Lunt-Fontanne, 20 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **woman o the year:** Raquel Welch heads the cast of thi musical-comedy version of the old Hepburn-Tracy movie. The clever songs are by Kande and Ebb, and the direction is by Robert Moore. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



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MISCELLANY

Forbidden Broadway—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 9; Fridays and Saturdays at 9 and midnight; and Sundays at 9.)

New York Gilbert and Sullivan Players—Presenting the final performances of "The Pirates o Penzance." (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Saturday, Oct. 2, at 3 and 8, and Sunday, Oct. 3, at 2 and 7. For information about tickets, call 724-9159.)

Peter Allen and the Rockettes—Final per mances of the engagement. (Radio City M sic Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-460 Wednesday through Friday, Sept. 29-Oct. at 7:30; Saturday, Oct. 2, at 7:30 and mic night; and Sunday, Oct. 3, at 2:30.)

DANCE

Feld Ballet—Opening performances of a three-week engagement that will run through Sunday, Oct. 24—Tuesday, Oct. 5, at 7:30: "Anatomic Balm," "Over the Pavement," and "Play Bach." . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 6, and Friday, Oct. 8, at 8: "The Consort," "Circa," and "A Footstep of Air." . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 7, at 8: "Excursions," "Over the Pavement," and "Play Bach." . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 9, at 8: "The Consort," "Straw Hearts," and "Play Bach." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

Nikolais Dance Theatre—Opening performances of a three-week engagement that will run through Sunday, Oct. 24—Wednesday, Oct. 6, at 7, and Thursday and Friday, Oct. 7-8, at 8: "Temple," "Tensile Involvement," "Crossfade," and "The Mechanical Organ II" (New York première). . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 9, at 8: "Pond" (New York première), "Noumenon," "Countdown," and "The Mechanical Organ I." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

Riverside Dance Festival—Performances of mostly modern dance. **charles moore dance theatre:** Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 29-30, and Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 2-3, all at 8: "Haitian Suite," "Tyi Wara," "Cafezal," "Jigbu," and other works. . . . **bertram ross:** Wednesday, Oct. 6, and Friday, Oct. 8, at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 10, at 2: "Carlos," "Gordon Craig," and other works, in a program combining dance and the spoken word. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929.)

Molissa Fenley—A two-week engagement of "Eureka," a full-length solo work. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3. Through Sunday, Oct. 10.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives

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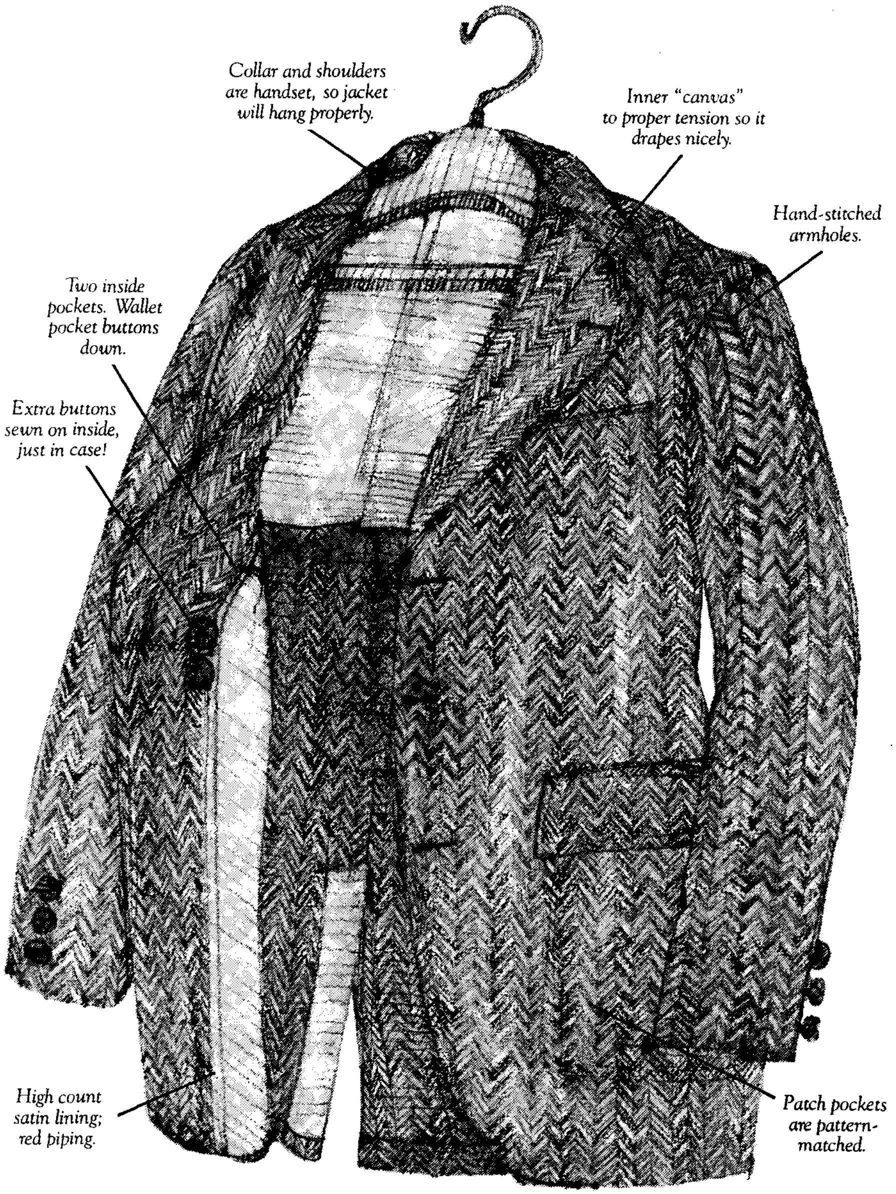

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that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A long, narrow nautical bar and restaurant that's been a Chelsea fixture for years. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 1-2, will be given over to the William Komaiko trio, and Friday and Saturday, Oct. 8-9, pianist **HUGH LAWSON** will guide his trio. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—According to the barman, there've been scads of clubs at this address, going all the way back to speakeasy days. Drummer **MAX ROACH'S** quartet is present through Sunday, Oct. 3; Monday, Oct. 4, will belong to Alva Nelson and the Apparitions; and on Tuesday, Oct. 5, the **MINGUS DYNASTY BAND**—this edition featuring **CLIFFORD JORDAN, JAKI BYARD, JIMMY KNEPPER,** and **RANDY BRECKER**—will move in. There are usually three sets, beginning at nine-thirty.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The roster: Thursday, Sept. 30, Margie Adam; Friday and Saturday, Oct. 1-2, guitarists **RALPH TOWNER** and **JOHN ABERCROMBIE,** and the **JAN GARBAREK** group; and Friday and Saturday, Oct. 8-9, Latin-jazz flutist **DAVE VALENTIN.** Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Some of the most accomplished and famous pianists, bassists, and, occasionally, guitarists in the world (although no musician's name is ever posted anywhere on the premises) work in this dark-panelled, perpetually (it seems) crowded, talkative New York bar and restaurant. A real fine duo—pianist **HANK JONES** and bassist **RED MITCHELL**—is on hand until Saturday, Oct. 2. On Sunday, Oct. 3, Mr. Mitchell will perform again, with another pianist. Music from nine-forty-five.

Broadway Joe's, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—The poised, swinging **JIMMY LYON,** who plays piano until ten in Peacock Alley at the Waldorf, a large, *very* subdued room, comes to this convivial, buzzing smallish barroom, where he gets an impressive second wind. He's here from ten-thirty to two Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** a subtle, rhythmically motivated guitarist who plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music, heads a trio Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. Dining and dancing.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—In the Café Carlyle, pop pianist Peter Nero performs Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL** plays the piano and sings a bit, too, in the Bemelmans Bar, nightly, except Sundays, from nine-thirty.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—**ELLIS LARKINS,** the demure, elegant pianist, is the star at this dark-brown room just in back of Carnegie Hall. Music nightly, except Sundays, from nine to midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Rock and roll as a garage industry. The schedule: Wednesday, Sept. 29, the Del-Lords, the Times, Michael Guthrie Band, and Extreme Unction; Thursday, Sept. 30, the Bandits, the Messengers, the Brightons, and Tyranny Pop; Friday, Oct. 1, the Sic F*cks, Eddy Dixon, and the Reducers; and Saturday, Oct. 2, the Gun Club. Monday is showcase night. Music long after nine-thirty.

City Limits, 125 Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (243-2242)—A country-and-Western and Western-swing hangout for New Yorkers who secretly wish they had names like Waylon Jennings and Billie Jo Spears. Various lively, well-miked bands are booked to play here for listening and dancing nightly after ten.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**ALBERTA HUNTER** demonstrates the art of the blues innuendo for the uninitiated. Shows Wednesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven-fifteen. Sundays through Tuesdays have been given over to singer-bassist **ARVELL SHAW** and his trio, who perform glossy, pleasant-enough versions of such swingers and ballads as "Cottontail," "Love," and "Since I Fell for You." Shows at nine and eleven. Dining.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—A homey music room for devout admirers of bluegrass, old-time country music, and British and Irish folk music. (Devout doesn't mean subdued; there is plenty of hooting—not the self-indulgent, rowdy kind but the supporting, appreciative kind—and handclapping.) The musicians: Wednesday, Sept. 29, Dan Milner and Paul Friedman; Saturday, Oct. 2, Nevard & the Barrelhouse Boys; Wednesday, Oct. 6, the **IRISH TRADITION;** Thursday, Oct. 7, Horse Sense; and Saturday, Oct. 9, Out to Lunch. Music from eight-thirty on Wednesdays, from eight-fifteen on Thursdays, and from nine on Saturdays.

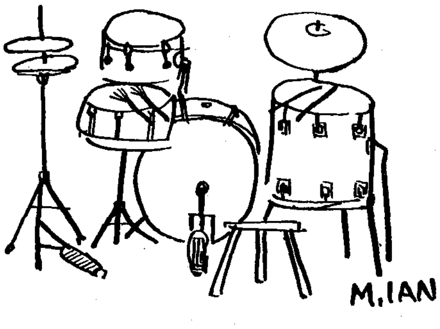
Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A dark, sleek alternative hangout for traditional jazz (see also Jimmy Ryan's below). The house sextet works nightly, except Sundays, from eight-thirty to two. On Sunday, Oct. 3, pianist **MARTY NAPOLEON** will head a quartet from nine-thirty. Monday nights are claimed by soprano saxophonist **BOB WILBER** and his group, and on Wednesdays other small combos work from five-thirty to eight-thirty. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A velvet-and-mirror-walled belowstairs room, which is patronized by tourists, people on dates, and music lovers, and which is frequently very crowded. Tania Maria, a lively Brazilian singer-pianist, can be heard through Sunday, Oct. 3; on Tuesday, Oct. 5, tenor saxophonist **STAN GETZ** will arrive with his latest quartet. Sets begin after nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Folkie City, that is: Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 29-30, Richard Thompson (at eight and eleven); Friday, Oct. 1, **MARY MC CASLIN & JIM RINGER;** Saturday, Oct. 2, **TERRY GARTHWAITE, ROSALIE SORRELS,** and **BOBBIE LOUISE HAWKINS;** and Tuesday, Oct. 5, the Press and Bill Fern's Rock Jam. Two shows—the first one getting under way about nine—every night but Monday, when a hootenanny begins around eight.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A big, self-conscious space in which to listen to some worthwhile drummerless music. The mural is by Françoise Schein, the chairs are by David Utz, the plants are by Chris, and the graphics are by Susan Hunt Yule—those are the credits as they appear in the menu. The live music: singers Mindy Lee and Rick Joswick are present through Saturday, Oct. 2; on Monday, Oct. 4, pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND** and bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM,** the Monday regulars, jam with their guest, violinist **BILLY BANG;** and on Tuesday, Oct. 5, singer Carmen Lundy will move in for five nights. Sundays are the property of singer, pianist, and composer **ANDY BEY.** Music Sundays through Thursdays at ten and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine, eleven, and one. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Small enough to be a hamburger stand (it was) and musical enough to be a jazz landmark (it is). Wednesdays throug Sundays, Scott Hardy, Harris Simon, Stev Alcott, and vocalist Alicia Sherman wor together; and on Mondays and Tuesdays trio led by speedy, bebop guitarist **CHUC WAYNE** has the floor. Both these groups begi about ten. Pianist Don Golson works nightl from five to ten, except on Sundays, whe **BROOKS KERR** plays stride-piano tunes and som Ellington material and sings a bit.



Griff's, Third Ave. at 37th St. (867-7179)— pleasant, spiffy, laid-back restaurant tha hangs over Third Avenue—it's one leve up—and hires small bands and piano soloist **NINA SHELDON,** a lively singer and pianist who' also here every Monday, works with bassis **MICHAEL MOORE** through Saturday, Oct. 2; o Tuesday, Oct. 5, pianist **HILTON RUIZ** and bassist **MAJOR HOLLEY** will take charge. Music fron eight.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A refurbished bar and restaurant i a neighborhood that is itself in the process o being refurbished. **RALPH SUTTON,** who likes t play a lot of early jazz, is at the dining-roon grand until Saturday, Oct. 2; on Tuesday Oct. 5, pianist **ALBERT DAILEY** will take over Music Tuesdays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven.

Jazzmania Society, 40 W. 27th St. (532-7666)—A very big, airy room with ceiling fans and jazz fans. Friday and Saturday, Oct 1-2, will be claimed by Sinatra-inspire crooner Marion Cowings, and singer Kin Shaw & Euphoria, and Friday and Saturday Oct. 8-9, will be devoted to clarinettist **PERRY ROBINSON.** Sets from about nine.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—A no-frills, uncarpeted—the music carries mor vividly without a carpet to soak it up— traditional-jazz haunt and an alternative Eddie Condon's (see above), just thirty pa east. A tradition-bound sextet led by tru peter Spanky Davis occupies the bandsta Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thir to three. On Mondays, trumpeter **MA KAMINSKY** leads the group. On Sunday Kaminsky directs another group of musica archivists from eight until two.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners, and for good reasons: the piano-bass teams that work here. **JOHN BUNCH** and **PHIL FLANIGAN** through Saturday, Oct. 2; **FRED HERSCH** and **MARC JOHNSON** on Sunday and Monday, Oct. 3-4; and **JOHN HICKS** and **WALTER BOOKER** beginning Tuesday, Oct. 5. Music from ten.

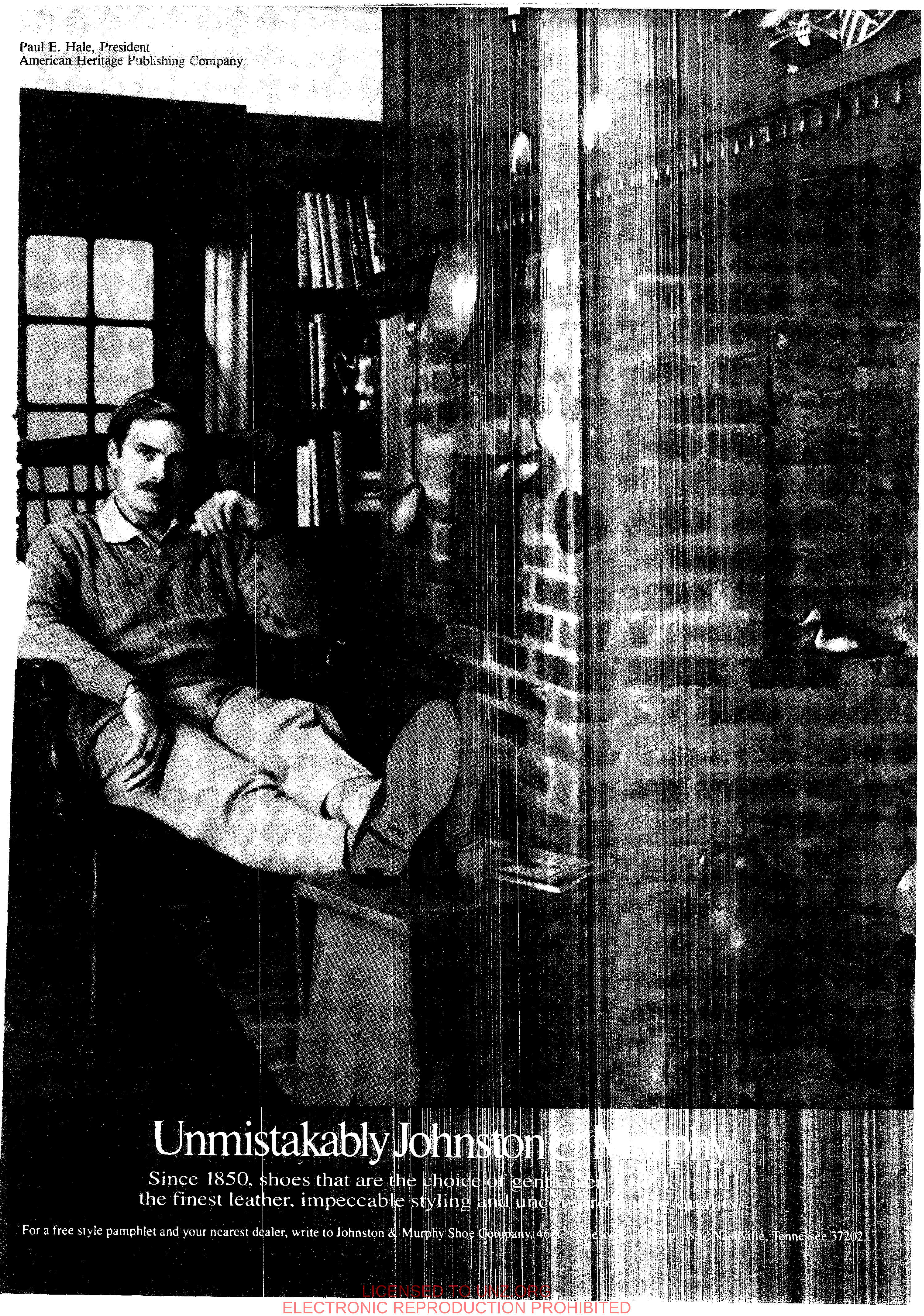
Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Authentic in its Texasness except in the wide-open-spaces department. Wednesday, Sept. 29, singer and blues-harp wizard **JAMES COTTON** and rockabilly baritone **SLEEPY LABEEF;** Thursday, Sept. 30, **COMMANDER CODY** and Tony Joe White; Sunday and Monday, Oct. 3-4, the New Riders of the Purple Sage and John Bayley; and Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 6-7, **ROGER MC GUINN.** Music from eight-thirty. Dining.

Lush Life, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A simple, unpretentious, fledgling jazz club that has an exciting, established feel to it. Tenor saxophonist **CHICO FREEMAN** leads a quintet until Saturday, Oct. 2; Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 4-5, alto saxophonist **JULIUS HEMPHILL** will be on hand with a quartet; on Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 6-7, pianist **STEVE KUHN** and singer **SHEILA JORDAN** will perform with their quartet; and Friday and Saturday, Oct. 8-9, will be devoted to vibraharpist **GARY BURTON'S** quartet. On Sundays, drummer **PETE LA ROCKA SIMS** is in charge of a septet. Sets begin at nine-thirty. Dining.

Marty's, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—A singer's room with a view of a garden and a view of **MEL TORMÉ,** who is in the midst of making a rare club appearance. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**MARGARET WHITING,** who won't be singing "My Ideal" or "Moonlight in Vermont," is paying tribute to Ethel Merman. Shows begin at nine-fifteen. On Mondays from nine, the New

Paul E. Hale, President
American Heritage Publishing Company



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band, a septet, plays Dixieland jazz. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-thought-of upper West Side bar and restaurant that is poised and ready, as it has been for years, for the Columbus Avenue renaissance, which, it seems, moves a few blocks north each year. It is also rhythm-and-blues headquarters in New York. The lineup: Wednesday, Sept. 29, guitarist Georg Wadenias; Friday and Saturday, Oct. 1-2, drummer **ART BLAKEY** and his new batch of impressive young **JAZZ MESSENGERS;** Monday, Oct. 4, drummer **NORMAN CONNORS'** Starship Orchestra; Tuesday, Oct. 5, alto saxophonist **JERRY DODGION;** and Wednesday, Oct. 6, Thom Rotella. Music from about ten until two.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A folk, folk-rock, rock, and occasional jazz club. The schedule: Wednesday, Sept. 29, Doug McCormick and Urgence; Thursday, Sept. 30, Lili Anel and Schriener LaPierre; Friday and Saturday, Oct. 1-2, Esther Satterfield; Tuesday, Oct. 5, Fat City and Rock Wilk; Wednesday, Oct. 6, Mickol Hess and the Starters; Thursday, Oct. 7, the Pedestrians; and Friday and Saturday, Oct. 8-9, **KENNY RANKIN.** Shows start at nine-thirty and midnight. On Sundays, R. & B. saxophonist **DENNY MOROUSE** leads a combo. Mondays, a talent showcase begins at eight-thirty. Dining and dancing.

Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten.

Peppermint Lounge, 100 Fifth Ave., at 15th St. (989-9505)—Rock and roll, dancing, video-watching, and general hanging-out in a three-level club that boasts some pretty good live bands, ennui-ridden patrons' faces, a Paul Schrader-grim décor, and very few, if any, pastel colors. Wednesday, Sept. 29, Translator and Tommy Keene; Thursday, Sept. 30, Dirty Looks and Chris Moffa & the Competition; Friday and Saturday, Oct. 1-2, Lords of the New Church; Wednesday, Oct. 6, the Brains; Friday, Oct. 8, the **FLESHTONES** and R. E. M. Live music from about eleven-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—**SY OLIVER** and his bouncy septet play music to dance to, to listen to, or to gawk out the windows (the room is sixty-five stories up) to Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

Red Blazer Too, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—Traditional jazz off the beaten track—far from West 54th Street and the Village, that is. Different bands work from nine every night but Sunday, when the music begins at seven. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A big, fancy (but the appropriate dress is black sneakers rather than black tie) thirties ballroom that presents past, present, future, past-perfect, present-perfect, future-perfect, and imperfect forms of rock and roll. Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 29-30, **SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY & THE ASBURY JUKES;** Friday, Oct. 1, Rory Gallagher; Monday, Oct. 4, Rita Marley; Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 6-7, **GANG OF FOUR;** and Friday and Saturday, Oct. 8-9, Robert Gordon. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A pleasant second-floor jazz-rock and R. & B. club, with a nice view of the street from the window tables. The schedule: Wednesday, Sept. 29, Iliani Elias; Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 30-Oct. 3, the Seventh Avenue Express, with **RON CARTER, RANDY** and **MIKE BRECKER, LENNY WHITE,** and **KENNY BARRON;** Monday, Oct. 4, Lynn Welshman's Tentet; Tuesday, Oct. 5, **RENE MC LEAN;** Wednesday, Oct. 6, **PHIL MARKOWITZ;** and Thursday through Sunday, Oct. 7-10, **SLIDE HAMPTON'S WORLD OF TROMBONES.** Music from nine-thirty.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A new club—in a renovated luncheonette—that offers, in the words of its proprietor, Larry Gold, "the Brazilian experience." The schedule of very lively samba and Brazilian-jazz bands: Wednesday, Sept. 29, **LLOYD MC NEILL;** Thursday, Sept. 30, and Friday and Saturday, Oct. 8-9, **PÉ-DE-BOI;** Friday and Saturday, Oct. 1-2, and Thursday, Oct. 7, **LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND;** Tuesday, Oct. 5, Marcos Silva; and Wednesday, Oct. 6, Brasil 2000. Sunday music is provided by Kenia & Pau Brasil. Music from ten. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Violinist **MICHAL URBANIAK,** vocalist **URSZULA DUDZIAK,** and their quintet are performing through Saturday, Oct. 2; on Sunday, Oct. 3, **THIAGO DE MELLO & AMAZON** will take over the bandstand; Monday, Oct. 4, **HOWARD JOHNSON & GRAVITY,** his tuba-laden ensemble, will be present; and on Tuesday, Oct. 5, the **SONNY FORTUNE** quintet will arrive. Shows from about ten. Dining.

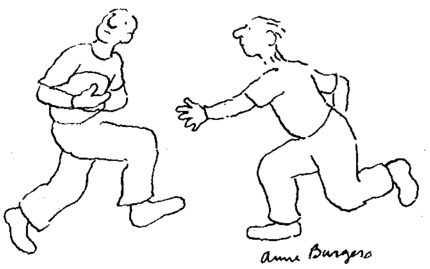
Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—Home of real Kansas City royalty—**BIG JOE TURNER,** who's here Friday and Saturday, Oct. 1-2, singing the blues loud and clear (is there a better way?) with authentic, sturdy aid from tenor saxophonist **EDDIE CHAMBLEE,** guitarist and master of sliding blues chords **BILLY BUTLER,** and a sufficiently bluesy quintet. On Friday and Saturday, Oct. 8-9, red-hot R. & B. singer and pianist **CHARLES BROWN** will drop in. Shows at nine and eleven-thirty. Closed Sunday through Thursday, Oct. 3-7.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—A nonthreatening—if you can find the front door—rock-showcase club. Wednesday, Sept. 29, Shady and Swing; Thursday, Sept. 30, André Morgan and Richard Thorn & the Side Effects; Friday, Oct. 1, Amaranth and Blotto; Saturday, Oct. 2, Triplets and Neeva; Tuesday, Oct. 5, Witness and Cries; Wednesday, Oct. 6, the Mitchell Lewis Band and Feelines; Thursday, Oct. 7, Vivian Cherry and Knucklehead Smith; Friday, Oct. 8, Kansas City-blues legend **BIG JOE TURNER;** and Saturday, Oct. 9, the Teenagers. Music after eleven. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Mondays are nights of salsa music in the big, barnlike downstairs room; on Oct. 4, there will be two bands, **MONGO SANTAMARIA'S** and **LA SENSUAL,** and one guest jazz soloist, trumpeter **TED CURSON.** The music starts at nine. Meanwhile, out on the Terrace, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** leads a trio on Tuesdays from nine.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—A hallowed basement of a jazz club. Trumpeter and composer **WOODY SHAW** leads his quintet through Sunday, Oct. 3; on Tuesday, Oct. 5, alto saxophonist **PHIL WOODS** will descend the stairs with his quartet. Mondays are **MEL LEWIS** big-band blast-off nights. Music from ten.

Village West, 577 Hudson St., near Bank St. (691-2791)—A pleasant, informal, tile-floored bar and restaurant on Abingdon Square, with live jazz. **CARRIE SMITH,** a fin blues and jazz singer, works with a backin trio at nine-thirty Sundays and Tuesday through Thursdays, and at ten on Friday and Saturdays.



West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St (929-9645)—Devoted patrons have sough this place out for years, and it is perhaps th best jazz club in the meat-packing district One attraction is the authentically preparec collard greens; another is the warm atmosphere. Esther Blue is at the piano Monday through Wednesdays; Kuni Mikami has th Thursday-through-Sunday shift. Music fron eight-thirty until two.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666 8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-ho student food, beyond the pinball machines i a room full of mostly swing music. Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 29-30, guitarist **AI CASEY,** and beginning Wednesday, Oct. 6 pianist **DICK KATZ'S** quintet, featuring saxophonist **LEE KONITZ** and the music of **THELONIU MONK.** Music nightly from about nine.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A sleekly designed ground-floor town-house bar anc restaurant with chamber jazz. The lineup o piano-bass duos: **HILTON RUIZ** and **MAJOR HOLLEY** through Saturday, Oct. 2; **RONNIE MATHEW** and **RAY DRUMMOND** on Sunday, Oct. 3; and **JOHN BUNCH** and **PHIL FLANIGAN** starting Monday Oct. 4. Music Mondays through Saturdays from nine-thirty, and Sundays from eight-thirty.

JAZZ /FOLK /ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Ricky Ford Quartet—Carnegie Recital Hall. 247-7459. Thursday, Sept. 30, at 8.

Doc Cheatham and Warren Vaché, Jr.—New School, 66 W. 12th St. 741-5620. Friday, Oct. 1, at 6.

Lou Rawls—With Phyllis Hyman. (Carne Hall. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 1-2, at 8.)

Chick Corea and Paco de Lucia—With Touc stone. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th S 874-1717. Saturday, Oct. 2, at 8.)

De Danann—Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840 2824. Saturday, Oct. 2, at 8.

Highlights in Jazz—The Marian McPartland trio, the Jimmy McPartland Jazz Stars, and Susannah McCorkle. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Wednesday, Oct. 6, at 8.)

Van Halen—Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Friday, Oct. 8, at 8.

Jazz Forum—Jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Wednesdays at 10 and midnight: Charli Persip & Superband. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 30, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Paul Motian quintet. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Oct. 1-2, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Buck Hill, Charlie Rouse, Walter Davis, Jr., Buster Williams, and Billy Hart. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 3, at 6 and 8: Muñoz. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 3, at 10 and midnight: Peter Warren quintet. (Jazz Forum, 648 Broadway, at Bleecker St. 477-2655.)

Soundscape—New music and jazz in another fifth-floor loft. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 1-2: Hamiet Bluiett quintet. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 5: Daniel Ponce. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Oct. 8-9: Roswell Rudd and the Flexible Flyers, with Beaver Harris, Sheila Jordan, and others. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032. Evenings at 9.)

Benefit Concert—"A Tribute to Duke Ellington," performed by the Billy Taylor trio and Carrie Smith, on behalf of the Hospital Chaplaincy's ministry. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Monday, Oct. 4, at 6. For information about tickets, call 472-5588.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Darrel Austin—A retrospective of oils and works on paper, which frequently depict a fantasy world inhabited by reclining animals and spectral figures illuminated, apparently,

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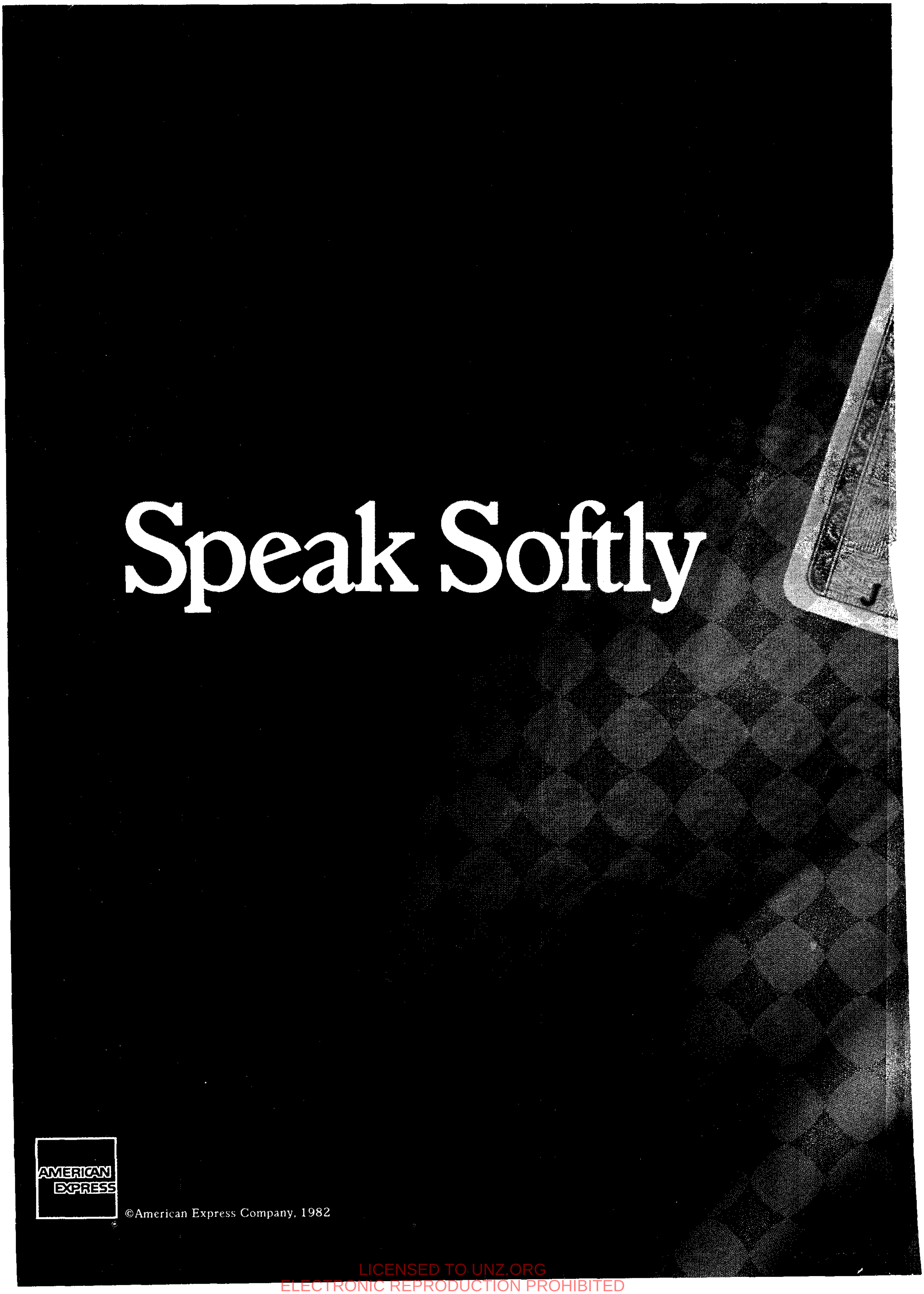
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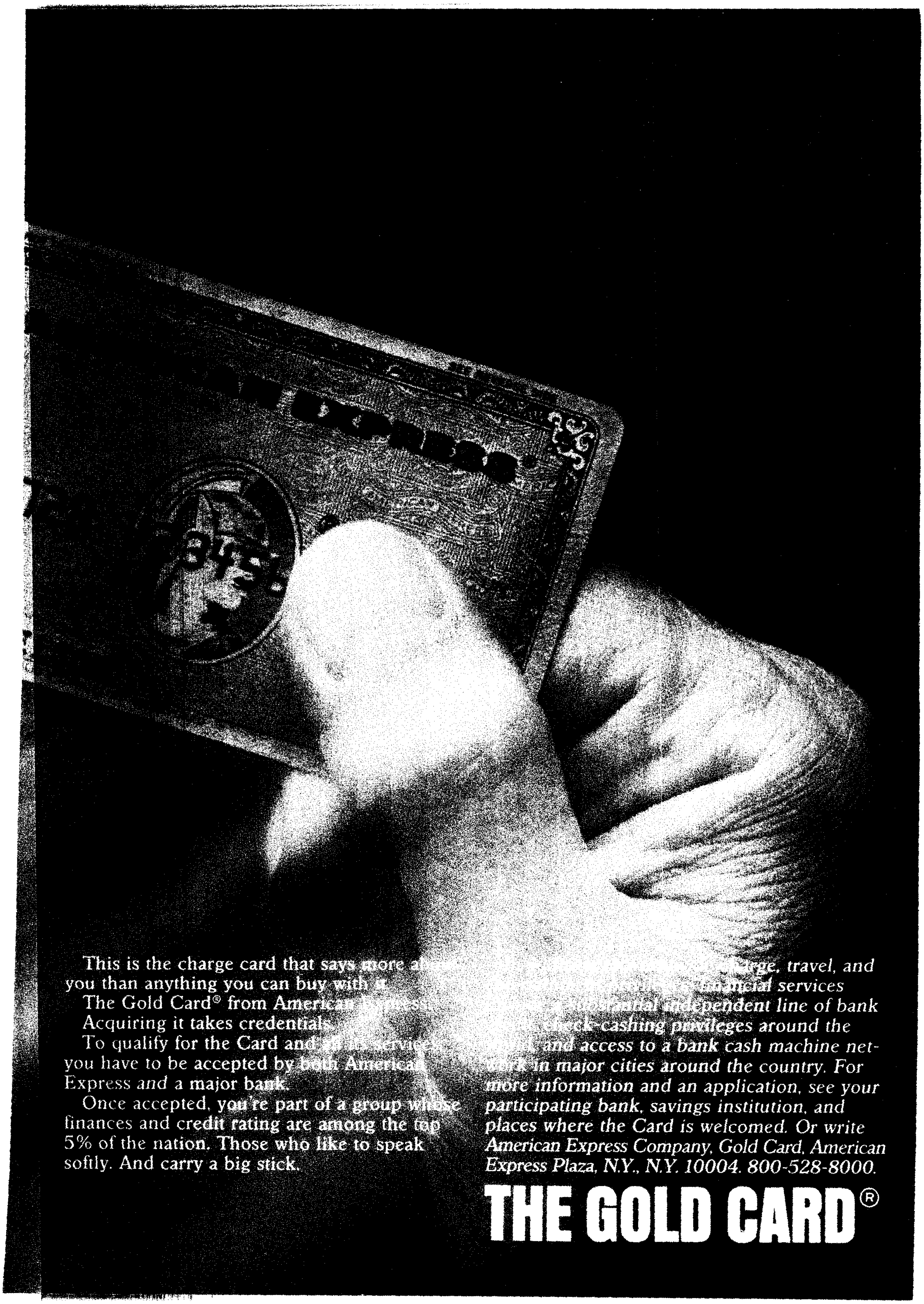

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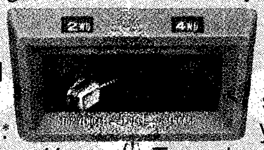

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

by fox fire. Through Oct. 16. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Alter Darby Bannard—Color-field paintings. Through Oct. 14. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Ony Berlant—Found tin, cut out and nailed to plywood, is the basis for various constructions, including one that frames a portrait (dated 1953) of the artist. Through Oct. 16. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

Larence Carter—Architectural paintings with stairway structures predominating. Through Saturday, Oct. 9. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Harles Demuth (1883-1935)—More than twenty watercolors, including fruit and flower still-lifes from the twenties, plus drawings and preparatory studies. Through Oct. 30. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

Azuko Inoue / Edward Renouf—Abstract paintings. / Paintings and sculptures. Through Saturday, Oct. 2. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

On Isaacs / Richard Seehausen—Painted-plywood wall pieces that counterfeit wearing apparel. / Neo-Expressionist paintings of ordinary people doing ordinary things. Through Saturday, Oct. 2. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Ulio Larraz—Oils, watercolors, and pastels by a Cuban realist. Through Saturday, Oct. 9. (Inter-American, 1000 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Ucy Mitchell / Chester Gould—Small, delicate collages and drawings by an artist who works on rice paper and silk. / Samples of his Dick Tracy comic strip, with some of its memorable characters (B. O. Plenty, Gravel Gertie). Through Saturday, Oct. 9. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Arl-Henning Pedersen—Watercolors from the sixties shown now for the first time. Through Oct. 23. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Alph Rosenborg—Abstract paintings based on nature and dated 1938-47. Through Oct. 30. (Schlesinger-Boisanté, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Open Mondays.)

Aphael Soyer—The gallery walls are crowded with drawings and watercolors (friends, nudes, lovers, self-portraits) by this veteran realist, now in his eighties. Through Saturday, Oct. 2. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Ill Traylor (1854-1947)—Folk drawings by a black man who was born a slave in Alabama and began drawing at the age of eighty-five, using whatever scraps of paper and material he could find. Through Saturday, Oct. 9. (Vanderwoude Tananbaum, 24 E. 81st St.)

Group Shows—At the **acquavella,** 18 E. 79th St.: Three English artists showing in New York for the first time—George Dowson (still-lifes in oil), Anthony Hepworth (abstract paintings on paper, sculptures), and Melissa Scott-Miller (oils of dead game birds). Through Oct. 16. . . . **cds,** 13 E. 75th St.: American painters, both veterans and relative newcomers, including Hedda Sterne, Adja Yunkers, and Roxi Marsen. Through Friday, Oct. 8. (Open Mondays.) . . . **center for inter-american relations,** 680 Park Ave., at 68th St., and **kouros gallery,** 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: A joint show of paintings, collages, sculptures, and photographs by more than two dozen women artists from the United States, Canada, and Latin America. The more familiar names include Grace Hartigan, Lynda Benglis, Wendy Knox Leet, and Liliana Porter. Through Oct. 17. (Center hours: Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6. Kouros hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Bård Breivik—Vertical wall sculptures, by a Norwegian artist, made of six- or seven-foot lengths of handsomely laminated wood hollowed out (like canoes, in some cases) and filled with inset bristles. Through Oct. 23. (Oscarsson Hood, 41 W. 57th St.)

Marcel Broodthaers (1924-76)—Two shows: Books, paintings, films, and other works by a Belgian artist who had a rarefied wit. Through Saturday, Oct. 2. (Goodman, 24 W. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Drawings and graphics. Through Oct. 30. (Gibson, 205 E. 78th St.)

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Stephen Brown—Portraits, some of the artist. Through Wednesday, Oct. 6. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Kenneth Callahan—Abstract oil paintings, and drawings that include scenes of China. Through Oct. 16. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Louisa Chase—Vivid paintings of storms, strange trees with sharply pointed branches, dramatic sunrises, done on large canvases. Through Saturday, Oct. 2. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Roz Chast—Delicate drawings and watercolors illustrating far from delicate subjects—a journey to the center of the refrigerator, for instance, or what *really* happened to the dinosaurs. The artist is a frequent contributor to this magazine. Through Saturday, Oct. 2. (Markel, 50 W. 57th St.)

Thom Cooney-Crawford / Andrew Hudson—Mannered paintings and small sculptures centered on elongated male figures in jackknife positions. / Sketchily outlined figures on paint-splattered canvases. Through Wednesday, Oct. 6. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Käthe Kollwitz (1867-1945)—Prints accompanied by preliminary drawings and worked-over proofs. Through Nov. 6. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

Joni Lehman—Large, forthright figurative paintings by a young artist with a fresh style all her own. First solo show in New York. Through Thursday, Oct. 7. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Michael Loew—Abstract geometric paintings and drawings by an artist whose color arrangements seem to gain strength with the passing years. He is now seventy-five. Through Oct. 16. (Pearl, 38 E. 57th St.)

Morris Louis (1912-62)—Paintings from all four of his major color series. Also drawings. Through Saturday, Oct. 2. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Ed McGowin—A liquor-store holdup is the subject of one of five large-scale wall works in mixed mediums. Through Oct. 16. (Iolas-Jackson, 52 E. 57th St.)

Donn Moulton—Larger-than-lifesize beach pebbles of lacquered fibre glass. Through Oct. 23. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

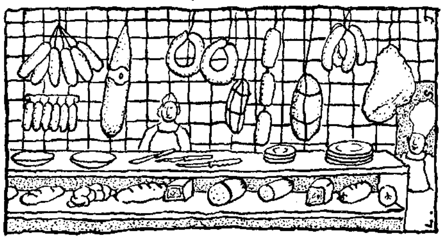
Betty Parsons (1900-82)—A memorial exhibit of some of the last works created by this eminent dealer and artist—jaunty constructions, touched up with bright paint, which she assembled from driftwood and other objects. Through Thursday, Oct. 7. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Gabor Peterdi / Milton Avery (1893-1965)—Paintings dated 1960 to 1982. / Small works on paper in a show that coincides with the Avery retrospective at the Whitney Museum. Through Oct. 14. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Picasso (1881-1973)—Sculptures from the artist's estate, plus three pieces on loan from the Museum of Modern Art. Through Oct. 23. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Harvey Quaytman—Abstract paintings on shaped canvases, plus working drawings. Through Oct. 23. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)

Leon Polk Smith—Two exhibits at Washburn galleries. Geometric paintings dated 1945-50 (at 42 E. 57th St.) and recent acrylics in solid, contrasting colors on shaped canvases (113 Greene St.). Through Oct. 30.



D. Jack Solomon—Beasts in Persian miniatures inspired these paintings and sculptures of colorful big cats. Through Saturday, Oct. 9. (Pam Adler, 37 W. 57th St.)

Elena Urbaitis—Wing-shaped sheet-metal sculptures illuminated by hidden fluorescent lights. Through Oct. 16. (Phoenix, 30 W. 57th St.)

Symyoung Yook—Sculptured works in mulberry-bark paper. Some are abstract, some incorporate calligraphy, and some are from Koguryo tomb paintings. Through Saturday, Oct. 9. (Hankook, 50 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Kermit Adler—Large, spontaneous-looking watercolors—landscapes, profusions of flowers, and plates of food, including an open-faced peanut-butter-and-jelly sandwich. Through Saturday, Oct. 9. (Ingber, 460 West Broadway.)

Nicholas Africano / Kim MacConnel—Figures painted in thick oil, practically bas-relief, depicting Dr. Jekyll-and-Mr. Hyde episodes. / Lively murals in bright colors documenting the life around us—sports, theatres, street scenes. Through Wednesday, Oct. 6. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

Arman / Lance Richbourg—Constructions, each devoted to groups of a single type of carpenter's tool. / Baseball paintings (done from photographs) by the son of a former Boston Braves outfielder. Through Saturday, Oct. 9. (O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.) . . . ¶ Behind a closed door in the back room are four cityscapes by Thomas Bacher, who uses a paint that glows in the dark.

Roger Brown—Paintings in his usual vein. Through Saturday, Oct. 9. (Kind, 139 Spring St.)

Stevan Jennis—Freestanding sculptures in painted cardboard—a trousered leg, a salami with a face, a Sherlock Holmes pipe, a blocky torso—plus drawings on paper. Through Saturday, Oct. 2. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Barbara Kasten and Joe Breidel—Color photographs of her own constructions in metal and mirrors by the former, and of bare feet juxtaposed with knives, scissors, and hatchets by the latter. Through Saturday, Oct. 2. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

Komar & Melamid—Thirteen paintings pushing off from Socialist Realism. Through Oct. 30. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

Richard Long—Red-slate floor sculptures; another natural medium, mud, is used for drawings on the wall. Through Oct. 23. (Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St.)

Keith Milow—Huge explosions are depicted in these paintings, done mostly in oils and iron powder. Through Saturday, Oct. 2. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

Carolee Schneemann—Abstract paintings, kinetic sculptures involving such devices as flapping umbrellas or tinkling shards of glass, and boxes that look as if some of Cornell's works had been vandalized. Through Saturday, Oct. 2. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Dario Villalba—Mural-size paintings by a Spanish artist who projects fragmented photographs on sensitized linen and combines them with abstractions in sombre colors. Through Saturday, Oct. 2. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Group Shows—At the **a.i.r.,** 63 Crosby St.: "Women Choose Men" is the title for a show of exactly that, with Robert Stackhouse, David Attie, Edvins Strautmanis, and others showing paintings, sculptures, and photographs at this feminist coöperative gallery. Through Oct. 16. . . . **castelli,** 142 Greene St.: A twenty-fifth-anniversary show in which gallery artists, ranging from Johns and Rauschenberg to Schnabel and Salle, are represented by a work from one of their early shows at Castelli. Through Saturday, Oct. 9. . . . **cooper,** 155 Wooster St.: A changing exhibition of works by the artists the gallery represents, among them Jennifer Bartlett and Sol LeWitt. Through Oct. 23. . . . **the drawing center,** 137 Greene St.: Works on paper by thirteen artists. Through Nov. 6. (Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . .

Hoffman, 429 West Broadway: A tenth-anniversary show consisting of a new work by each of the gallery artists—Natalie Bieser, Bill Richards, John Okulick, and Alan Siegel, to name some. Through Wednesday, Oct. 6. . . . **Litz,** 153 Mercer St.: Hard- and soft-core erotica by thirty-one artists, among them Oldenburg, Warhol, Alice Neel, and Hockney. Through Wednesday, Oct. 6.

OTHER GALLERIES

Samuel F. B. Morse (1791-1872)—"Gallery of the Louvre," other historical paintings, and portraits by the artist-scientist who abandoned painting at about the time he invented the telegraph. Through Oct. 23. (Grey Art Gallery, New York University, Washington Pl., just east of Washington Sq. Tuesdays and Thursdays, 10 to 6:30; Wednesdays, 10 to 8:30; Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 1 to 5. Drawings by Morse may be seen at the National Academy of Design.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Bruce Davidson—Large-scale photographs of subway riders by an artist who spent more than a year documenting his trips. Through Nov. 14. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

Robert Disraeli—Photographs from the thirties: portraits of such artists as Stuart Davis and John Marin, New York scenes, abstractions. Through Oct. 22. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Gisèle Freund—Photographs of literary figures, mostly. Through Friday, Oct. 8. (French Embassy, 972 Fifth Ave., at 78th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Ralph Gibson—High-contrast silver-gelatin photographs. Through Saturday, Oct. 9. (Castelli Graphics, 4 E. 77th St.)

Russell Lee—Vintage and contemporary prints, notably the 1941 Pie Town, New Mexico, series he did for the Farm Security Administration. Through Oct. 23. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Irving Penn—Forty-one still-lifes from 1979-82. Through Saturday, Oct. 2. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Paul Strand (1890-1976)—Photographs from 1914 on, about half of them printed by the artist. Through Jan. 15. (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. Mondays, Tuesdays, and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The Cimabue Crucifix, on loan from the church of Santa Croce in Florence, is on exhibit in the Medieval Sculpture Hall. Through Nov. 10. . . . ¶ A show of about forty-five objects whose ornamentations typify the art of Islamic calligraphy. . . . ¶ An exhibit of prints by the Dutch artist Hendrik Goltzius, considered the outstanding line engraver of the late-sixteenth century. Also, prints by his students and by artists (Dürer and Spranger) who influenced Goltzius. Through Nov. 21. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 18 W. 54th St.—While the museum's renovation and expansion project continues, only part of the permanent collection remains on view. . . . ¶ Richard Neutra's contributions to American residential architecture are documented in an exhibit of photographs, drawings, and two large-scale models (one representing the Lovell house, a 1927 example of the International Style; the other, the 1937 Landfair Apartments in Los Angeles). Through Oct. 12. . . . ¶ Six video programs (*one is shown continuously each day*) that, when taped, depended on satellite relays. Through Oct. 26. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"Scandinavia Today," the over-all title for a nationwide series of exhibits (see also the Cooper-Hewitt, Morgan Library, and National Academy of Design), brings three shows to these galleries: Works in various mediums by two contemporary artists from each of the

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five Nordic countries; paintings and works on paper by the Swedish artist Öyvind Fahlström; and paintings and prints by Danish Cobra artist Asger Jorn. Through Nov. 7. . . . ¶ A dozen works (on canvas and on paper) by Jan Matulka which are recent gifts to the museum from his widow. Through Nov. 14. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

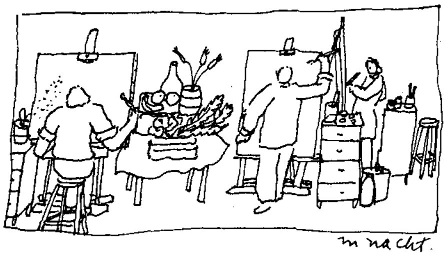
Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A Milton Avery retrospective of paintings and monotypes fills the fourth-floor galleries. Through Dec. 5. A complementary show is at the Grace Borgenicht Gallery, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. . . . ¶ A survey of present-day museum architecture in the United States contains elevations, renderings, photographs, and models for seven projects currently in the works, including the Museum of Modern Art. Through Oct. 10. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A show of selections from the museum's print collection representing five hundred years of work. Dürer, Rembrandt, Goya (including a working proof from his "Los Caprichos" series), Degas, Cassatt, Kirchner, Picasso (his 1935 "Minotauromachy"), Dine, and others. Through Nov. 14. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Three six-foot stone standard-bearers are in attendance at an exhibit of Aztec artifacts that were, like them, discovered four years ago in a subterranean temple in Mexico City. Among the other hundred objects are skulls, knives, seashells, jewelry, ceramics, and carvings. Through Wednesday, Oct. 6. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, 10 to 9.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—An exhibit that reviews Scandinavian designs in furniture, glass, ceramics, metal, and textiles from the eighteen-eighties to the present. Through Jan. 2. . . . ¶ More than two hundred hand-colored fashion prints illustrating the sartorial trends followed by men, women, and children from the end of the eighteenth century to the beginning of the twentieth. Through Jan. 2. . . . ¶ A display of European laces dating from the sixteenth century to the twentieth. Through Nov. 7. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A show of fifteenth-century Dutch and Flemish illuminated manuscripts (among them the 1440 "Hours of Catherine of Cleves"); religious drawings (including one attributed to Hieronymus Bosch); and illustrated printed books (Ovid's "Metamorphoses" accompanied by woodcuts). Through Nov. 7. . . . ¶ A display of Icelandic illuminated manuscripts and early printed books of historical, legal, liturgical, and literary interest. Through Nov. 14. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sunday 1 to 5.)



Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53r St.—The paintings of Olof Krans (1838 1916) recall his life in a religious communit founded by Swedish Americans in the prairi town of Bishop Hill, Illinois. Through Jan. 2 (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charg after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sunday 10:30 to 5:30.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., a 89th St.—A show concerning Samuel F.B Morse's association with the academy, c which he was founder and first president. I includes four of his portraits and fifty of hi drawings as well as works by fellow-founder Asher B. Durand, Robert Weir, and Charle Loring Elliott. Through Nov. 18. A complementary exhibit of Morse's works is at th Grey Art Gallery, Washington Pl., just eas of Washington Sq. . . . ¶ Two hundred print in a show that is part of the "Scandinavi Today" series. Through Oct. 10. . . . ¶ A display of pages from the sketchbooks of Le Corbusier, together with photographs of his designs. Through Nov. 14. (Open daily excep Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, witl no admission charge after 5; Wednesday through Sundays, noon to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—group of sculptures, collages, paintings, an assemblages by nineteenth- and twentieth century black artists whose works reflec religious and cultural myths and rituals Through Oct. 31. (Open Wednesdays throug Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 t 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video dance, and so on.)

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671 Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Jeff McMahon (dance) Thursday, Sept. 30, at 8:30; Peter Rose (performance), Thursday, Oct. 7, at 8:30. . . ¶ Richard Nonas's installation called "Goat. Itch." Through Oct. 16.

The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 t 6.—Bill T. Jones (dance), Thursday throug Sunday, Sept. 30-Oct. 3, at 8:30; Beth Lapides (performance), Friday and Saturday Oct. 8-9, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Eva Buchmuller's installation, with Squat Theatre, which is composed of murals incorporating TV monitors and music. Through Oct. 23.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Sept. 29, at 7:30: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Tatiana Troyanos, Kiri Te Kanawa, Judith Blegen, Kurt Moll, and Luciano Pavarotti; conducted by James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 30, at 8: "La Forza del Destino," with Leona Mitchell, Isola Jones, Giuseppe Giacomini, and Sherrill Milnes; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 1, at 8: "Boris Godunov," with Gwynn Cornell, Martti Talvela, Wieslaw Ochman, and Robert Nagy; James Conlon. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 2, at 1: "La Gioconda," with Galina Savova, Bruna Baglioni, Placido Domingo, and Cornell MacNeil; *Giuseppe* Patanè. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 2, at 7:30: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Tatiana Troyanos, Kiri Te Kanawa, Judith Blegen, Kurt Moll, and Luciano Pavarotti; James Levine. . . . ¶ Monday, Oct. 4, at 8: "La Forza del Destino," with Leona Mitchell, Isola Jones, Giuseppe Giacomini, and Sherrill Milnes; James Levine. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 5, at 8: "La Gioconda," with Galina Savova, Bruna Baglioni, Placido Domingo, and Cornell MacNeil; Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 6, at 8: "Boris

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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"Godunov," with Mignon Dunn, Martti Talvela, Wieslaw Ochman, and John Gilmore; James Conlon. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 7, at 8: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Tatiana Troyanos, Kiri Te Kanawa, Judith Blegen, Luciano Pavarotti, and Kurt Moll; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 8, at 8: "La Forza del Destino," with Leona Mitchell, Isola Jones, Giuseppe Giacomini, and Sherrill Milnes; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 9, at 1: "La Gioconda," with Galina Savova, Bruna Baglioni, Placido Domingo, and Matteo Manuguerra; Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 9, at 8: "Boris Godunov," with Gwynn Cornell, Martti Talvela, Misha Raitzin, and John Gilmore; James Conlon.

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—Wednesday evening, Sept. 29: "Medea," with Marisa Galvany, Rita Shane, James Wagner, and Harry Dworchak; conducted by Klaus Weise. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Sept. 30: "Madame Butterfly," with Judith Haddon, *Shinja Kim*, Vinson Cole, and Alan Titus; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 1: A new production of Gluck's "Alceste" (in French), with Heather Harper, Jon Garrison, William Stone, and Scott Reeve; Raymond Leppard. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 2: "Tosca," with Stephanie Sundine, Riccardo Calleo, and Robert Hale; Vincent LaSelva. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 2: "The Magic Flute" (in English), with Elizabeth Hynes, Rita Shane, Vinson Cole, Alan Titus, and Richard Cross; *Charles Wendelken-Wilson. . . . ¶ Sunday* matinée, Oct. 3: "Carmen," with Susanne Marsee, Marianna Christos, Jacque Trussel, and Justino Díaz; Brian Salesky. . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Oct. 3: "La Traviata," with Carol Vaness, Jon Garrison, and William Stone; Bruce Ferden. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Oct. 5, and Friday evening, Oct. 8: "Alceste" (in French), with Heather Harper, Jon Garrison, William Stone, and Scott Reeve; Raymond Leppard. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 9: "La Traviata," with Diana Soviero, *Carroll Freeman, and William Stone; Christian* Badea. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 9: "Tosca," with Stephanie Sundine, Riccardo Calleo, and Robert Hale; Vincent LaSelva. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, Nov. 14.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Avery Fisher Hall—Thursday, Sept. 30, at 8; Friday, Oct. 1, at 2; and Saturday, Oct. 2, at 8: Zubin Mehta conducting a program of music by Brahms, Chausson, Szymanowski, and Massenet, with Shirley Verrett, soprano. . . . ¶ Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 7-9, at 8, and Tuesday, Oct. 12, at 7:30: Maxim Shostakovich conducting a program of his father's works, with Glenn Dicterow, violin.

I MUSICI—Pina Carmirelli, violin, and eleven other musicians who perform without a conductor, in an all-Vivaldi program. The first of two concerts. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Oct. 3, at 8.)

VIENNA SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Christoph Eschenbach conducting a Strauss–Schönberg–Mahler program. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Oct. 4, at 8.)

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Riccardo Muti directing Liszt's "A Faust Symphony," with Goesta Winbergh, tenor, and the Westminster Choir College Male Chorus. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 5, at 8.)

CONCERTGEBOUW ORCHESTRA OF AMSTERDAM—At Carnegie Hall, Bernard Haiting conducting. Friday, Oct. 8, at 8: A Ravel-Keuris-Berlioz program. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 9, at 8: A performance of Mahler's Seventh Symphony.

AMERICAN SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Giuseppe Patanè conducting a Prokofieff-Shostakovich-Tchaikovsky program. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Oct. 3, at 3.)

MUSICA SACRA "BASICALLY BACH"—The first two in a series of five concerts. Wednesday, Oct. 6, at 7:30: Richard Westenburg directing the orchestra and chorus in a performance of Bach's B-Minor Mass, with Inga Nielsen, soprano; Janice Taylor, mezzo-soprano; Vinson Cole, tenor; and Samuel Ramey, bass. (Avery Fisher Hall.) . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 8, at 7:30: Richard Westenburg directing a program of Bach cantatas and the Brandenburg Concerto No. 6, with Lucy Shelton, soprano; Jeffrey Dooley, countertenor; Charles Bressler, tenor; and David Arnold, baritone. (Central Presbyterian Church, Park Ave. at 64th St. For tickets call 873-9546.)

RECITALS

STEVE REICH AND MUSICIANS—Thursday, Sept. 30, and Saturday, Oct. 2, at 8: A program including the chamber version of "Tehillim" and the première of "Vermont Counterpoint." With Ransom Wilson, flute. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 1, at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 3, at 2: A program including "Music for 18 Musicians" and "Vermont Counterpoint." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

GOTHIC CONCERT—A program of baroque duets for two sopranos, with Sally Sanford and Carol Wilson accompanied by Raymond Erickson, harpsichord, and Myron Lutzke, cello. (St. James Chapel, Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Thursday, Sept. 30, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

AULOS ENSEMBLE—A program of baroque music on original instruments, with Jaap Schröder, violin. (Grace and St. Paul's Church, 123 W. 71st St. Friday, Oct. 1, at 8. For information about tickets, call 663-7565.)

SYLVAN WIND QUINTET—Chamber music. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Friday, Oct. 1, at 8. For information about tickets, call 663-8339.)

FITZWILLIAM STRING QUARTET—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Oct. 2, at 8.)

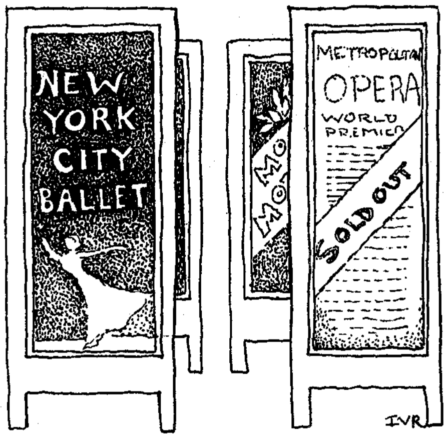
BEETHOVEN FESTIVAL—The first in a series of three programs performed by Alison Deane, piano; Arturo Delmoni, violin; and Richard Locker, cello. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Sunday, Oct. 3, at 3. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

BRIAN SCHWEICKHARDT—Clarinet, with John Cobb, piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, Oct. 3, at 8.)

NEW MUSIC FOR YOUNG ENSEMBLES—The Aspen Wind Quintet; Marilyn Dubow, violin; Karl Bargen, viola; Dennis Smylie, bass clarinet; Bruce Norris, piano; and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Oct. 4, at 8.)

JUDITH BLEGEN AND HÅKAN HAGEGÅRD—Soprano and baritone in a lieder program. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday, Oct. 5, at 8.)

FOR THE LOVE OF MUSIC—The first in a series of six programs of chamber music, this one a Saint-Saëns–Hindemith–Brahms program, performed by Emily Mitchell, harp; Pamela Mia Paul, piano; Richard Sortomme and Carol Webb, violin; Robert Vernon, viola; and Frederick Zlotkin, cello. (Merkin Concer Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday Oct. 5, at 8.)



PETER TAKÁCS—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hal 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, Oct. 6, at 8.)

COMPOSERS FORUM—A program entitled "Luka Foss: A Musical Portrait," with Jan Williams percussion; Ivar Mikhashoff, piano; Gu Klucevsek, accordion; and the Gregg Smit Singers. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95t St. 864-5400. Thursday, Oct. 7, at 8.)

WASHINGTON SQUARE CONTEMPORARY MUSIC SERIES—With James Primosch, piano; Janet Wheeler soprano; Paul Gallo, clarinet; and others (New York University Theatre, 35 W. 4th St Thursday, Oct. 7, at 8. Tickets at the door o the night of the concert.)

GUARNERI QUARTET—The first in a series of eigh programs, this one devoted to Schumann an Dvořák. With Stephanie Brown, pian (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Oct. 8, at 8.)

SABICAS—Flamenco guitarist. (CAMI Hall, 16 W. 57th St. Friday, Oct. 8, at 8. For information about tickets, call 757-3255.)

ALICIA DE LARROCHA—Piano. (Grace Raine Rogers Auditorium. Saturday, Oct. 9, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

THE MUSIC OF JOEL MANDELBAUM—A program o songs set to the poetry of Yeats, Edna St Vincent Millay, Leonie Adams, and others performed by Paul Sperry, tenor; Jane Bryden soprano; Constance Beavon, mezzo-soprano Roger Andrews, baritone; and Morey Ritt piano. Also participating will be Ruth Waterman, violin; the Sylvan Wind Quintet, and members of the Graduate String Quartet o the Aaron Copland School of Music. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House Wednesday, Oct. 6, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400.)

BASEBALL—**METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Chicago Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 29-30, at 7:35. . . . **YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Boston, Friday, Oct. 1, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 2-3, at 2. . . . **AMERICAN LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIP PLAYOFFS:** Start Tuesday, Oct. 5. . . . **NATIONAL LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIP PLAYOFFS:** Start Wednesday, Oct. 6.

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—**SATURDAY, OCT. 2:** Army vs. Harvard, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Colgate, at Hanover, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Pace, at Fordham, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Columbia, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Brown, at Princeton, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. William and Mary, at Piscataway, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Holy Cross, at New Haven, at 1:30. . . . **SATURDAY, OCT. 9:** Brown vs. Pennsylvania, at Providence, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Colgate vs. Holy Cross, at Hamilton, at 1. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Princeton, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Georgetown, at Fordham, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Cornell, at Cambridge, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Army, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, at 2. . . . ¶ Williams vs. Trinity, at Williamstown, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Boston University, at New Haven, at 1:30.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Sunday, Oct. 3 (if the strike is over): Jets vs. Houston Oilers, at Shea Stadium, at 1. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Dallas Cowboys, at Dallas.

HOCKEY—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Rangers vs. Philadelphia Flyers (exhibition game), Wednesday, Sept. 29, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Washington Capitals, Wednesday, Oct. 6, at 7:35. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM:** Islanders vs. Buffalo Sabres (exhibition game), Thursday, Sept. 30, at 8:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.) . . . **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA** (1-201 935-3900): Devils vs. Islanders (exhibition game), Wednesday, Sept. 29. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Tuesday, Oct. 5. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Rangers, Friday, Oct. 8. (Games begin at 7:35.)

RACING—At **BELMONT:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, Oct. 11. The Cowdin, Wednesday, Sept. 29; the Grey Flight Handi-

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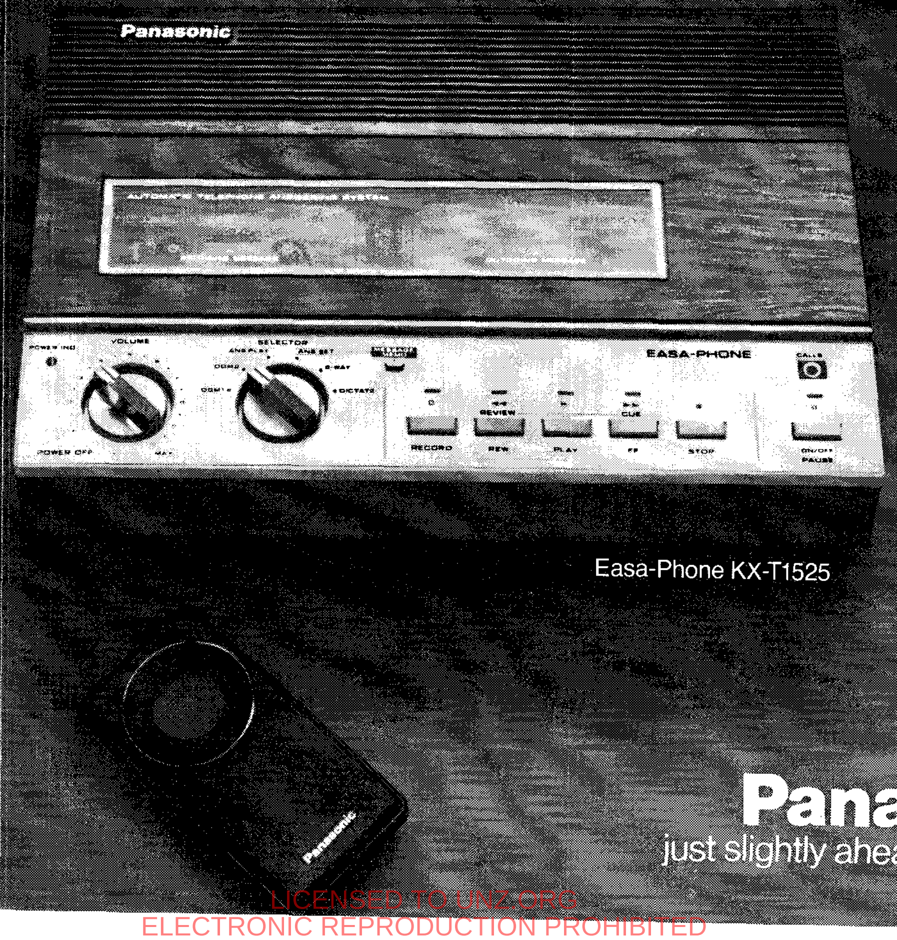

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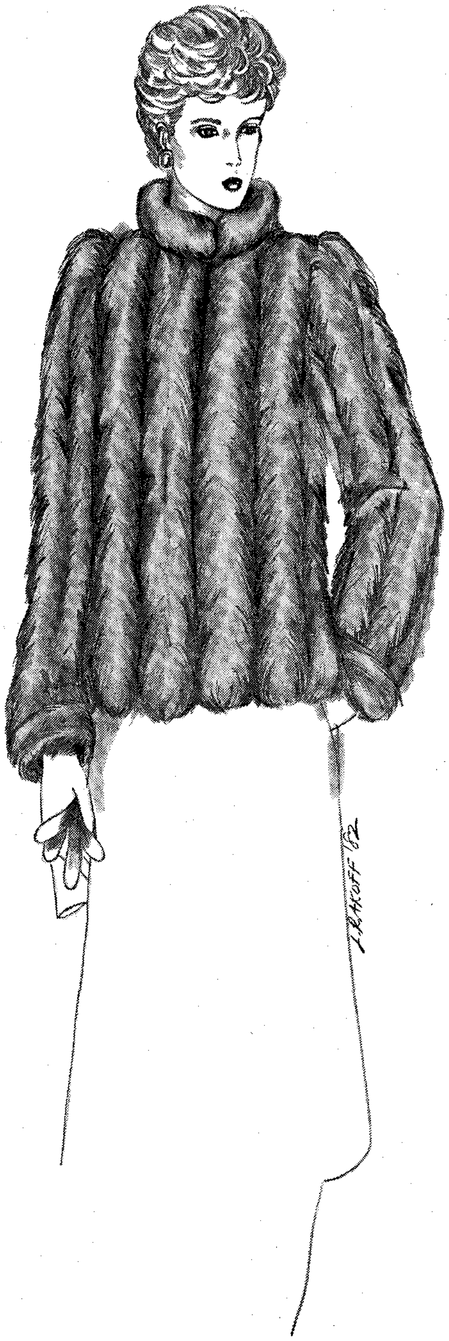

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cap, Saturday, Oct. 2; the Man o' War, Sunday, Oct. 3; the Temple Gwathmey Steeplechase, Friday, Oct. 8; and the Champagne and the Jockey Club Gold Cup, Saturday, Oct. 9. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 11 and 1:10, and Saturdays and Sundays between 11 and 1:15.) . . . MEADOWLANDS: Weeknights at 8; *through Friday, Dec. 31. On Saturday, Oct.* 2, there will also be racing in the afternoon, starting at 1:30. The Pegasus, Thursday, Sept. 30. . . . BOWIE, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Monday, Oct. 18.

Skating—Middle Atlantic Figure Skating Championships—Wednesday through Saturday, Sept. 29-Oct. 2, at 8 A.M.: School figures. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 30, at 4; Friday, Oct. 1, at 5:30; and Saturday, Oct. 2, at 6:45: Free skating. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 3, at 8 A.M.: *Ice dancing and free skating.* (Sky Rink, 450 W. 33rd St. Tickets at the box office only, and only on the days of the events.)

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Nov. 6.

Yachting—The sixteenth annual Mayor's Cup Schooner Race, sailed over a course from Pier A, south under the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge, around the West Bank Light and back to the 69th Street Pier in Brooklyn. The starting gun goes off at ten, Saturday, Oct. 9 (storm date, Sunday, Oct. 10).

ET ALIA

Poetry and Prose Readings—Robert Bly reading from his own poetry. (West Side Y, 5 W. 63rd St. Friday, Oct. 1, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.) . . . ¶ Mary McCarthy reading from her own prose. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, Oct. 4, at 8.)

Fall Antiques Show—*Ninety dealers will present examples of American antiques, including Shaker, Victorian, and Mission furniture; quilts; Indian artifacts; and photographs.* Also on view will be a collection of Grenfell rugs on loan from the Museum of American Folk Art. (New York City Passenger Ship Terminal, Twelfth Ave. at 48th St. Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 30-Oct. 2, from 1 to 10, and Sunday, Oct. 3, from noon to 6.)

Walking Tour—A conducted tour of Murray Hill, *sponsored by the Museum of the City of* New York. Sunday, Oct. 3, starting at the southwest corner of 33rd St. and Fifth Ave., at 1:30. For information about tickets, call 534-1672.

Auctions—At SOTHEBY'S, York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 9:30 to 7:30; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5.) Wednesday, Oct. 6, at 2: Netsuke, inro, and lacquerware; from the Newark Museum and from other sources. Exhibition starts Saturday, Oct. 2. . . . PHILLIPS, 406 E. 79th St. Thursday, Sept. 30, at 10: English and Continental furniture and decorations, Oriental rugs, and European ceramics and glass. (Exhibition hours: Wednesday, Sept. 29, from 10 to 1.) . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 1, at 10: Rare books, autographs, and photographs. (Exhibition hours: Thursday, Sept. 30, from 10 to 5.)

COMING EVENTS

(A checklist for readers who plan ahead.)

Baseball—The World Series starts Oct. 12 in the home park of the National League champion.

Professional Basketball—The Knicks open their regular season at Madison Square Garden on Oct. 29 vs. Philadelphia. . . . ¶ The Nets open their regular season at the Byrne Meadowlands Arena on Oct. 29 vs. Chicago.

Professional Football (if the strike is over)—SUNDAY, OCT. 10: Giants vs. St. Louis Cardinals, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, and Jets vs. Denver Broncos, at Shea Stadium. . . . SUNDAY, OCT. 17: Giants vs. Cincinnati Bengals, at Giants Stadium. . . . MONDAY, OCT. 18: Jets vs. Buffalo Bills, at Shea Stadium. . . . SUNDAY, OCT. 24: Jets vs. Kansas City Chiefs, at Kansas City. . . . MONDAY, OCT. 25: Giants vs. Philadelphia Eagles, at Philadelphia. . . . SUNDAY, OCT. 31: Giants vs. Dallas Cowboys, at Giants Stadium, and Jets vs. New England Patriots, at Shea Stadium. . . . SUNDAY, NOV. 7: Giants vs. Cleveland Browns, at Cleveland, and Jets vs. Buffalo Bills, at Buffalo.

Hockey—The Rangers at MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Oct. 11 (Islanders), Oct. 13 (Philadelphia), Oct. 17 (Los Angeles), Oct. 20 (Vancouver), Oct. 24 (Minnesota), Oct. 27 (Calgary), Oct. 31 (Pittsburgh), and Nov. 10 (St Louis). . . . ¶ The Islanders at NASSAU COLISEUM: Oct. 14 (Pittsburgh), Oct. 16 (Los Angeles), Oct. 19 (Vancouver), Oct. 21 (Washington), Oct. 23 (Rangers), Oct. 26 (Calgary) Oct. 30 (Devils), Nov. 2 (Pittsburgh) Nov. 6 (Philadelphia), and Nov. 9 (St Louis). . . . ¶ The Devils at BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA: Oct. 12 (Boston), Oct. 14 (Montreal), Oct. 18 (Philadelphia), Oct. 26 (Minnesota), Oct. 28 (Islanders), Nov. 1 (Calgary) Nov. 4 (Pittsburgh), and Nov. 8 (Washington).

Horse Show—National Horse Show. (Madison Square Garden. Nov. 2-7.)

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Oct. 13-Dec. 31. . . . LAUREL, Md.: Oct. 19-Dec. 31.

Running—The New York City Marathon, starting at the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge Plaza, and ending at the Tavern-on-the-Green, Oct. 24.

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Nov. 8-Dec. 31.

Music—METROPOLITAN OPERA (362-6000): The season continues through April 16. . . . AVERY FISHER HALL (874-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 21. . . . ¶ Musica Sacra, Oct. 15. . . . ¶ Emanuel Ax, piano, and Yo-Yo Ma, cello, Oct. 17. . . . ¶ American Philharmonic Orchestra, Oct. 18 and 31. . . . ¶ Y Chamber Symphony, Oct. 22. . . . ¶ Canterbury Choral Society, Oct. 30. . . . ¶ Orchestre Philharmonique de France, Nov. 3. . . . CARNEGIE HALL (247-7459): Nathaniel Rosen, cello, and Jerome Lowenthal, piano, Oct. 10. . . . ¶ Boston Philharmonic, Oct. 11. . . . ¶ I Musici, Oct. 12. . . . ¶ Boston Symphony, Oct. 13-14. . . . ¶ Berlin Philharmonic, Oct. 19-20 and Oct. 22-23. . . . ¶ Netherlands Chamber Orchestra, Oct. 21. . . . ¶ Ivan Moravec, piano, Oct. 24. . . . ¶ Richard Tucker Memorial Concert, Oct. 24. . . . ¶ Opera Orchestra of New York, Oct. 28. . . . ¶ New York Choral Society, Oct. 30. . . . ¶ Abbey Simon, piano, Oct. 31. . . . ¶ Gewandhaus Orchestra of Leipzig, Oct. 31-Nov. 1. . . . ¶ Orchestre Philharmonique de France, Nov. 2. . . . ¶ Alexis Weissenberg, piano, Nov. 6. . . . ¶ Scottish National Orchestra, Nov. 7. . . . ¶ *American Symphony* Orchestra, Nov. 7. . . . ¶ Teresa Berganza, mezzo-soprano, Nov. 8. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Nov. 9. . . . ¶ Prague Symphony Orchestra, Nov. 10. . . . ALICE TULLY HALL (362-1911): Panayis Lyras, piano, Oct. 11. . . . ¶ Doriot Anthony Dwyer, flute, Oct. 12. . . . ¶ Claude Frank, piano, Oct. 16. . . . ¶ New York Philomusica, Oct. 20. . . . ¶ Edward Menzer, piano, Oct. 23. . . . ¶ Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Oct. 24-26 and Nov. 5 and 7. . . . ¶ Ensemble for Early Music, Oct. 30. . . . ¶ Elly Ameling, soprano, Oct. 31. . . . ¶ Blanca Uribe, piano, Oct. 31. . . . Music from Marlboro, Nov. 8. . . . ¶ Natan Brand, piano, Nov. 9. . . . KAUFMANN CONCERT HALL, 92nd Street Y (427-4410): Lionel Party, harpsichord, Oct. 16. . . . ¶ Y Chamber Symphony, Oct. 23-24 and Nov. 6. . . . ¶ Group for Contemporary Music, Oct. 26. . . . ¶ Shlomo Mintz, violin, Oct. 30. . . . ¶ Shura Cherkassky, piano, Nov. 3. . . . ¶ Peter Orth, piano, Nov. 7. . . . ¶ Hermann Prey, baritone, Nov. 10. . . . GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM, Metropolitan Museum (570-3949): Music from Marlboro, Nov. 4. . . . ¶ Musica Aeterna Orchestra, Nov. 6.

Dance—Murray Louis Dance Company, at the Joyce Theatre, Nov. 2-21.

Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: The Royal Shakespeare Company production of C. P. Taylor's "Good," a play with music starring Alan Howard. . . . ¶ "The Wake of Jamey Foster," a new play by Beth Henley. Susan Kingsley heads the cast. . . . ¶ Anne Jackson and Eli Wallach are the entire cast of Murray Schisgal's comedy, "Twice Around the Park."

Other Dates—The National Arts and Antiques Festival, at the 7th Regiment Armory, Oct. 8-17. . . . ¶ Columbus Day will be celebrated on Monday, Oct. 11. . . . ¶ Registration days for the Nov. 2 elections, Oct. 14 and 16. . . . ¶ Daylight-saving time ends Sunday, Oct. 31.

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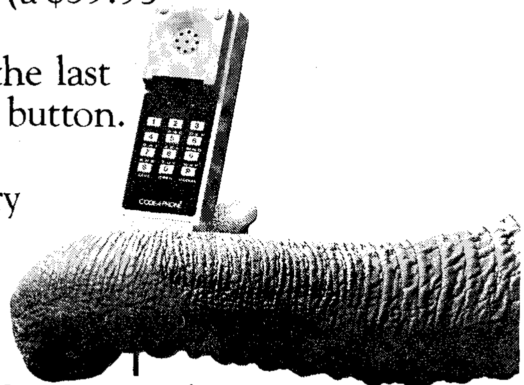

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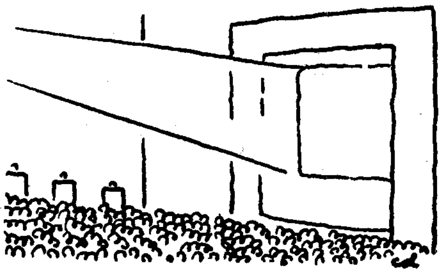
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 26.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)

Through Oct. 7: "Lonely Heart" (1981; directed by Kon Ichikawa; in Japanese).

From Oct. 8: "Morning Mist" (1980; Lauro Antonio; in Portuguese).

R.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)

Through Sept. 30: A Woody Allen Festival.

From Oct. 1: "Chariots of Fire" (†).

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)

Through Sept. 30: "The Road Warrior" (†); and "Breaker Morant" (1980; Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Edward Woodward.

From Oct. 1: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)

Through Sept. 30: "Birgitt Haas Must Be Killed" (Laurent Heynemann; in French and German), with Philippe Noiret and Jean Rochefort.

Oct. 1-7: "On Golden Pond" (†).

From Oct. 8: "Making Love" (Arthur Hiller), with Michael Ontkean and Kate Jackson; and "Personal Best" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)

"E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)

Through Sept. 30: "The World According to Garp" (†).

From Oct. 1: "Hey Good Lookin' " (Ralph Bakshi), an animated film.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)

Theatre 1: Through Sept. 30: "The Boat" (Wolfgang Petersen; a German film, in English). From Oct. 1: "Tempest" (†).

Theatre 2: Through Sept. 30: "Inchon" (Terence Young), with Laurence Olivier and Jacqueline Bisset. From Oct. 1: "My Favorite Year" (†).

Theatre 3: "Amityville II: The Possession" (Damiano Damiani), with Burt Young and Rutanya Alda.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)

"An Officer and a Gentleman" (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)

"La Cage aux Folles" (†).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)

"Moonlighting" (Jerzy Skolimowski), with Jeremy Irons.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)

"Star Wars" (†).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)

"Diva" (†).

Manhattan I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)

Theatre 1: Through Oct. 7: "The Chosen" (Jeremy Paul Kagan), with Maximilian Schell and Rod Steiger. From Oct. 8: "Le Beau Mariage" (†).

Theatre 2: Through Sept. 30: "Piaf—The Early Years" (1974; Guy Casaril; in French), with Brigitte Ariel. From Oct. 1: "Hey Good Lookin' " (Ralph Bakshi), an animated film.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

Theatre 1: Through Oct. 7: "L'Adolescente" (Jeanne Moreau; in French), with Simone Signoret. From Oct. 8: "Lookin' to Get Out" (Hal Ashby), with Jon Voight and Ann-Margret.

Theatre 2: "An Officer and a Gentleman" (†).

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)

"Last Tango in Paris" (†).

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)

Theatre 1: Through Sept. 30: "Hair" (†). From Oct. 1: "Tex" (†).

Theatre 2: Through Oct. 7: "Le Beau Mariage" (†). From Oct. 8: "Yol" (Yilmaz Güney; in Turkish).

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)

Theatre 1: Through Sept. 30: "Giselle." From Oct. 1: "On Golden Pond" (†).

Theatre 2: Through Sept. 30: "Inchon" (Terence Young), with Laurence Olivier and Jacqueline Bisset. Oct. 1-7: "Chariots of Fire" (†). From Oct. 8 (tentative): "Q" (Larry Cohen), with Michael Moriarty and Candy Clark.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)

"The World According to Garp" (†).

Loews New York Twin I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

Theatre 1: Through Sept. 30: "Amityville II: The Possession" (Damiano Damiani), with Burt Young and Rutanya Alda. From Oct. 1: "Tempest" (†).

Theatre 2: "E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)

Through Sept. 30: "Les Turlupins" (Bernard Révon; in French), with Bernard Brieux.

From Oct. 1: "Eating Raoul" (Paul Bartel), with Bartel and Mary Woronov.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)

Through Sept. 30: "Tempest" (†).

From Oct. 1: "My Favorite Year" (†).

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304; Mondays through Thursdays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through Sept. 30: "A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy" (†).

Oct. 1-7: "The Road Warrior" (†).

From Oct. 8: To be announced.

U. A. 85th St. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)

Through Sept. 30: "Giselle."

Oct. 1-7: "Going All the Way."

From Oct. 8: "Q" (Larry Cohen), with Michael Moriarty and Candy Clark.

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)

Theatre 1: "Fast Times at Ridgemont High" (Amy Heckerling), with Sean Penn.

Theatre 2: "Amityville II: The Possession" (Damiano Damiani), with Burt Young and Rutanya Alda.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)

Through Oct. 7: "Inchon" (Terence Young), with Laurence Olivier and Jacqueline Bisset.

From Oct. 8: To be announced.

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)

Theatre 1: Through Sept. 30: "Blood Tide." From Oct. 1: "Chariots of Fire" (†).

Theatre 2: Through Sept. 30: "Dynamite Chicken" (Ernest Pintoff), with Richard Pryor. From Oct. 1: "Hey Good Lookin' " (Ralph Bakshi), an animated film.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Theatre 1: Through Oct. 5: A program of three short documentaries. From Oct. 6: "Celeste" (1981; directed by Percy Adlon; in German), with Eva Mattes and Jurgen Arndt.

Theatre 2: "Kings of the Road" (1976; Wim Wenders; in German), with Rudiger Vogeler and Hanns Zischler.

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)

Theatre 1: "Burden of Dreams" (Les Blank), a documentary.

Theatre 2: Through Sept. 30: "Diner" (†) From Oct. 1: "Tempest" (†).

Greenwich Playhouse I and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

Theatre 1: "The Chosen" (Jeremy Paul Kagan), with Maximilian Schell and Rod Steiger.

Theatre 2: "Barbarosa" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)

"Theatre 1: Through Oct. 7: "Ciao! Manhattan" (1973; John Palmer and David Weisman). From Oct. 8: "The Devil's Playground" (†).

Theatre 2: "Chilly Scenes of Winter" ("Head Over Heels;" 1979; Joan Micklin Silver), with John Heard and Mary Beth Hurt.

Theatre 3: "Mephisto" (†).

Theatre 4: Through Sept. 30: "Piaf—The Early Years" (1974; Guy Casaril; in French), with Brigitte Ariel. From Oct. 1: "Demon Pond" (Masahiro Shinoda; in Japanese), with Tamasaburo Bando.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)

"Aida" (1954; Clemente Fracassi; in Italian and English), with Sophia Loren.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)

"Yes, Giorgio" (Franklin J. Schaffner), with Luciano Pavarotti and Kathryn Harrold.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)

Through Oct. 7: "Diner" (†).

From Oct. 8: "Lookin' to Get Out" (Hal Ashby), with Jon Voight and Ann-Margret.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)

Through Sept. 30: "Birgitt Haas Must Be Killed" (Laurent Heynemann; in French and German), with Philippe Noiret and Jean Rochefort.

From Oct. 1: A Woody Allen Festival.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)

"Josepha" (Christopher Frank; in French), with Miou-Miou and Claude Brasseur.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)

"Barbarosa" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)

Through Sept. 30: "Tempest" (†).

From Oct. 1: "My Favorite Year" (†).

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)

Theatre 1: "Lola" (Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German).

Theatre 2: "My Dinner with André" (†).

Theatre 3: "Gregory's Girl" (Bill Forsyth), with Gordon John Sinclair.

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)

Theatre 1: "Xica" (1976; Carlos Diegues; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Zeze Motta.

Theatre 2: "Chan Is Missing" (Wayne Wang), with Wood May.

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)

Theatre 1: Through Oct. 6: "Chilly Scenes of Winter" ("Head Over Heels;" 1979; Joan Micklin Silver), with John Heard and Mary Beth Hurt. From Oct. 7: "Meetings with Remarkable Men" (†).

Theatre 2: "Siberiade" (1979; Andrei Mikhalkov-Konchalovsky; in Russian).

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)

Theatre 1: Through Sept. 30: "The World According to Garp" (†). From Oct. 1: To be announced.

Theatre 2: Through Sept. 30: "The Boat" (Wolfgang Petersen; a German film, in English). From Oct. 1: To be announced.

Theatre 3: Through Sept. 30: "Barbarosa" (†). From Oct. 1: "Tempest" (†).

Theatre 4: Through Sept. 30: "Inchon" (Terence Young), with Laurence Olivier and Jacqueline Bisset. From Oct. 1: "On Golden Pond" (†).

New Yorker I and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)

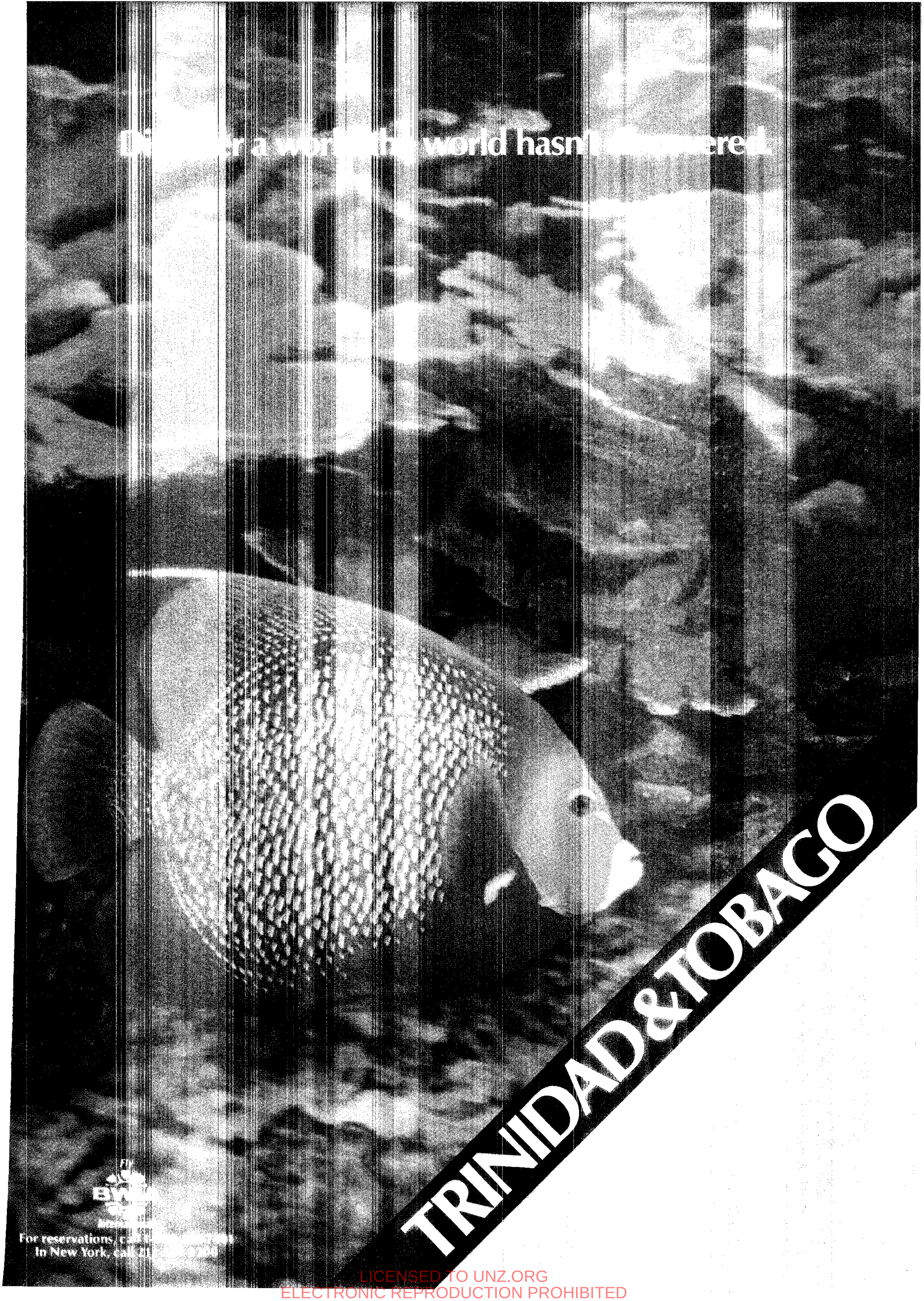
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 30: "Arthur" (†) and "Body Heat" (†). From Oct. 1: "Last Tango in Paris" (†).

Theatre 2: "Mephisto" (†).

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Theatre 1: Through Sept. 30: "A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy" (†) and "Arthur" (†). From Oct. 1: "Chariots of Fire" (†) and "Personal Best" (†).

Theatre 2: Through Oct. 7 (tentative):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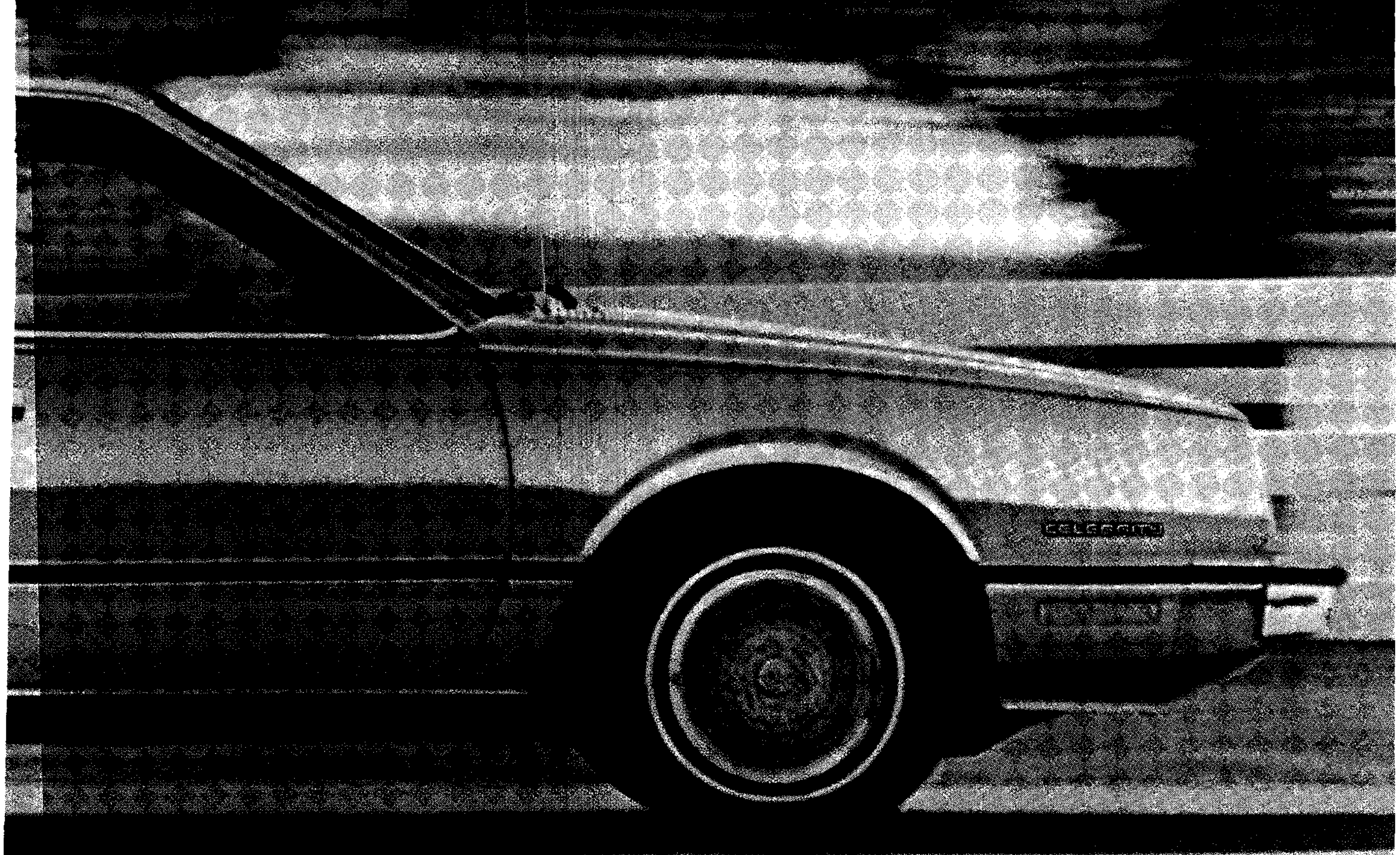

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

"Diner" (†) and "Rich and Famous" (†). From Oct. 8: "Q" (Larry Cohen), with Michael Moriarty and Candy Clark.

Theatre 3: Through Oct. 7: "The Road Warrior" (†); and "Sharky's Machine" (Burt Reynolds), with Reynolds. From Oct. 8: "The World According to Garp" (†).

Theatre 4: Through Sept. 30: "Star Wars" (†). From Oct. 1: "Going All the Way."

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)

Theatre 1: Through Sept. 30: "Star Wars" (†). From Oct. 1 (tentative): "Going All the Way."

Theatre 2: "Rocky III" (†).

Theatre 3: "Fast Times at Ridgemont High" (directed by Amy Heckerling), with Sean Penn.

Theatre 4: "The Road Warrior" (†).

Theatre 5: "The Incubus" (John Hough), with John Cassavetes.

Theatre 6: Through Sept. 30: "Waitress!" *(Samuel Weil and Michael Herz), with Jim* Harris. From Oct. 1: "Chariots of Fire" (†).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)

"The Boat" (Wolfgang Petersen; a German film; in English).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 2: "Blood Tide."

Theatre 3: "Poltergeist" (†).

Theatre 4: "Raiders of the Lost Ark" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)

"An Officer and a Gentleman" (†).

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)

Theatre 1: "Amityville II: The Possession" (Damiano Damiani), with Burt Young and Rutanya Alda.

Theatre 2: "Friday the 13th, Part 3" (Steve Miner). In 3-D.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)

"E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)

Through Oct. 7: "Zapped!" (Robert J. Rosenthal), with Scott Baio and Willie Aames. From Oct. 8: "Psycho from Texas."

Rivoli 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)

Theatre 1: Through Oct. 7: "Giselle." From Oct. 8: "Q" (Larry Cohen), with Michael Moriarty and Candy Clark.

Theatre 2: Through Sept. 30: "The Fearless Jackal." From Oct. 1: "On Golden Pond" (†).

R.K.O. Century Cinerama Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8366/8369)

Theatre 1: Through Sept. 30: "Forbidden World" (Allan Holzman), with Jesse Vint and Dawn Dunlap. From Oct. 1: "Going All the Way."

Theatre 2: "Pink Floyd, The Wall" (Alan Parker).

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

Theatre 1: Through Sept. 30: "The Soldier" (James Glickenhaus), with Ken Wahl. From Oct. 1: *"Hey Good Lookin'" (Ralph Bak*shi), an animated film.

Theatre 2: "Inchon" (Terence Young), with Laurence Olivier and Jacqueline Bisset.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Agee Room, 144 Bleecker St. (473-8306; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through Oct. 5: "Le Samourai" ("The Godson;" 1967; directed by Jean-Pierre Melville), with Alain Delon.

From Oct. 6: "Lili Marleen" (1981; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Hanna Schygulla and Giancarlo Giannini.

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)

Sept. 29: "Johnny Guitar" (1954; Nicholas Ray), with Joan Crawford, Sterling Hayden, Mercedes McCambridge, and Ernest Borgnine; and "Clash by Night" (1952; Fritz Lang), with Barbara Stanwyck, Paul Douglas, and Robert Ryan.

Sept. 30: "The Damned" (1969; Luchino Visconti), with Dirk Bogarde, Ingrid Thulin, and Helmut Berger.

Oct. 1: "Detour" (1945; Edgar G. Ulmer), with Ann Savage and Tom Neal; and "Body Heat" (†).

Oct. 2: "The Conformist" (1970; Bernardo Bertolucci; in Italian), with Jean-Louis Trintignant, Stefania Sandrelli, and Dominique Sanda.

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Oct. 3: "Ragtime" (1981; Miloš Forman), with James Cagney and Howard E. Rolling, Jr.

Oct. 4: "Contempt" (†); and "A Voyage to Italy" (1953; Roberto Rossellini; in Italian), with Ingrid Bergman and George Sanders.

Oct. 5: "Sword of Vengeance #5" (1974; Kenji Misumi; in Japanese); and "Inn of Evil" (1970; Masaki Kobayashi; in Japanese).

Oct. 6: "Daguerreotypes" (1975; Agnès Varda); and "Variety Lights" (1949; Federico Fellini and Alberto Lattuada; in Italian), with Giulietta Masina, Peppino de Filippo, and Carla del Poggio.

Oct. 7: "Lions Love" (†) and "David Holzman's Diary" (†).

Oct. 8-9: "Blow-Up" (1966; Michelangelo Antonioni), with Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings; and "Peeping Tom" (1960; Michael Powell), with Karl Boehm and Moira Shearer.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

Sept. 29: "Pigpen" (1969; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with Pierre Clémenti and Jean-Pierre Léaud; and "Accattone!" (1961; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian).

Sept. 30: "The Canterbury Tales" (1972; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with Hugh Griffith, Alan Webb, and Jenny Runacre; and "The Arabian Nights" (1973; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian).

Oct. 1: "The Arabian Nights;" and "The Decameron" (1971; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with Franco Citti, Ninetto Davoli, and Pasolini himself.

Oct. 2: "The Canterbury Tales" and "The Decameron."

Oct. 3: "Queen of Spades" (1949; Thorold Dickinson), with Anton Walbrook and Edith Evans; and "Prince Igor" (1972; in Russian), performed by the Kirov Opera and Ballet of Leningrad.

Oct. 4: "The Age of the Medici: Parts I and II" (1973; Roberto Rossellini).

Oct. 5: "The Age of the Medici: Part III;" and "Blaise Pascal" (1972; Roberto Rossellini; in Italian), with Pierre Arditi.

Oct. 6: "Germany in Autumn" (1977; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German); and "Triumph of the Will" (1936; Leni Riefenstahl), a documentary.

Oct. 7: "Kagemusha" ("The Shadow Warrior;" 1980; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Tatsuya Nakadai; and "The Men Who Tread on the Tiger's Tail" (1945; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese).

Oct. 8: "Fellini Satyricon" (1970; Federico Fellini; in Italian); and "The White Sheik" (†).

Oct. 9: "Death in Venice" (1971; Luchino Visconti), with Dirk Bogarde; and "Conversation Piece" (1975; Luchino Visconti), with Burt Lancaster, Silvana Mangano, and Helmut Berger.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

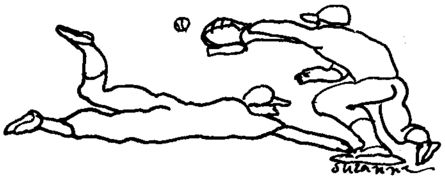
Through Sept. 30: "The Godfather, Part II" (1974; Francis Ford Coppola), with Al Pacino, Robert Duvall, Diane Keaton, and Robert De Niro.

Oct. 1-2: "Personal Best" (†); and "Bilitis" (1977; David Hamilton), with Patti D'Arbanville.

Oct. 3-5: "Smash Palace" (1982; Roger Donaldson; an Australian film), with Bruno Lawrence and Anna Jemison; and "Picnic at Hanging Rock" (1975; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Rachel Roberts and Dominic Guard.

Oct. 6-7: "Chariots of Fire" (†); and "Ordinary People" (1980; Robert Redford), with Donald Sutherland, Mary Tyler Moore, Timothy Hutton, and Judd Hirsch.

Oct. 8-9: "Days of Heaven" (1978; Terrence Malick), with Richard Gere, Brooke Adams, Sam Shepard, Linda Manz, and Robert Wilke; and "Badlands" (1973; Terrence Malick), with Martin Sheen and Sissy Spacek.



8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through Sept. 30: "Star Wars" (†).

Oct. 1-7 (tentative): "Going All the Way."

From Oct. 8: "The War at Home" (1980; Glenn Silber and Barry Alexander Brown), a documentary; and "Soldier Girls" (1982; Nicholas Broomfield and Joan Churchill), a documentary.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Sept. 29: "La Strada" (1954; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Anthony Quinn, Richard Basehart, and Giulietta Masina; and "The Rose Tattoo" (1955; Daniel Mann), with Anna Magnani, Burt Lancaster, Marisa Pavan, and Ben Cooper.

Sept. 30-Oct. 2: "Arthur" (†); and "10" (1979; Blake Edwards), with Dudley Moore, Julie Andrews, and Bo Derek.

Oct. 3-4: "Forbidden Planet" (1956; Fred M. Wilcox), with Walter Pidgeon, Anne Francis, and Leslie Nielsen; and "This Island Earth" (†).

Oct. 5-6: "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid" (†) and "The Sting" (†).

Oct. 7-9: "A Streetcar Named Desire" (1951; Elia Kazan), with Vivien Leigh, Marlon Brando, Kim Hunter, and Karl Malden; and "On the Waterfront" (1954; Elia Kazan), with Marlon Brando, Lee J. Cobb, Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, and Rod Steiger.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Through Sept. 30: "High Society" (1956, Charles Walters), with Bing Crosby, Grace Kelly, Frank Sinatra, and Celeste Holm; and "High Noon" (1952; Fred Zinnemann), with Gary Cooper, Thomas Mitchell, Grace Kelly, Lloyd Bridges, and Katy Jurado.

Oct. 1-2: "The Great Dictator" (1940) and "Monsieur Verdoux" (1947), both films directed by, and with, Charlie Chaplin.

Oct. 3-5: "Modern Times" (1936) and "City Lights" (1931), both films directed by, and with, Charlie Chaplin.

Oct. 6-7: "A King in New York" (1957; Charlie Chaplin), with Chaplin; and "A Woman of Paris" (1923; Charlie Chaplin; a silent film), with Edna Purviance, Adolphe Menjou, and Carl Miller.

From Oct. 8: To be announced.

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)

Oct. 1: "Aguirre, the Wrath of God" (1972; Werner Herzog; in German); and "Ali: Fear Eats the Soul" (1974; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Brigitte Mira.

Oct. 2: "The Deer Hunter" (1978; Michael Cimino), with Robert De Niro, Christopher Walken, Meryl Streep, John Savage, and John Cazale; and "The Best Years of Our Lives" (1946; William Wyler), with Myrna Loy, Fredric March, Teresa Wright, and Dana Andrews.

Oct. 3: "The Wizard of Oz" (1939; Victor Fleming), with Judy Garland, Bert Lahr, Frank Morgan, Ray Bolger, and Jack Haley; and "The 5,000 Fingers of Dr. T." (†).

Oct. 4: "Sunset Boulevard" (1950; Billy Wilder), with Gloria Swanson, William Holden, and Erich von Stroheim; and "The Last Tycoon" (1976; Elia Kazan), with Robert De Niro, Tony Curtis, Robert Mitchum, and Jeanne Moreau.

Oct. 5: "O Lucky Man!" (1973; Lindsay Anderson), with Malcolm McDowell; and "Darling" (1965; John Schlesinger), with Julie Christie, Laurence Harvey, and Dirk Bogarde.

Oct. 6: "Tokyo Story" (1953; Yasujiro Ozu; in Japanese); and "A Geisha" (1953; Kenji Mizoguchi; in Japanese).

Oct. 7: "Claire's Knee" (1970; Eric Rohmer;

in French), with Jean-Claude Brialy and Béatrice Romand; and "Le Fantôme de la Liberté" (1974; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Jean-Claude Brialy, Monica Vitti, and Adriana Asti.

Oct. 8: "An American Werewolf in London" (1981; John Landis), with David Naughton, Jenny Agutter, and Griffin Dunne; and "The Howling" (†).

Oct. 9: "Cabaret" (1972; Bob Fosse), with Liza Minnelli, Michael York, and Joel Grey; and "Lili Marleen" (1981; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Hanna Schygulla and Giancarlo Giannini.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Sept. 29: "Rage in Heaven" (1941; W. S. Van Dyke), with Ingrid Bergman, Robert Montgomery, George Sanders, and Lucile Watson; and "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" (1941; Victor Fleming), with Ingrid Bergman, Spencer Tracy, and Lana Turner.

Sept. 30-Oct. 2: "As You Desire Me" (1932; George Fitzmaurice), with Greta Garbo and Melvyn Douglas; and "Mata Hari" (1932; George Fitzmaurice), with Greta Garbo, Ramon Novarro, and Lionel Barrymore.

Oct. 3-5: "Anna Karenina" (1935; Clarence Brown), with Greta Garbo, Fredric March, and Basil Rathbone; and "The Single Standard" (1929; John S. Robertson), with Greta Garbo, Nils Asther, and Johnny Mack Brown.

Oct. 6-9: "Spellbound" (†); and "Notorious" (1946; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman, Claude Rains, and Louis Calhern.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Sept. 29: "Club Havana" (1945; Edgar G. Ulmer), with Tom Neal; "Detour" (1945; Edgar G. Ulmer), with Ann Savage and Tom Neal; and "Moon Over Harlem" (1939; Edgar G. Ulmer).

Sept. 30: "Sherlock Holmes and the Secret Weapon" (1943; Roy William Neill), with Basil Rathbone and Nigel Bruce as Holmes and Dr. Watson; "The Seven-Per-Cent Solution" (1976; Herbert Ross), with Alan Arkin, Vanessa Redgrave, Robert Duvall, Nicol Williamson, and Laurence Olivier; and "Murder at the Baskervilles" (1937; Thomas Bentley), with Arthur Wontner and Ian Fleming as Holmes and Watson.

Oct. 1-2: "Stevie" (1978; Robert Enders), with Glenda Jackson, Mona Washbourne, and Trevor Howard; and "Negatives" (1968, Peter Medak), with Peter McEnery, Diane Cilento, and Glenda Jackson.

Oct. 3: "The Magic Flute" (†); and "La Traviata" (1953; in Italian), with Lucia Evangelista, Giulio Gari, and Frank Valentino.

Oct. 4: "Platinum Blonde" (1931; Frank Capra), with Jean Harlow, Robert Williams, Loretta Young, Claude Allister, and Halliwell Hobbes; and "Virtue" (1932; Eddie Buzzell), with Carole Lombard and Pat O'Brien.

Oct. 5: "Fernandel the Dressmaker" (1957; Jean Boyer; in French), with Fernandel and Suzy Delair; "Colonel Chabert" (1947; Rene Le Henaff; in French), with Raimu; and "Lovers and Thieves" (1957; Sacha Guitry; in French), with Jean Poiret, Michel Serrault, and Magali Noel.

Oct. 6: "Bread and Chocolate" (1974; Franco Brusati; in Italian), with Nino Manfredi and Anna Karina; and "Shoe-Shine" (1946; Vittorio De Sica; in Italian).

Oct. 7: "Papillon" (†); and "Soldier in the Rain" (1963; Ralph Nelson), with Jackie Gleason, Steve McQueen, and Tuesday Weld.

Oct. 8-9: "Metamorphoses" (1977; in Japanese), an animated film; and "Allegro Non Troppo" (1977; Bruno Bozzetto; in Italian), a six-episode animated and live-action film musical.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Sept. 29: "The Battle of the Sexes" (1960; Charles Crichton), with Peter Sellers, Robert Morley, and Constance Cummings; and "The Captain's Paradise" (1953; Anthony Kimmins), with Alec Guinness, Yvonne De Carlo, and Celia Johnson.

Sept. 30: "The Old Dark House" (1932; James Whale), with Charles Laughton, Melvyn Douglas, Raymond Massey, Boris Karloff, and Gloria Stuart; and "Wives Under Suspicion" (1938; James Whale), with Gail Patrick and Warren William.

Oct. 1-2: "East of Eden" (1955; Elia Kazan), with Julie Harris, James Dean, Raymond Massey, and Richard Davalos; and "Rebel Without a Cause" (1955; Nicholas Ray), with James Dean, Natalie Wood, Sal Mineo, Corey Allen, and Nick Adams.

Oct. 3: "Foreign Correspondent" (1940; Alfred Hitchcock), with Joel McCrea, Laraine Day, and George Sanders; and "Number Seventeen" (1932; Alfred Hitchcock), with Leon M. Lion and Anne Grey.

Oct. 4: "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" (1919; Robert Wiene; a German silent film), with Werner Krauss, Conrad Veidt, Lil Dagover, and Friedrich Feher; and "M" (†).

Oct. 5: "Saboteur" (†) and "Shadow of a Doubt" (†).

Oct. 6: "The General" (1926; Buster Keaton and Clyde Bruckman; a silent film), with Keaton, Marian Mack, and Glenn Cavender; and "Steamboat Bill, Jr." (†).

Oct. 7: "Women in Love" (1970; Ken Russell), with Alan Bates, Oliver Reed, and Glenda Jackson; and "The Virgin and the Gypsy" (1970; Christopher Miles), with Joanna Shimkus, Franco Nero, and Maurice Denham.

Oct. 8-9: "Charlie Chan's Secret" (1936; Gordon Wiles), with Warner Oland as the detective; and "Charlie Chan at the Wax Museum" (1940; Lynn Shores), with Sidney Toler as the detective.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—Through Oct. 24: "Drive-In: Second Feature" (1982; directed by Roger Welch), a film-and-sculpture installation. Mr. Welch will be present on Thursday, Sept. 30, at 2. Continuous showings from noon to 6 (Tuesday evenings until 8). Closed Mondays.

New York Film Festival—A series of international films—**alice tully hall:** Sept. 29 at 6:15: "Tex" (Tim Hunter; United States). . . . ¶ Sept. 29 at 9:30: "The Night of the Shooting Stars" (Vittorio and Paolo Taviani; Italy). . . . ¶ Sept. 30 at 6:15: "City Lovers" (Barney Simon; South Africa) and "Coming of Age" (Josh Hanig; United States). . . . ¶ Sept. 30 at 9:30: "Identification of a Woman" (Michelangelo Antonioni; Italy). . . . ¶ Oct. 1 at 6:15: "Vortex" (Scott B and Beth B; United States). . . . ¶ Oct. 1 at 9:30: "The Trout" (Joseph Losey; France). . . . ¶ Oct. 2 at noon: "Identification of a Woman." . . . ¶ Oct. 2 at 3: "The Night of the Shooting Stars." . . . ¶ Oct. 2 at 6: "Little Wars" (Maroun Baghdadi; Lebanon). . . . ¶ Oct. 2 at 9: "The Draughtsman's Contract" (Peter Greenaway; Great Britain). . . . ¶ Oct. 3 at 2: "The Trout." . . . ¶ Oct. 3 at 4:30: "The Draughtsman's Contract." . . . ¶ Oct. 3 at 7: "Vortex." . . . ¶ Oct. 3 at 9:30: "Little Wars." . . . ¶ Oct. 4 at 6:15: "The Tyrant's Heart" (Miklós Jancsó; Hungary). . . . **radio city music hall,** Sixth Ave. at 50th St.: Oct. 4 at 9: "Koyaanisqatsi" (Godfrey Reggio; United States). . . . **alice tully hall:** Oct. 5 at 6:15: "Say Amen, Somebody" (George T. Nierenberg; United States). . . . ¶ Oct. 5 at 9:30: "The Tyrant's Heart." . . . ¶ Oct. 6 at 6:15: "The Light Ahead" (Edgar G. Ulmer; United States; 1939; in Yiddish). . . . ¶ Oct. 6 at 9:30 and Oct. 7 at 6:15: "Yol" (Yilmaz Güney; Turkey). . . . ¶ Oct. 7 at 9:30: "Time Stands Still" (Péter Gothár; Hungary). . . . ¶ Oct. 8 at 6:15: "Dark Circle" (Judy Irving and Chris Beaver; United States). . . . ¶ Oct. 8 at 9:30 and Oct. 9 at 12:30: "One Man's War" (Edgardo Cozarinsky; France). . . . ¶ Oct. 9 at 3: "Time Stands Still." . . . ¶ Oct. 9 at 6: "Before the Nickelodeon" (Charles Musser; United States) and "Arshile Gorky" (Charlotte Zwerin; United States). . . . ¶ Oct. 9 at 9: "Little People" (Jan Krawitz and Thomas Ott; United States). (For tickets, call 362-1911.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Arthur (1981)—John Gielgud can steal a scene by simply wearing a hat; it's so crisply angled that you can't take your eyes off him—you want to applaud that perfect hat. As Hobson, the valet to a drunken millionaire playboy, he may be the most poised and confident funnyman you'll ever see. And as the top-hatted lush, Arthur, Dudley Moore has a mad sparkle in his eyes. There's always something bubbling inside Arthur—the booze just adds to his natural fizz. This is the first movie directed by Steve Gordon (who also wrote the script); he's a long way from being able to do with images what he can do with words, but there are some inspired bits and his work has a friendly spirit, and with Moore and Gielgud bouncing off each other like Bertie Wooster and Jeeves, the picture doesn't sag for long. But Gordon's attempt to reactivate the romantic mechanisms of the screwball comedies of the thirties doesn't work with the women characters—particularly with Liza Minnelli and Geraldine Fitzgerald. As the poor-girl heroine, Minnelli doesn't have her share of the good lines and she's electrifying when she only needs to be charming; as the playboy's grandmother, Fitzgerald has the worst scenes and the zest she gives them goes peculiarly wrong. With Barney Martin, Anne De Salvo as Gloria, Jill Eikenberry, Thomas Barbour, Ted Ross, Stephen Elliott, Peter Evans, Lou Jacobi, and, in a bit, Lawrence Tierney. Cinematography by Fred Schuler; he makes the New York locations look elegant even when the staging suggests a waxworks museum. (Reviewed in our issue of 7/27/81.) (New Yorker, and Olympia Quad; through Sept. 30. . . . ¶ Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Sept. 30-Oct. 2.)

Barbarosa—The most spirited and satisfying new Western epic in several years. Directed by the Australian Fred Schepisi, from a script by the Texas-born William D. Wittliff, it has some of the psychedelic ambience of Sergio Leone spaghetti Westerns—the West seen in a fever. Willie Nelson has a great screen presence as the legendary outlaw Barbarosa, a desert rat mythologized by those who grow up fearing him. The period is the eighteen-eighties and the film was shot along the Rio Grande, in an area of extremes that's either Texas mountains or mustard-colored mesa and desert. Gary Busey plays a lumpy, raw farm boy who joins up with Barbarosa, and without intending to becomes an apprentice desperado. Working with the cinematographer Ian Baker and the composer Bruce Smeaton, Schepisi shows the fullness of his approach to moviemaking. With Gilbert Roland, Howland Chamberlin, Isela Vega, Danny De La Paz, and George Voskovec. (8/9/82) (Greenwich Playhouse, and Cinema 3. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through Sept. 30.)

Le Beau Mariage—With Béatrice Romand, Arielle Dombasle, and André Dussolier; directed by Eric Rohmer. In French. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema II; through Oct. 7. . . . ¶ Manhattan; starting Oct. 8.)

Body Heat (1981)—Lawrence Kasdan wrote and directed this forties pastiche that verges on camp but takes itself straight. He has devised a style that is a catalogue of *noir* clichés—deco titles, flames and a heat wave, ceiling fans, tinkling wind chimes, old tunes, chicanery in muted voices, a weak man (William Hurt) and a femme fatale in white (Kathleen Turner), and insinuating, hotted-up dialogue that it would be fun to hoot at if only the hushed, sleepwalking manner of the film didn't make you cringe or yawn. Kasdan has modern characters talking jive talk as if they'd been boning up on Chandler novels, and he doesn't seem to know if he wants laughs or not. It's like listening to Mae West deliver her bawdy innuendos in a sincere tone. He poses Turner as a hot number, and she proceeds to lure Hurt, who's a chump, to murder her rich husband (Richard Crenna) as if she were following the marks on the floor made by the actresses who preceded her. As Teddy, a professional arsonist, Mickey Rourke almost makes you feel that you're at a real movie. With Ted Danson and J. A. Pres-

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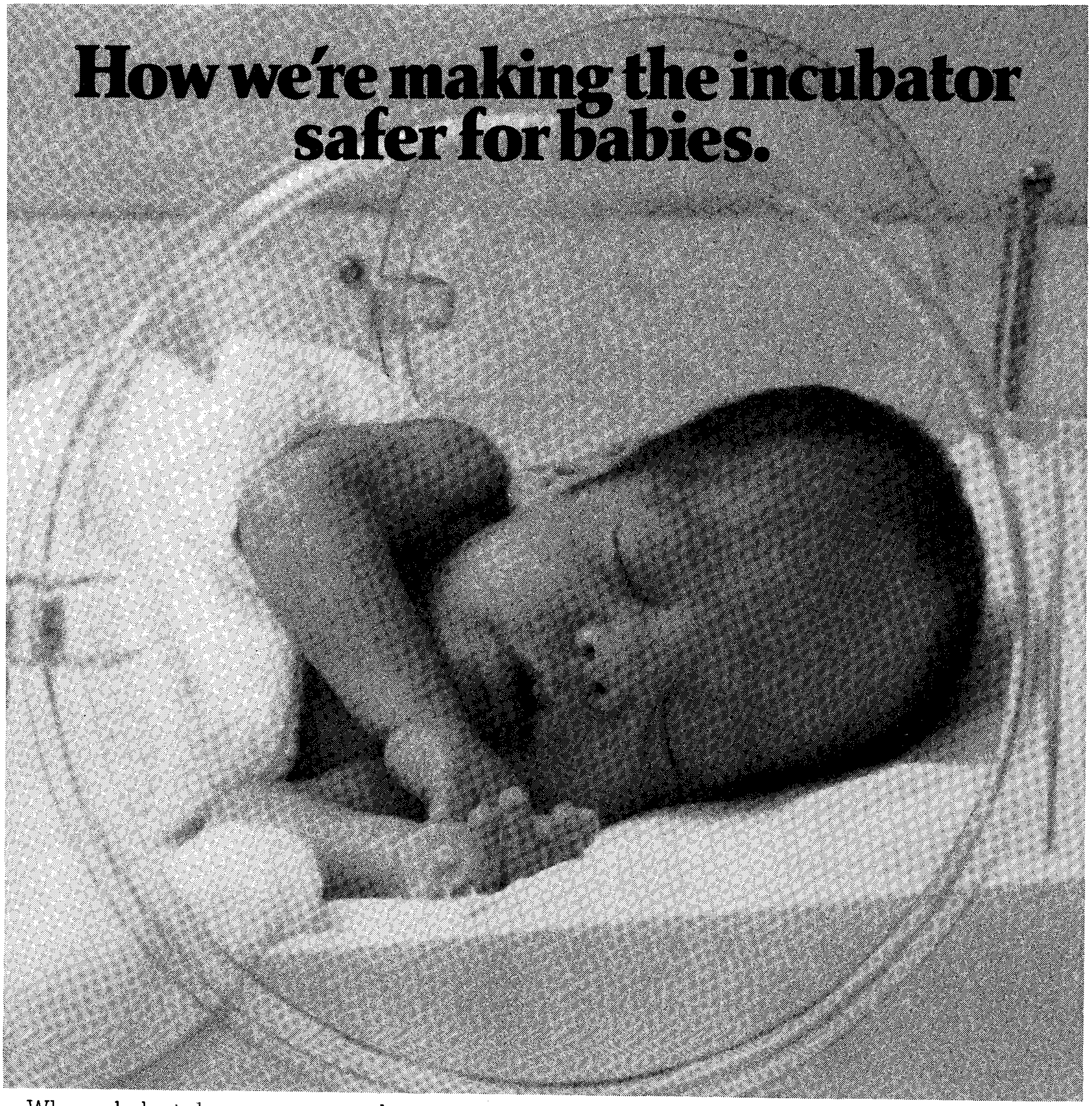

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ton. Cinematography by Richard H. Kline. (11/9/81) (New Yorker; through Sept. 30. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 1.)

Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid (1969)—Paul Newman and Robert Redford are charming people to watch on the screen, even when the vehicle doesn't do them justice. George Roy Hill directed this enormously popular overblown, frolicsome Western from William Goldman's script. With Katharine Ross; cinematography by Conrad Hall. The song "Raindrops Keep Fallin' on My Head" is by Burt Bacharach and Hal David. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Oct. 5-6.)

La Cage aux Folles (1979)—A brilliant comedy about a pair of aging homosexuals, one of whom has had a son; the son is eager to marry, his fiancée is extremely conventional, and her family wishes to make the acquaintance of his family. Trouble in paradise, here known as Saint-Tropez. Edouard Molinaro directed, with Michel Serrault and Ugo Tognazzi. In French. (Eastside Cinema.)

Chariots of Fire (1981)—The story of the courage and the triumph of two young runners who represented Britain in the 1924 Olympics, held in Paris. The runners—Harold Abrahams (Ben Cross), a wealthy Jewish boy who is a student at Cambridge, and Eric Liddell (Ian Charleson), a Scottish divinity student—win because they have something to run for. The unbelievably self-possessed Abrahams runs against anti-Semitic snobbery and prejudices, represented here, rather grandly, by Lindsay Anderson and John Gielgud, as a pair of gargoyles—masters at Cambridge. The devout Liddell runs in an ecstatic state, because "when I run, I can feel His pleasure," and the film is structured so that its big crisis comes when Liddell's qualifying heat is scheduled for a Sunday and he refuses to take part. The picture is a piece of technological lyricism held together by the glue of simpleminded heroic sentiment; basically, its appeal is in watching a couple of guys win their races. One good scene: a charming flirtation between Abrahams and a young D'Oyly Carte singer-actress, played by Alice Krige, whose cooing, artificial style is a little reminiscent of Joan Greenwood's purring. Produced by David Puttnam, directed by Hugh Hudson (it's his début film), from Colin Welland's script. Cinematography by David Watkin; music by Vangelis Papathanassiou. With Ian Holm, Cheryl Campbell, Dennis Christopher, Brad Davis, Nigel Havers, Nicholas Farrell, Nigel Davenport, Patrick Magee, and David Yelland as the Prince of Wales. (10/26/81) (R.K.O. Century Art, R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Olympia Quad, and Criterion Theatres; starting Oct. 1. . . . ¶ Gemini; Oct. 1-7. . . . ¶ Cinema Village; Oct. 6-7.)

Contempt (1964)—Jean-Luc Godard's strange, beautifully filmed, sometimes maddening movie about a director (played by Fritz Lang) shooting "The Odyssey," and a woman (Brigitte Bardot) who is contemptuous of her husband (Michel Piccoli). With Jack Palance. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 4.)

David Holzman's Diary (1969)—About a young filmmaker (played by L. M. Kit Carson) who chronicles his own life. The compulsion to turn life into a movie was the subject of many of the seventies films by young filmmakers ("Georg," by Stanton Kaye, is one of the most notable), but this *cinéma-vérité* account, directed by Jim McBride, is perhaps the most professional-looking of the bunch. Michael Wadleigh, who later made "Woodstock," did the cinematography, and Carson's performance is so compelling that one tends to forget that he is only acting the role of the obsessed filmmaker. The movie is often rather barren in its self-consciousness, like an autobiographical first novel by a writer who hasn't lived much, but there's one lively sequence (caught by chance) in which a transvestite prostitute tries to pick up a customer. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 7.)

The Devil's Playground (1976)—The Marist brothers at the Catholic seminary around which most of the film is set seem to be looking into themselves, puzzled and deeply disappointed by their own physicality. And the pubescent boys gaze with thunderstruck eyes at the eruptions of their bodies. This semi-autobiographical first feature by the Australian writer-director Fred Schepisi is always on the borderline of comedy, because they have all—monks and seminarians alike—been taught that "an undisciplined mind is the Devil's playground," yet they can't get their minds off their bodies. This isn't an anti-Catholic movie. Far from it. Schepisi loves these tormented comedians. But he looks at them with humorous pagan eyes. His passionate feelings are expressed visually—in his thematic use of water imagery and in the vibrancy of his color, which eroticizes the environment. He's a great filmmaker, with his own softly rhythmed style. You feel he's got the whole thing right. With the novelist Thomas Keneally as the bald and bewhiskered Father Marshall; Arthur Dignam as Brother Francine, who dreams of being underwater, surrounded by beautiful naked nymphs; and Nick Tate as Brother Victor, who goes into the city wearing civvies, picks up two women and flirts and teases right up to the verge of actual sex, and then escapes, gasping, "They nearly had me." (12/7/81) (Quad Cinema; starting Oct. 8.)

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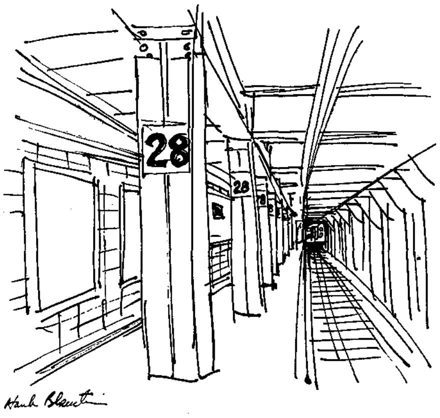
Diner—A wonderful movie, set in Baltimore in 1959. Five or six young men in their early twenties who've known each other since high school still cling to their late-night bull sessions at the diner—where, magically, they always seem to have plenty to talk about. It's like a comedy club—they take off from each other, and their conversations are all overlapping jokes that are funny without punch lines. They can sound worldly and sharp, but when these boys are out with girls they're nervous, constricted, fraudulent, half crazy. Written and directed by Barry Levinson, "Diner" is a great period piece—a look at middle-class relations between the sexes just before the sexual revolution. It features some of the best young actors in the country: Mickey Rourke, Ellen Barkin, Daniel Stern, Kevin Bacon, Steve Guttenberg, Paul Reiser, and Timothy Daly. (4/5/82) (Waverly; through Sept. 30. . . . ¶ Festival; through Oct. 7. . . . ¶ Olympic Quad; through Oct. 7, tentative.)

Diva—An up-to-the-minute romantic thriller from France, made by a new director, Jean-Jacques Beineix, who has a fabulous camera technique and understands the pleasures to be had from a picture that doesn't take itself too seriously. The diva is an awesomely beautiful black American soprano (Wilhelmenia Fernandez) who refuses to make recordings. Frédéric Andrei is the wide-eyed eighteen-year-old postal messenger who adores her; he sneaks his Nagra tape machine into her concert in Paris so he'll be able to listen to her at home—and all hell breaks loose around him. The unfazable heroine (the fourteen-year-old Thuy An Luu) is a post-Godardian tootsie—in her short-short skirts and transparent plastic coat she's a lollipop wrapped in cellophane. The film may remind you of Welles' "Touch of Evil;" it's Welles romanticized, packaged. It's a mixture of style and chic hanky-panky, but it's genuinely sparkling. In French. (4/19/82) (Plaza.)

E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial—Steven Spielberg's movie is bathed in warmth and it seems to clear all the bad thoughts out of your head. It's the story of a ten-year-old boy, Elliott, who feels fatherless and lost because his parents have separated, and who finds a miraculous friend—an alien inadvertently left on Earth by a visiting spaceship. This fusion of science fiction and mythology is emotionally rounded and complete; it reminds you of the goofiest dreams you had as a kid, and rehabilitates them. It puts a spell on the audience; it's genuinely entrancing. The stars are Henry Thomas, as Elliott, and E.T., who was designed by Carlo Rambaldi. With Drew Barrymore, Robert Macnaughton, Dee Wallace, and Peter Coyote. The script is by Melissa Mathison. (6/14/82) (Bay Cinema, Loews New York Twin, and Movieland.)



The 5,000 Fingers of Dr. T. (1953)—This was cut shortly after its first disastrous showings, but later became available in its original form. The movie is mostly the nightmare-fantasy of a little boy who doesn't understand why his mother insists on his practicing the piano, and who hates his music teacher, Dr. Terwilliker. You can see why: Hans Conried is Dr. T., and he's the slimiest villain since W. C. Fields slipped the gin into Baby Le Roy's bottle. In Dr. T.'s castle, five hundred boys with their five thousand fingers are trapped at a mile-long double-decker piano. Unfortunately, good, progressive parents, knowing that this was a Stanley Kramer production, from a script by Dr. Seuss, took their children to see it and thus heard their kids scream with fear and excitement. (The kids didn't take their parents with them when they went to see "Psycho.") With Tommy Rettig, Peter Lind Hayes, and Mary Healy. Directed by Roy Rowland; choreography by Eugene Loring; cinematography by Franz Planer; music by Frederick Hollander; Alan Scott worked on the script with Dr. Seuss (Theodore Geisel). (Metro Cinema; Oct. 3.)

Hair (1979)—A sunny film rendering of the harmonically not especially distinguished stage musical of the sixties, directed by the Czech-born Miloš Forman, who has managed—in a very Slavic way—to make a benign, small folk town of New York. (Cinema I; through Sept. 30.)

The Howling (1981)—This werewolves-in-California movie has a spoofy erotic tone and isn't afraid of being silly—which is its chief charm. The director, Joe Dante, seems a mixture—in just about equal parts—of talent, amateurishness, style, and flake. You're entertained continuously, though you don't feel the queasy, childish dread that is part of the dirty kick of the horror genre. There are no embarrassments in the cast, which includes Patrick Macnee as a plump, bland psychiatrist; Dee Wallace as a pretty blond TV newscaster; Dick Miller as a gabby bookshop owner; Elisabeth Brooks as a fiery slut; and Christopher Stone, John Carradine, Kevin McCarthy, Slim Pickens, and Dennis Dugan. When the characters turn into werewolves they transform on camera: you see the stages they go through—growing fur and fangs, their chests expanding and their teeth yellowing—and you see each long snout shoot out of the face like a locomotive. It's a funny, elegant effect, devised by Rob Bottin. John Sayles, who rewrote the Terence H. Winkless script (based on the novel by Gary Brandner), appears as an attendant at the morgue; Roger Corman, for whom Dante, Sayles, Bottin, and the editor, Mark Goldblatt, all worked together on the 1978 "Piranha," turns up waiting outside a phone booth. (Metro Cinema; Oct. 8.)

Last Tango in Paris (1972)—Exploitation films had been supplying mechanized sex—sex as physical stimulant without passion or emotional violence. Then, in this film, Bernardo Bertolucci used sex to express the characters' drives. Marlon Brando, as the aging American, Paul, is working out his aggression on the young bourgeois French girl, Jeanne (Maria Schneider), and the physical menace of sexuality that is emotionally charged is such a departure from everything that audiences had come to expect at the movies that the film created a sensation. It's a bold and imaginative work—a great work. When Brando improvises within Bertolucci's structure, his full art is realized; his performance is intuitive, rapt, princely. Working with Brando, Bertolucci achieves realism with the terror of actual experience still alive on the screen. With Jean-Pierre Léaud, Massimo

Girotti, Catherine Allegret, and Maria Michi. Script by Bertolucci and the editor, Franco Arcalli; cinematography by Vittorio Storaro; music by Gato Barbieri; production design by Ferdinando Scarfiotti. In French and English. (D. W. Griffith. . . . ¶ New Yorker; starting Oct. 1.)

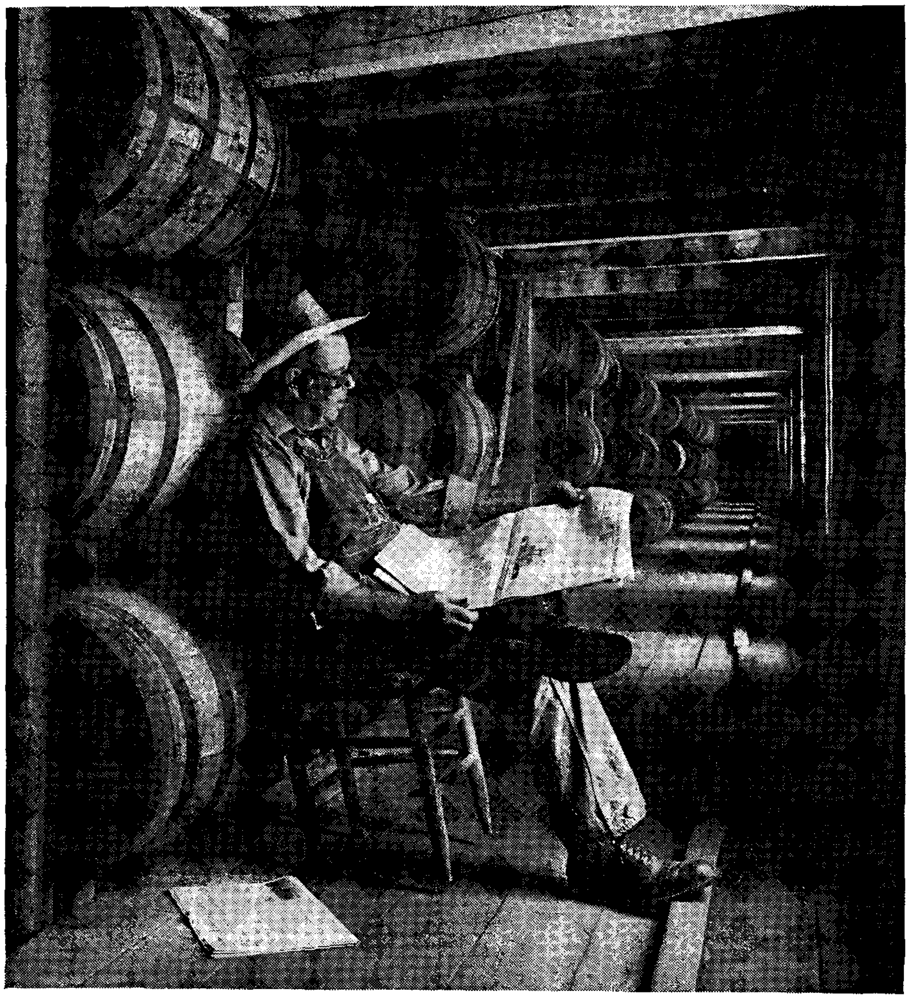
Lions Love (1969)—Agnès Varda is probably the finest technician among women movie directors, and her first American feature (financed independently, it cost less than a quarter of a million dollars) is pleasantly loose, and with a sunny, lyrical quality. But it's short of substance—and what there is makes you regret that there's any. Set in Los Angeles, it's about make-believe and would-be movie stars (Viva, the wilted flower of the underground, and Gerome Ragni and James Rado, the authors of "Hair"). They play house, cuddle in bed, watch the television coverage of Robert Kennedy's death, and murmur inanities. The film is occasionally funny, but it lacks a sense of the fitness of things: we don't want to hear Viva make vacuous little remarks about how sorry she feels for the orphaned Kennedy children. With Shirley Clarke. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 7.)

M (1932)—Fritz Lang's first sound film has visual excitement, pace, brilliance of surface, and feeling for detail. Above all, it has, caught in a manhunt, a small, fat man, sweating in his uncomfortable clothes—the sexual psychopath who murders little girls—interpreted by Peter Lorre with a spark of genius. It is Lorre's triumph that he makes us understand the terrified, suffering human being who murders. The film is based on the case of the Düsseldorf murderer: the police, in trying to track him down, disturbed the normal criminal activities of the city, and the underworld organized to find him, so that crime could go on as usual. Lang turns the movie into a melodramatic thriller by centering on this ironic chase—actually, on the two converging chases of the police and the underworld. The structure is so mechanical it's almost pulpy, and the film reaches for other easy effects—it's similar to "The Threepenny Opera" in its satirical use of beggars and criminals. But there's nothing facile about Lorre: trapped by the underworld, he screams, "I can't help myself!" Our identification with him as a psychopath is so complete it's hard to believe that while appearing before Fritz Lang's cameras in the daytime, he was, at night, acting as a comedian in a farce. With Gustaf Gründgens and Otto Wernicke; cinematography by Fritz Arno Wagner; script by Thea von Harbou and others. (The tune Lorre whistles is the theme from Grieg's "Peer Gynt.") In German. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 4.)

The Magic Flute (1975)—Ingmar Bergman said that making this film "was the best time of my life: you can't imagine what it is like to have Mozart's music in the studio every day." Actually, watching the movie, one can. He has treated Mozart's peerlessly silly masterpiece with elegance and supreme affection. He emphasizes the theatricality of the piece, using space as stage space but with the camera coming in close. We get the pixilated feeling that we're near enough to touch the person who is singing; we might be dreamers sailing invisibly among the guests at a cloud-borne party. The English translation of Bergman's adaptation (he clarifies the text) has considerable grace, and the titles are unusually well placed in the frame; the story comes across even more directly than when you hear the opera sung in English. Cinematography by Sven Nykvist. In Swedish. (Thalia; Oct. 3.)

Meetings with Remarkable Men (1979)—Reverent as can be, and the closest thing we will ever get to an official movie biography of G. I. Gurdjieff, who searched for the secret of life through a higher consciousness. (It sounds vague because it is vague.) Much mote-in-the middle-distance acting, consulting of arcane maps, trekking across Central Asia (the movie was filmed on location in Afghanistan when movies *could* be filmed in Afghanistan), and discussion of "vibrations," etc. With Dragan Maksimovic as Gurdjieff, Terence Stamp as a dilettante prince, and the bracingly virile Donald Sumpter as a young priest who seems to have the real secret of life but does not stick around long enough to impart it. Written by Jeanne de Salzmann (who was an aide to Gurdjieff) and Peter Brook, the director. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting Oct. 7.)

Mephisto—István Szabó's indictment of a soul-



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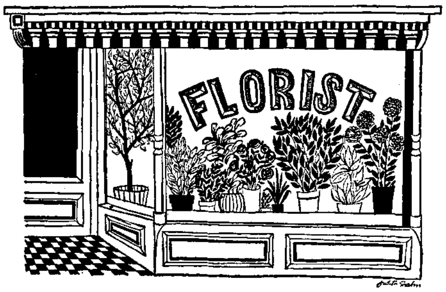

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less actor, Hendrik Höfgen (played by Klaus Maria Brandauer), who, because he wants to go on performing, truckles to those in power and becomes the leading actor in Nazi Germany. Szabó sets up the willful, unpredictable Höfgen as a symbolic actor—a man who is merely the sum of the roles he plays offstage and on, and at the outset Brandauer suggests an *enfant terrible*, a baby-faced killer-genius, like the young Orson Welles. Höfgen isn't allowed to be a great actor, though, and he seems too small for the epic scale of the attack. The picture is like "Citizen Kane" with somebody like John Dean at the center. With Rolf Hoppe as the General, a Göring-like figure, and the superb, feline Karin Boyd as Höfgen's dancer mistress, and a multinational cast—some of them dubbed. In German. (5/17/82) (Quad Cinema, and New Yorker.)

A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy—Woody Allen's overrefined reworking of Bergman's "Smiles of a Summer Night." This time, it's an American weekend in the country, early in the century, and Woody Allen is the host; he works on Wall Street but dabbles in inventions. Mary Steenburgen plays his wife, and the guests are José Ferrer, a pompous genius professor who is a free thinker in sexual matters; Mia Farrow, the prof's glamorous young fiancée; Tony Roberts, a lecherous doctor; and Julie Hagerty as a nurse who's the most trusting and gullible of all human creatures, and is avid for sex (she's the best thing in the movie). The group is rather amusing, but the talk seems somnambulistic and nothing really develops. Woody Allen is trying to please, but his heart isn't in it, and his talent isn't, either. (7/26/82) (72nd Street East, and Olympia Quad; through Sept. 30.)

My Dinner with André—It's like a mad tea party or a mad, modern Platonic dialogue about the meaning of life. Self-effacingly directed, by Louis Malle, it creates the illusion that we are simply listening in on a dinnertime conversation between the playwright Wallace Shawn and the former avant-garde theatre director André Gregory. Wally persuades André to tell him what he has been up to, and the suave, hawklike André, a crackpot glittery-eyed charmer, pours out the record of his transcendental experiences in Poland, in Scotland, in India and Tibet, in the Sahara, and even in Montauk, where he was buried alive in a death-and-rebirth ceremony. What he acts out for us is the questing that has torn so much of the modern theatre apart. When Wally, the pragmatist and sensualist, begins to talk, he plays warthog to André's soaring flights of mysticism. They're perfect foils. This is a bizarre and surprisingly entertaining satirical comedy: the story of the search beyond theatre turned into theatre—or, at least, into a movie. (1/4/82) (Lincoln Plaza.)

My Favorite Year—With Peter O'Toole and Mark Linn-Baker, directed by Richard Benjamin. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Tower East, and Loews Paramount; starting Oct. 1.)

An Officer and a Gentleman—This formula romantic melodrama seems to come out of a time warp, but the director, Taylor Hackford, has done a smashing job of making the retrograde love story whiz by. Richard Gere is the tightly wound-up loner who is determined to become a flier; the movie centers on his thirteen-week basic-training ordeal at Naval Aviation Officer Candidate School. Gere has a striking moment when the character cracks, after the tough drill sergeant (Louis Gossett, Jr.) has caught him in some petty chiselling and punished him. But after he has broken down he's still Richard Gere, lost in his own placid beauty. As the mill-worker heroine, Debra Winger brings the film sultriness; you pull for this heroine because her tough-chick little-girl insolence plays off the avid look in her eyes that tells you she longs to make human contact. Gossett plays the sergeant bonehard; it's a beautifully hammy austere performance. There are also impressive characterizations by David Keith and Robert Loggia. With Tony Plana as an officer candidate with a Mohawk haircut and Lisa Eilbacher as a woman candidate. The script is by Douglas Day Stewart. (8/23/82) (34th St. East, Coronet, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

On Golden Pond—The kind of uplifting twaddle that traffics heavily in rather basic symbols: the gold light on the pond stands for the sunset of life, and so on and on. Directed by Mark Rydell, from Ernest Thompson's adaptation of his own 1978 play, the movie is a doddering valentine in which Popsy Norman (Henry Fonda), who's having his eightieth birthday, and Mopsy Ethel (Katharine Hepburn), who's nearing her seventieth, crack jokes, weather domestic crises, and show us the strength of solid Yankee values. Or is it "good American stock," or Hepburn's pedigreed cheekbones? The movie is shaped so that it seems to be getting at the problems of old age (Norman's eyes and ears are failing, his memory is spotty, and his body is becoming more and more unreliable), but then Norman's crankiness is made to seem sly—a form of one-upmanship. He's meant to be a lovable curmudgeon. With Jane Fonda, who gives a tense performance in the terrible role of the neurotic daughter of the lovey-dovey old pair, and Dabney Coleman, Doug McKeon, and William Lanteau. (12/7/81) (Gemini, Loews 83rd Quad, and Rivoli; starting Oct. 1. . . . ¶ Gramercy; Oct. 1-7.)

Papillon (1973)—A methodical, pointlessly gruelling movie in which Steve McQueen keeps trying to escape from Devil's Island and fellow-convict Dustin Hoffman keeps financing his attempts. There isn't a laugh in its two and a half hours; the picture is so solemn that you would think it the story of a pope, at the very least. Directed by the immaculately literal-minded Franklin Schaffner; the script, by Dalton Trumbo and Lorenzo Semple, Jr., is based on the supposedly autobiographical best-selling novel by Henri Charrière. With Anthony Zerbe and George Coulouris. Cinematography by Fred Koenekamp; music by Jerry Goldsmith. (Thalia; Oct. 7.)

Personal Best—There has probably never been a growing-up story presented on the screen so freely and uninhibitedly. Set in the world of women athletes, this film—written, produced, and directed by Robert Towne—tells most of the story non-verbally and lets its characters reveal themselves in movement. When Towne shows the two heroines (Mariel Hemingway and Patrice Donnelly) arm wrestling, he concentrates on their throbbing veins and their sinews and how the muscles play off one another. He breaks down athletic events into specific details: you watch the athletes' calves or some other part of them, and you get an exact sense of how their bodies work—it's sensual and sexual, and it's informative, too. There's an undercurrent of flabbergasted awe in this celebration of women's bodies, and everything in the movie is somatically charged. The women athletes are all great-looking and all funny, because physically they have advanced so much faster than men's thinking about them has. They razz men flirtatiously, flaunting their own strength. This is a very smart and super-subtle movie in which the authenticity of the details draws us in. It should be one of the best dating movies of all time, because it pares away all traces of self-consciousness. With Scott Glenn and Kenny Moore; cinematography by Michael Chapman, with a few scenes by Caleb Deschanel. (2/22/82) (Cinema Village; Oct. 1-2. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; starting Oct. 1. . . . ¶ Gramercy; starting Oct. 8.)

Poltergeist—Steven Spielberg's suburban gothic about a family besieged by nasty, prankish ghosts is no more than an entertaining hash designed to spook you. It's "The Amityville Horror" done with insouciance and high-toned special effects. Because Spielberg is a dedicated craftsman and a wit, he can make a much better low-grade, adolescent entertainment than most directors. If the picture succeeds to a degree, it's because of the warmth of the family. The cool, jazzy mother (Jobeth Williams) and the blandly handsome father (Craig T. Nelson) are terrific, groovy people—they're kids at heart. The four-feet-three-inch actress Zelda Rubinstein, as the psychic Tangina who comes to "cleanse" the house, gives the movie new life and makes a large chunk of it work. With Beatrice Straight, who, as a doctor of parapsychology, bores the audience blind, and, as the two younger kids, Oliver Robins and Heather O'Rourke. The credits indicate that Tobe Hooper is the director, but Spielberg wrote the initial story, rewrote the other writers' work on the script, storyboarded the shots, produced the picture, and supervised the final edit. It appears that he also took over, in considerable part, on the set. (6/14/82) (Embassy.)

Raiders of the Lost Ark (1981)—Steven Spielberg directed this high-powered cliff-hanger about the exploits of Indiana Jones (Harrison Ford), an adventurer-archeologist. The time is 1936, and Indy, working for the United States government, is trying to find the Ark of the Covenant (a chest holding the broken stone tablets of the Ten Commandments) ahead of his arch-enemy, the suave, amoral Belloq (Paul Freeman), who is in cahoots with the Nazis. Hitler means to use the Ark's invincible powers to lay waste opposing armies and proclaim himself the Messiah. Conceived by George Lucas, the picture is an amalgam of Lucas's follies—plot for its own sake, dissociated from character or drama; the affectless heroine, Marion (Karen Allen), who's a tougher version of Princess Leia in "Star Wars" (see below)—and effects that Spielberg the youthful magician has already dazzled us with. Kinesthetically, the film gets to you, but there's no exhilaration, no surge of feeling at the end. It seems to be edited for the maximum number of showings per day. With John Rhys-Davies as Sallah, Ronald Lacey as Toht, and Denholm Elliott. Cinematography by Douglas Slocombe; score by John Williams. Written by Lawrence Kasdan, from a story idea worked up by Lucas and Philip Kaufman. (6/15/81) (Embassy.)

Rich and Famous—Twenty years in the lives of two women writers, pals from their college days. Jacqueline Bisset is the tense "modern" artist—perpetually dissatisfied, self-conscious, hard-drinking. Candice Bergen is the gusher—as a housewife and mother, she writes a roman à clef about her Malibu Colony neighbors, and then she just keeps pouring out her fantasies and getting richer and richer. The bland Bisset is unvaryingly intense; she reads her puffed-up lines straight, and all with the same intonation. If she doesn't know that the picture is a comedy it may be because Gerald Ayres, who wrote the script, seems to mean everything he has her say. (Her character is intended to be fearfully intelligent.) Bergen is much the livelier, but her caricature of a shallow bitch is too busy; she's a good sport rather than an actress, though she probably does as much for the role as anybody could. This remake of the 1943 film "Old Acquaintance" (which was based on John Van Druten's 1940 play) isn't camp, exactly; it's more like a homosexual fantasy. Bisset's affairs, with their masochistic overtones, are creepy, because they don't seem like what a woman would get into. And Bergen is used almost as if she were a big, goosey female impersonator. Directed by George Cukor, this movie has an unflagging pace, but it's full of scenes that don't play, and often you can't even tell what tone was hoped for. It's a tawdry self-parody. With David Selby, Hart Bochner, Steven Hill, Matt Lattanzi, Fay Kanin, and Michael Brandon, who makes an uncredited appearance as the man who has sex with Bisset in an airplane washroom. Among the guests in the party scenes are Christopher Isherwood, Don Bachardy, Roger Vadim, Paul Morrissey, Ray Bradbury, Nina Foch, and Gavin Lambert. (10/26/81) (Olympia Quad; through Oct. 7, tentative.)

The Road Warrior—Set in a post-apocalyptic Wasteland, this Australian film, a sequel to the 1979 "Mad Max" and known as "Mad Max 2" in other countries, is a mutant, sprung from virtually all action genres. George Miller, who directed, may have been content to make an openly sophomoric bash in "Mad Max"—it was a revenge fantasy turned into a futuristic cartoon—but this time he's in the mythmaking business. The film is one continuous spurt of energy, and the jangly, fast editing suggests wit; so does the broad blacktop highway that cuts across the desert nothingness. And the rampaging vandals—punkish post-nuclear-war bikers, led by a masked body builder called the Humungus—are s-m comic-strip terrors; they menace the decent folk, in more barbarous and gaudier versions of the way the wild motorcyclists in Roger Corman pictures did. But the picture is abstract in an adolescent way. Miller's attempt to tap into the universal concept of the hero (as enunciated by Jung and explicated by Joseph Campbell in "The Hero with a Thousand Faces") makes the film joyless. He consciously uses his hero, Max (Mel Gibson), as an icon; that's enough to squeeze the juice out of any actor, and Max seems bland and apathetic. There are perhaps ten minutes of spectacular imagery, and if you think of George Miller as one of the kinetic moviemakers, such as John Carpenter and George A. Romero, he's a giant, but he's pushing for more and he apparently doesn't see the limitations of the kind of material he's working with. For all its huffing and puffing, this is a sappy sentimental movie. With Bruce Spence as the stork-legged aviator and Vernon Wells as Wez; the script is by Terry Hayes and Miller, with Brian Hannant. (9/6/82) (Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; through Sept. 30. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; through Oct. 7. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; Oct. 1-7.)

Rocky III—Whatever oddball charm and silliness the first "Rocky" had is long gone. "Rocky III" starts with the hyped climax of "II" and then just keeps going on that level. The movie really works you over. You're pummelled by the noise and the rock music and the images of bodies being whammed. The first "Rocky" was primitive in a relatively innocent way. This picture is primitive, but it's also shrewd and empty and inept. Written and directed by its star, Sylvester Stallone; with Carl Weathers, whose physique makes Rocky look like a lump, and who gives a likable, unaffected performance; an actor called Mr. T as Clubber Lang; and Burgess Meredith, Talia Shire, and Burt Young. (5/31/82) (Criterion Theatres.)

Saboteur (1942)—A mixed-up and overloaded American spy thriller by Alfred Hitchcock, with the unengaging Robert Cummings in the lead and an unappealing cast, featuring Priscilla Lane and Otto Kruger. Nothing holds together, but there are still enough scary sequences to make the picture entertaining. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 5.)

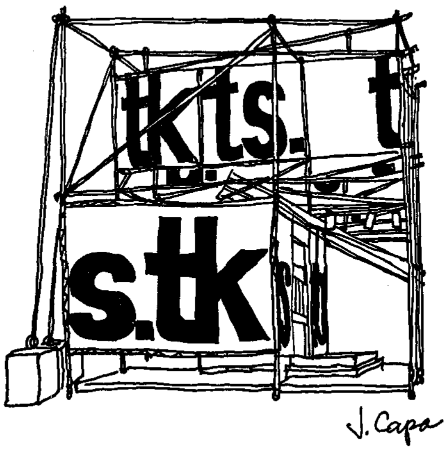
Shadow of a Doubt (1942)—The setting is quiet, clean, sleepy Santa Rosa, California; it is invaded by a psychopathic killer (Joseph Cotten), who comes to visit his unsuspecting and adoring relatives. Alfred Hitchcock considers this fine thriller (from a script principally by Thornton Wilder) to be his best American film, and he may be right. With Patricia Collinge, Teresa Wright, Hume Cronyn, Henry Travers. Cinematography by Joe Valentine; music by Dmitri Tiomkin. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 5.)

Spellbound (1945)—The idea is intriguing: a murder mystery set among a group of psychoanalysts, with a solution to be arrived at by clues found in a dream. It was carried out by one of the most highly publicized collaborations of all time: Alfred Hitchcock and Salvador Dali, with Ben Hecht writing the script. Ingrid Bergman is one of the analysts, Gregory Peck her amnesiac patient—the murder suspect. Yet, with all the obvious ingredients for success, "Spellbound" is a disaster. It was fitting that the actress who was once described as a "fine, strong, cow-country maiden" should be cast as a good, solid analyst, dispensing cures with the wholesome simplicity of a mother adding wheat germ to the family diet, but Bergman's apple-cheeked sincerity has rarely been so out of place as in this confection whipped up by jaded chefs. With Michael Chekhov, John Emery, Leo G. Carroll. Academy Award for Best Original Score (!), by Miklos Rozsa. (Regency; Oct. 6-9.)

Star Wars (1977)—As of now, the biggest box-office success in movie history—probably because for young audiences it's like getting a box of Cracker Jack that is all prizes. Written and directed by George Lucas, the film is enjoyable in its own terms, but it's exhausting, too—like taking a pack of kids to the circus. There's no breather in the picture, no lyricism; the only attempt at beauty is in the image of a double sunset. The loudness, the smash-and-grab editing, and the relentless pacing drive every idea from your head, and even if you've been entertained, you may feel cheated of some dimension—a sense of wonder, perhaps. It's an epic without a dream. Maybe the only real inspiration involved was to set its sci-fi galaxy in the pop-culture past, and to turn old-movie ineptness into conscious Pop Art. And maybe there's a touch of genius in keeping the film so consistently what it is, even if this is the genius of the plodding. Lucas has got the tone of bad movies down pat: you never catch the actors deliberately acting badly; they just seem to be bad actors, on contract to Monogram or Republic, their klunky enthusiasm polished at the Ricky Nelson school of acting. In a gesture toward equality of the sexes, the high-school-cheerleader princess-in-distress (played by Carrie Fisher) talks tomboy-tough—Terry Moore with spunk. (Is it because the picture is synthesized from the mythology of serials and old comic books that it didn't occur to anybody that *she* could get the Force?) With Mark Hamill as Luke Skywalker, Harrison Ford as Han Solo, and Alec Guinness as Ben Kenobi. (Gotham Cinema. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad, Criterion Theatres, and 8th St. Playhouse; through Sept. 30.)

Steamboat Bill, Jr. (1927)—One of the least known of the Buster Keaton features, yet it possibly ranks right at the top. It is certainly the most bizarrely Freudian of his adventures, dealing with a tiny son's attempt to prove himself to his huge, burly rejecting father. Ernest Torrence is the father—a tough Mississippi-steamboat captain, who does not conceal his disgust when Junior (Keaton) arrives to join him, nattily dressed in bell-bottoms, a polka-dot tie, and a beret. When the father is in jail, Keaton tries to hand him a gigantic loaf of bread containing tools for breaking out, but the father doesn't understand what's in it and refuses the bread; Keaton mutters, "My father's ashamed of my baking." The film features a memorable comic cyclone and a peerless (and much imitated) sequence in which Keaton tries on hats and changes personality with each, becoming a series of movie stars of the period. Directed by Charles Riesner. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 6.)

The Sting (1973)—After their hit film "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid," Paul Newman and Robert Redford swapped mustaches and got together again with the director George Roy Hill. They were darling desperadoes in their previous match; now they're hearty hoods. The cardsharps-and-swindlers-of-the-thirties mood isn't as coyly lyrical as before, but it's coy, all right; the script by David S. Ward is a collection of Damon Runyon hand-me-downs with the flavor gone. This is a visually claustrophobic, mechanically plotted movie that's meant to be a roguishly charming entertainment, and many people probably consider it just that. It was hugely successful, and the music—Scott Joplin's piano rags, as adapted by Marvin Hamlisch—was heard throughout the land, and heard and heard. Robert Shaw plays the sullen, stiff-necked menace with a brogue and some bullying force, but the whole movie is full of crooks as sweeties. With Eileen Brennan, Charles Durning, Dimitra Arliss, Ray Walston, John Heffernan, Harold Gould, Dana Elcar, Jack Kehoe, Robert Earl Jones, Avon Long, and Sally Kirkland. (Hollywood Twin Cinema; Oct. 5-6.)



Tempest—Taking off from Shakespeare and the idea of a world-famous American architect of Greek ancestry who is having a mid-life crisis, Paul Mazursky tries for a free, airborne mix of comedy, musical, psychodrama, and dream play. The film has a flickering wit and there are charming bits by Susan Sarandon and the talented young actress Molly Ringwald, but Mazursky doesn't find an original tone that the audience can respond to, and he has put John Cassavetes—one of the most dour and alienating of actors—at the film's center. And worse, the picture has delusions of pain-in-the-soul glamour; set mostly in Manhattan and on a Greek island, it's overblown and luxuriantly elegant. You feel you should ooh and ah the vistas (courtesy of the cinematographer, Don McAlpine). It has the polished pictorial extravagance of stupe classics, such as Albert Lewin's 1951 "Pandora and the Flying Dutchman." (It even has the swank blue skies that "Pandora" had.) And it's a sophisticated fantasy in the same mode: the images might be used to advertise a new *parfum.* This is an absurd movie, but what an artifact! It takes a high degree of civilization to produce something so hollow. With Raul Julia, Gena Rowlands, Vittorio Gassman, Lucianne Buchanan, Sam Robards, Paul Stewart, Jackie Gayle, Tony Holland, Jerry Hardin, and Paul and Betsy Mazursky. From a script by Mazursky and Leon Capetanos; with a modern score by Stomu Yamashta. (9/20/82) (Loews Tower East, and Loews Paramount; through Sept. 30. . . . ¶ Loews 34th St. Showplace, Loews New York Twin, Waverly, and Loews 83rd Quad; starting Oct. 1.)

Tex—With Matt Dillon, directed by Tim Hunter. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema I; starting Oct. 1.)

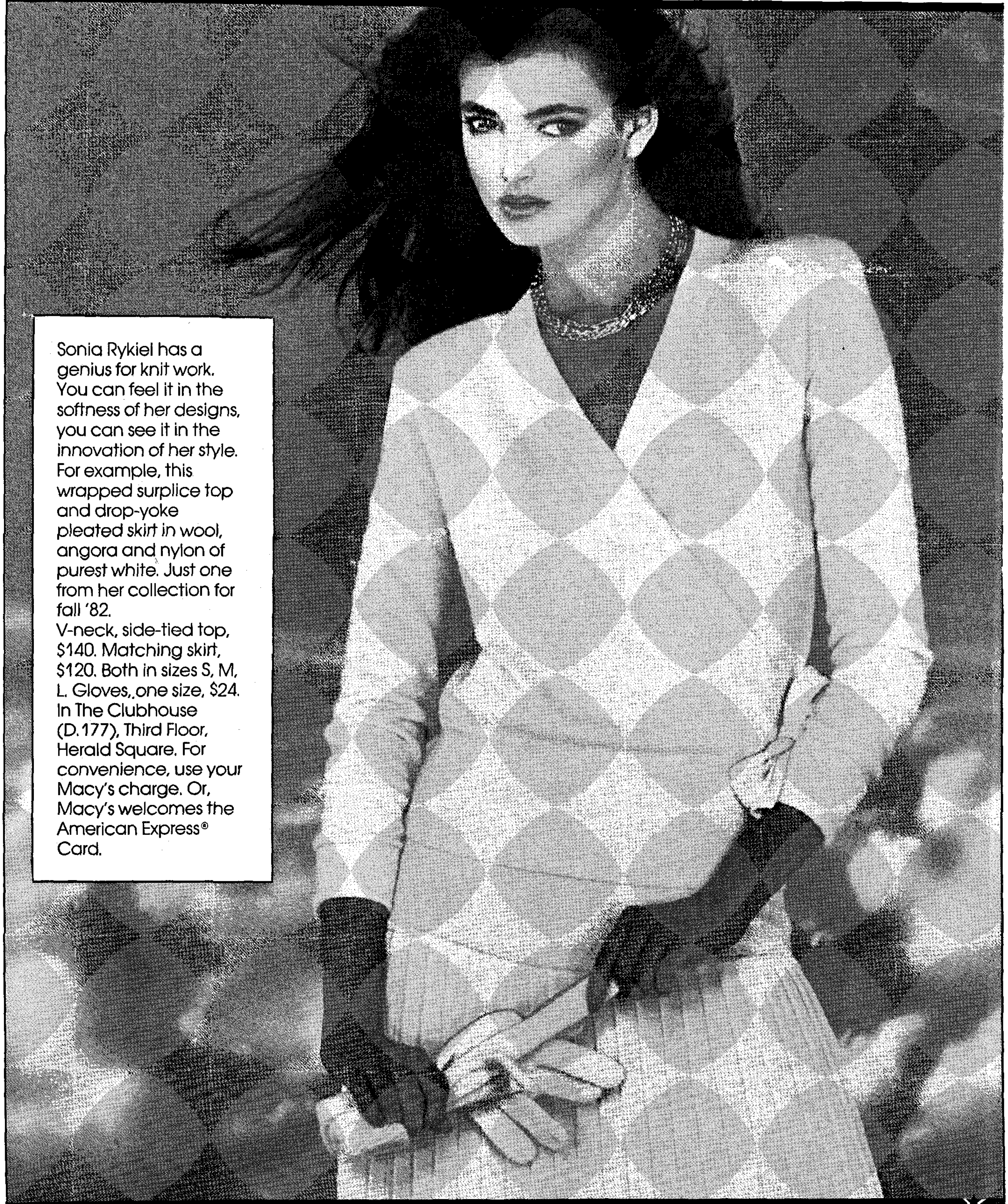
This Island Earth (1955)—Takes place on a planet called Metaluna, which might as well be Canarsie. Among the actors are Jeff Morrow, Faith Domergue, and Rex Reason; directed by Joseph M. Newman. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Oct. 3-4.)

The White Sheik (1951)—This affectionate satire on glamour and delusion is probably the most gentle and naturalistic of Federico Fellini's films, but it was not a success, maybe because it is a little flat in places. The heroine, Brunella Bovo (also the heroine of De Sica's "Miracle in Milan"), has come to Rome for her honeymoon, but the devotion of the groom (Leopoldo Trieste) is much less important to her than her infatuation for the White Sheik—the hero of a photographic comic strip. She rushes off to find her ideal, and the cheap, crude actor (Alberto Sordi, in a marvellous performance) tries to rise above himself, to the level of her fantasies. The White Sheik, it turns out, is far more a creature of self-delusion than the star-struck bride. The groom, deserted, sad, and anxious, wandering at night in the piazza, finds solace in conversation with a lively, friendly little prostitute (Giulietta Masina; Fellini later developed this episode into "Nights of Cabiria"). Among those who worked on the story and script (the movie was the source idea of Gene Wilder's "The World's Greatest Lover") were Fellini, Ennio Flaiano, Tullio Pinelli, and Michelangelo Antonioni. Music by Nino Rota. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 8.)

The World According to Garp—The movie version of John Irving's novel, directed by George Roy Hill, from a script by Steve Tesich, has no center; it's a simple series of vignettes, spanning Garp's life from his beginning to his end. Tongues, ears, penises, eyes, lives—everybody on the screen is losing something. If you listen to what Garp (Robin Williams) says, the movie is about love of family; if you look at what happens, though, it's a castration fantasy. With John Lithgow, who gives an appealing performance as the big-bruiser transsexual Roberta Muldoon. Glenn Close as Garp's mother, Mary Beth Hurt as his wife, and, in a bit, Amanda Plummer as Ellen James. (8/23/82) (Beekman. . . . ¶ Murray Hill, and Loews 83rd Quad; through Sept. 30. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; starting Oct. 8.)

sonia rykiel knits

Nothing else has the elegance of her beautifully spun designs.



Sonia Rykiel has a genius for knit work. You can feel it in the softness of her designs, you can see it in the innovation of her style. For example, this wrapped surplice top and drop-yoke pleated skirt in wool, angora and nylon of purest white. Just one from her collection for fall '82.
V-neck, side-tied top, $140. Matching skirt, $120. Both in sizes S, M, L. Gloves, one size, $24. In The Clubhouse (D.177), Third Floor, Herald Square. For convenience, use your Macy's charge. Or, Macy's welcomes the American Express® Card.

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A LATE flash from our friend with the two-by-five-foot garden in the country:

Those lettuces I bought did very well. With diligent watering, they turned into three edible-looking plants about the size of large grapefruits. Just when I was about to eat them, a friend came over and said they should be separated. She pulled them apart and replanted them, and then I had nine lettuces, too small to consume. Still, they flourished, but just when they were getting big I had to go on a trip. When I got back, the lettuces had gone crazy. They had turned into weird weeds with tall stalks, and I had to give them the heave-ho. So much for lettuce. The agricultural news is not all bad, though. I planted four tiny tomato seedlings in June as a lettuce backup, and now they're taller than E.T. and totally out of control. I've already harvested over thirty tomatoes from the stalks. The plants smell wonderful and had twenty-eight more tomatoes at last count. They keep toppling over (are they designed right?), and I have to find longer and longer sticks to prop them up. I use those twisters you get with garbage bags to tie the plants to the sticks. (It takes three or four garbage-bag ties to make one tomato-plant tie.) Now the question is: What am I to do with all these tomatoes? Slice? Dice? Bake? Broil? Fry? Stuff? Squeeze? Put them in glass jars with those funny old-timey tops? Speaking of old-timey, maybe I'll take a basket over to my parents. They live about an hour from here. My mother doesn't cook with a lot of enthusiasm, but she could make Bloody Marys. She used to garden; now it's all birds. They have feeders and birdbaths outside their windows. Last spring, I was talking to my mother on the phone, and she told me their car had got fixed at last. I asked her what the people at the garage had found wrong with it. "Birdseed in the engine," she said.

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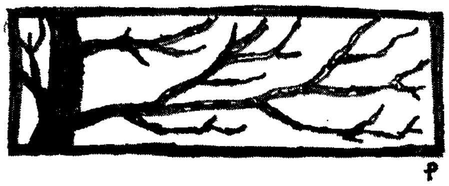
The Machines

PINBALL is obsolescent, and the jukebox is nearly extinct. In the village of Ocean Beach, on Fire Island, kids under the drinking age spent most of their quarters this past summer in one of three places: in the alcove at the rear of the ice-cream place next to the bank, on Crazy Kong, Ms. Pac-Man, and Robotron; in the back room of a café called Mike the Greek's, on Donkey Kong, Ms. Pac-Man, and Dig Dug; and in the Game Arcade, not far from the Historical Society, where they could play Defender, Stargate, Space Duel, Robotron, Zig-Zag, Tempest, Galaga, Zarzon, Donkey Kong, Kangaroo, Make Trax, Carnival, Phoenix, Turbo, Zaxxon, Monaco GP, Pac-Man, and Ms. Pac-Man. The Game Arcade, considered as a historical exhibit, is notable for the homemade signs posted over the machines.

Please!!
—no pizza
—no ice cream
on premises!!
Thank you

We found two kids in one of these video dens who were willing to talk—between games, that is.

"Mike's has a good Ms. That's all I ever play there," said one kid.



"The ice-cream place has the *best* Ms. The handle is good and solid, and it almost always does one of the main patterns, and, of course, that leads to high scores if you know the patterns," said the other kid. "Crazy Kong is only at the ice-cream place. I *love* Crazy Kong."

"All machines are basically fairly random, with a few main patterns and some are completely random," the first kid explained. "They make different prints of the program. Basically, I come to the Arcade to play Defender and Stargate, which are almost the same—just a lot of shooting at things swarming at you. Stargate has one extra function and a few different monsters. Carnival is shooting up at things that aren't shooting down at you. Robotron is one human against a whole lot of robotrons out to destroy the last human family and you. The machine tells you that. 'Due to a genetic engineering error, you possess superhuman powers'—that's the background."

CHILDREN UNDER 6 YRS OF AGE
MUST BE WITH PARENT OR
ATTENTIVE MOTHER'S HELPER!
NO CHILDREN UNDER 10 YRS OF AGE
ALLOWED IN GAME ROOM
AFTER 6 PM MUST BE WITH
PARENT. NO EXCEPTIONS
Thank you Billie

"Crazy Kong has a lot of tricks and little bugs in the program that you could use to your advantage," the second kid said. "Such as the black hole, where you jump off the edge of a girder and go through the ground to the next level. (To get up to it, you have to go down.) Another one is the hammer trick, where if you handle it a certain way it'll become invisible and smash up the fireballs and pies by itself. Also, you can run into Crazy

Kong, which is a gorilla, without getting killed."

NO Skateboards
NO Strollers
NO Carriages
NO Pets
Allowed in store
at any time

"There are three main groups," the first kid said. "There is the 'What-is-this-thing-supposed-to-be?'-they-ask,-pointing-to-the-machine group. Then, there's the average group. And there's the forever-playing group." The same kid, who falls into the would-be-forever-playing-if-he-had-enough-quarters group, proposed a subdivision of dedicated players. "Then, there are three main crowds. The Kong people—Donkey and Crazy—and the Pac people, and the Defender people. The Kong people are the people who really just sit and live on the machine, sit and lie on the chairs—plus small people who sit on top of the machine and bug you. About eight people watching and lying and sitting on chairs around one machine. The Defender and Stargate people are sixteen-, seventeen-, eighteen-year-olds who come in two at a time to play doubles and score incredible scores to make the Immortals list. They smoke a lot and say 'damn' a lot—that's the only cuss they ever utter. The Immortals list, which is only on Stargate, is a list of the forty top scores ever on that machine. You need something like three hundred thousand to make that."

Do not play
Games when you
are *wet*
Machines will give shocks
Play at your
own risk!!!

"Toward the end of the day, it's even good to make the Mortals, which is the top six of the day. You need about thirty-five thousand to make that. All machines show high scores, but Pac-Man and Ms. Pac-Man only show the top score, and they don't let you write your name in. One guy on Robotron always writes in 'The Who Still Rocks.' Everybody above the age of fourteen wears a Led Zeppelin shirt and a denim jacket."

PLEASE DO NOT
HANG OUT BY THE
CASHIER'S DESK
NO EXCEPTIONS

"A lot of games are being imitated now. Crazy Kong is like Donkey Kong—actually, Crazy Kong is being sued. Defender is like nothing except Stargate. The major games are Defender, Pac-Man, Donkey Kong, Space Invaders, and Asteroids. Those things have spawned everything. And, of course, the driving games. I don't really know too much about those. Ms. Pac-Man and Donkey Kong and Crazy Kong are the most popular right now, and, after them, Defender, Robotron, Dig Dug."

"Ms. Pac-Man players in the Arcade room are mostly gangs of four or five minigirls with one older babysitter—an elder person, usually female—sitting on tabletops. They have a few tabletop games."

DO NOT REMOVE CHAIRS
FROM TABLES
THEY ARE FOR MS. PAC-MAN
PLAYERS ONLY
THESE TABLES ARE FOR
PLAYERS ONLY NOT TALKERS

"In the ice-cream place and Mike the Greek's, the Ms. Pac-Man players are twelve-, thirteen-, fourteen-year-old boys who pound the glass and swear furiously—mostly unmentionables," the first kid said. "I forgot another crowd, the Dig Dug crowd."

The second kid disagreed. "That isn't a real crowd. Dig Dug hasn't got big enough for that yet."

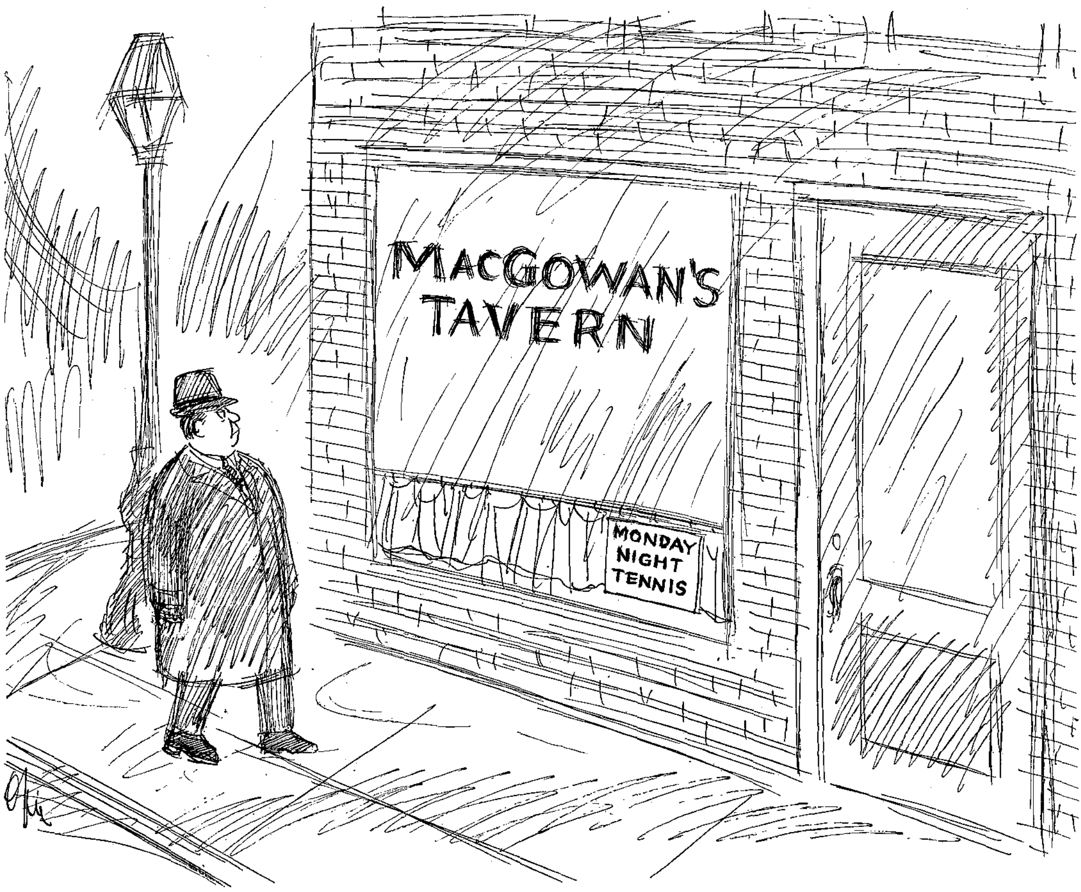
The first kid ignored him. "The Dig Dug crowd is of all ages and very polite until their game is over, and then they kick and scream and beat bloody hell out of the machine. All Defender players play Robotron. All Dig Dug players sit outside Mike the Greek's and talk between games. All female Ms. Pac-Man players talk and giggle a lot. All Kong players are wildly devoted to their game."

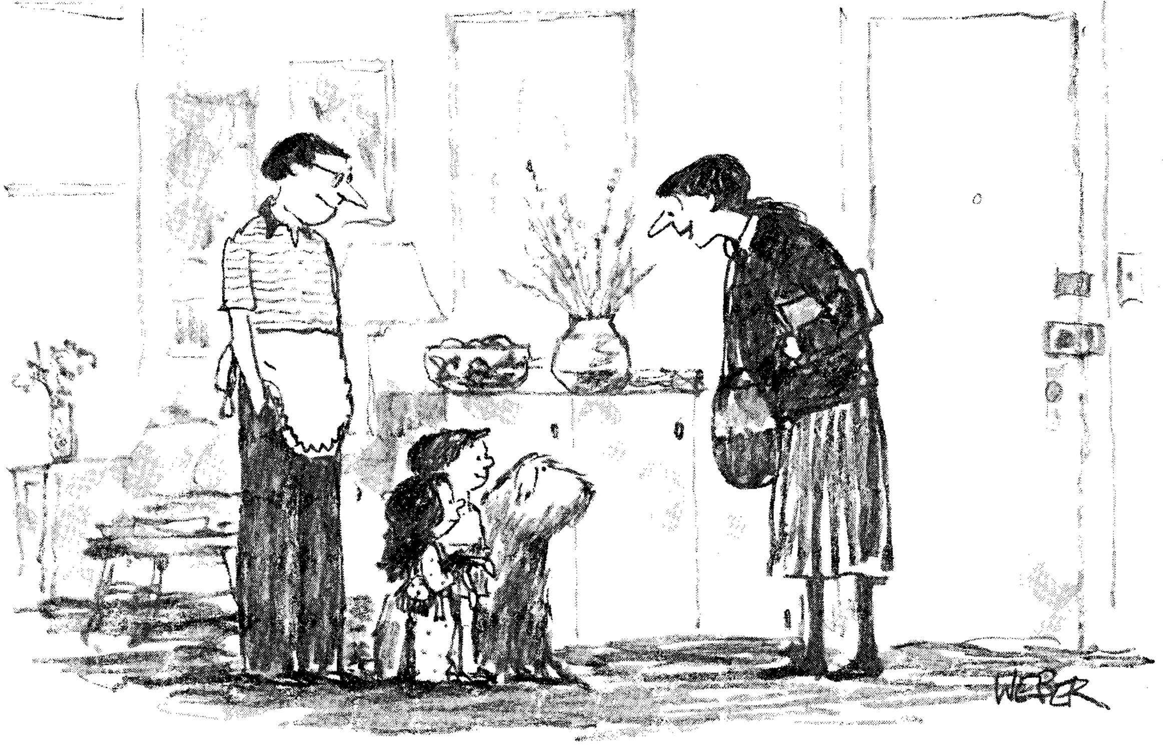
"When I was just discovering arcade games, I really didn't have a favorite," said the second kid. "Oh, yes—Missile Command. Then I liked Pac-Man for a very brief period, then I didn't have a favorite, then I liked Donkey Kong, then Crazy Kong, and now I like Kick, which I first discovered in Puerto Rico."

Kid I: "The difference between Pac-Man and Ms. Pac-Man is that Ms. has different mazes, different fruits, and—"

Kid II: "And the fruits move."

Kid I: "Yes, and Ms. Pac-Man has a bow in her hair."





"Mommy will see you later. Mommy has to go to law school now."

Kid II: "And not the same patterns."

Kid I: "I had two awesome games today."

Kid II: "Playing Ms. Pac-Man?"

Kid I: "Yes. I got the high score and my high score, too, and I got to my highest board ever. There's one thing—the second game, I didn't eat as many blue men or fruit. I could've got the banana. See, I was going down a passage and a pink guy was coming out the side. I could've got the banana without the pink guy eating me. That cost me a score in the forty thousands, because the banana is worth five thousand. My high score is thirty-eight thousand five hundred and thirty, and my high board is random fruit one."

Kid II: "The game Kick is where you're a clown riding on a unicycle with balloons hanging over your head, and on the first board you have to pop them with your pointed hat, and when all the balloons are popped you get a bonus and go to the next level. The next level consists of tougher balloons, which you *catch* on your hat, and one falls on top of another, and at some point a Pac-Man comes down from above and eats all the balloons and lands on top of your hat and stays there."

Kid I: "See, in Ms. Pac-Man you have set fruit for the first seven boards—cherry, strawberry, new maze and orange, pretzel, an apple, new maze and a pear for two thousand points, then the banana. The eighth board, you have random fruit one, and so on and so forth."

WE HAVE Candy
Gum, Potato Chips
Cracker Jacks Ice Cold
Soda. Frozen Milky-
Way Bars Freeze
Pops. Doritos nacho cheese

Kid II: "*Or*, if a Pac-Man doesn't come down, it shows you popping all the balloons with your finger, which you also get points for. Also, if you have that certain number of balloons and the Pac-Man at the *bottom*, the Pac-Man's mouth will turn up and all the balloons will fall into it. But the best is the Pac-Man coming from above, because you get a super bonus for it. But if you cannot catch the balloons or pop them you can kick them if they're near your foot. Then they fly up into the air and you have another chance. Then, after all the balloons are caught, the challenging rack comes: there are two buildings, one on each side of you, and people throw balloons out the window, but sometimes they throw bombs, and if you catch one you fall off the unicycle. After you fall off once, by missing the balloons or catching the bombs, you go back to another catching rack, which is the same except with little blue monsters. After you've caught all those, the same board comes with little pink monsters as well as little blue monsters replacing some balloons. After all those are caught comes another challenging rack with blue and pink monsters, and after you fall off once on that, God only knows what happens."

Lace

ON its second floor, the Cooper-Hewitt is showing a collection of laces that go back four centuries. Looking at some of these fine, handmade laces, you'd get the idea that it took four centuries to make them. They are as intricate as the tiny network etched on a computer microchip. And they're much more beautiful.

People used to wear a lot of lace without feeling silly. Not all people wore lace. Just certain people. Like Christoph of Haimendorp. And Francis North, Lord Guilford. And Marie Antoinette. And Elizabeth I. Other people, with very good eyesight, made the lace by hand. Lace was so big in France in the seventeenth century that Louis XIV issued a Lace Proclamation, establishing a lace industry in France, because he was tired of everybody importing expensive lace from Spain. Later, Napoleon ordered a set of lace bed furnishings for the Empress Joséphine, but it took so long to get it made that Napoleon had another wife—Marie Louise, of Austria—by the time it was finished, so she got the lace. People wore lace cuffs, lace caps and cap streamers ("lappets"), lace flounces, lace headdresses, and lace trimmings and neckwear of all sorts. We were captivated by a man's embroidered waistcoat of silk and linen with bright, whimsical stitches. It had only a bit of lace, but it was a funny, colorful waistcoat just the same—one that would certainly stand out in a crowd. People weren't satisfied with just lace. They also wanted things that *looked* like lace—wallpaper borders, for instance, and block-printed handkerchiefs, and satin damask fabrics with designs of lace woven in, and wrought-iron gates patterned after lace.

Some people wanted lace lampshade covers, lace wedding veils the size of tablecloths, lace-trimmed aprons, lace pillow tops, lace towel borders—anything that came up. They were crazy about flounces, and liked lots of floral designs, and even mythological scenes, depicted in them. One large flounce at the Cooper-Hewitt shows a woman sitting on a storm cloud, two exotically dressed people watering a fruit tree, and a woman giving her milk to a child holding a cup. In an eighteenth-century French engraving, Bishop Jacques Bénigne Bossuet is shown wearing an alb with a flounce—rather like a dress with a two-foot lace ruffle. Another French engraving shows Charles-Gaspard de Vintimille, Archbishop of Paris, in an alb with its flounce pulled rakishly up into his lap. He looks proud and not at all self-conscious.

Men in seventeenth-century Europe wore flat collars that had two panels of lace lying flat on their shirtfronts, and later they wore cravats. The cravats had lace ends, often with hunting scenes in them. We noticed two portraits of men in cravats—Adam Frans van der Meulen and Jules Hardouin-Mansart. Both men have cascades of perfect curls falling toward their waists, and Adam Frans van der Meulen has a big satin bow under his chin. Our favorite engraving was a seventeenth-century German one of William IV of Weimar with his children. William IV has his hand on his hip, and his six children are standing stiffly beside him. The children all have William's eyes. Everyone in the picture is wearing a lace collar and lace trimmings. William himself is wearing a suit of armor with a large lace collar draped over his shoulders. His helmet and gloves are lying on a table. The helmet appears to have a stack of jelly-filled doughnuts on top of it. His suit has an ordinary door hinge at the waistline. The children all look well behaved.

"It just shows you what people can do when they don't have television," a woman ahead of us said to her companion as they gazed at all the lace.

Bojangles'

CHICKEN. Biscuits. Chicken 'n Biscuits. Bojangles' Famous Chicken 'n Biscuits. The building—three stories of crossing-guard orange—beckoned. The sign—"Opening Wednesday, 6 a.m."—tantalized. We launched an immediate investigation. Our report is as follows.

Monday: "It's the first Bojangles' in the North—there are a hundred-some down South," William Levitz told us. "The kicker," he continued, "is the biscuits. They are Southern biscuits—the best I've ever tasted. I'm a New Yorker, and six months ago I didn't know a biscuit from a bag of beans. But this city has seen bagels and it's seen croissants. Now it's going to see biscuits. And let me tell you—these biscuits are going to take the North by storm."

Mr. Levitz is senior vice-president of Horn & Hardart, the firm that is busting biscuits across the Mason-Dixon Line. He led us down from his office—on the second floor of the Bojangles' building, situated between Forty-fifth and Forty-sixth Streets on the west side of Sixth Avenue—to the object of his boundless esteem, the soon-to-be fast-food restaurant. On its ground floor, in preparation for the Wednesday début, five young women hunched over cash registers feverishly totalling mythical orders and making pretend change. Behind them, in the kitchen, student cooks were frying chicken after chicken and, under the watchful eye of Bob Raspanti, baking tray upon tray of biscuits. Mr. Raspanti usually works in Charlotte, North Carolina, where he is director of the Master Biscuit Maker Training Center for the entire Bojangles' chain, and, if anything, he is prouder than Mr. Levitz of his products. "You can't just come in off the street and make them," Mr. Raspanti said emphatically. "You have to *understand* the dough in order to relate to it."

TOYS
TRIUMPH RESTAURANT
MAGIC SHOES
TOYS
MES
WHILE
U
WAIT
REPAIR
SHINE
STRETCH
CREAM

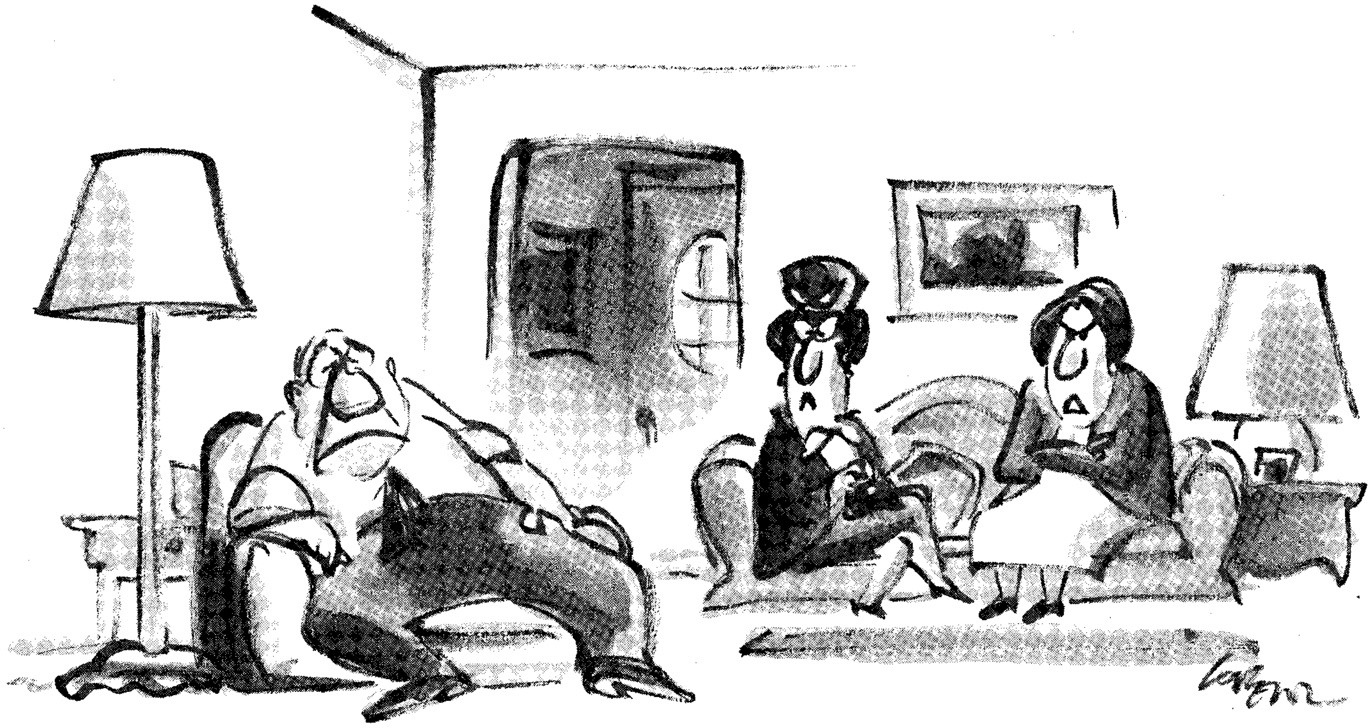
Mr. Levitz informed us that all Bojangles' biscuit-makers employ the same kneading techniques. "There's an exact way of pressing down on the dough, and all, but it's secret," he said.

Mr. Raspanti chimed in, "It's like an art. It's like painting. You can do it by the numbers, but it's not the same. You have to *understand* it."

Tuesday: From across Sixth Avenue, as we approached Bojangles' for the pre-opening party, we could see a woman in a large chicken costume sauntering back and forth in front of the restaurant. It occurred to us that she might have something to do with the festivities, and, on inquiry, we found our hunch to be correct. "I'm an actress; sometimes I do mime for Horn & Hardart," the chicken, whose name was Bernadette Brooks, said, adding, "I think it was my legs that got me this job."

Inside, the joint was hopping. From the restaurant's basement floor, the hot Dixieland sound of a band led by the vocalist Emme Kemp blared forth, and a number of well-dressed men and women wearing name tags boogied around the room in a long line. Upstairs, the bartender poured drink after drink, and nearly everyone ignored the soda, coffee, juice, milk, and tea that will slake the thirst of Bojangles' patrons. Almost no one, though, ignored the Cajun-spiced chicken (peppery), the biscuits (all that Mr. Levitz had claimed, and more), and the "dirty rice," a Cajun specialty, cooked with ground sausage and spices. One fast-food honcho sampled the French fries, and then told his companions, "They're better than Burger King's but not as good as Arby's. Or maybe it's the other way around. If my six-year-old was here, he'd know in a second."

Emme Kemp was singing "This Could Be the Start of Something," and William Curtis, a director of Horn & Hardart, agreed. "The



"No matter how hard I hit him, he never resonates."

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concept of dirty rice will make a big hit with New Yorkers—they like something a little way out," he told us, and added, " 'Dirty rice' is just a name, of course." He went on to say, "Northerners are ready for food like this. I don't necessarily call it a Southern food, though. I call it *an American food from another part of the country*."

WEDNESDAY: At 5:48 A.M.—with Sixth Avenue still dark and pretty well deserted—the first tray of biscuits emerged from the ovens. Shortly thereafter, Salvatore Romano, the manager, spied one employee wearing bluejeans instead of the standard-issue Bojangles'-brown trousers—a problem he solved by lending her his spare pair. Then he grabbed the restaurant intercom and said, "Attention all cashier personnel! All cashiers to the front line! Stove area, are you ready?" Shouted replies in the affirmative. "Grill area, are you ready? How are my eggs? Front line, are you set? Smiling? We're opening up!"

At 6:00.22 A.M., a man walked through the door. "*There*," Mr. Romano announced, "is our first paying customer. No, it's not. It's our first late employee." Let history record, however, that seconds later the door opened again, and through it strode the first patron of the first Bojangles' in the American North. At precisely 6:01, he ordered a sausage biscuit, for which he tendered a dollar twenty-five and received eighteen cents in change. Behind him came a string of lesser firsts:

6:05—First customer to present a twenty-dollar bill.

6:06—First sit-down customers, who experienced the first cash-register problems after ordering the first egg biscuit.

6:12—First tray of biscuits discarded. ("Know why I'm throwing these away?" Mr. Raspanti asked. "Too *dark*.")

6:16—First customer in a suit, who ordered the first steak biscuit and had the first dispute over a bill.

6:20—First batch of iced tea produced from the depths of the kitchen and poured into an enormous vat.

6:27—First customer wearing a Key West Yacht Club windbreaker.

By 6:36, as the sun rose over Sixth Avenue, Bojangles' Famous Chicken 'n Biscuits seemed to be catching on; two customers were ordering at once. Six hours later, at the height of the lunch rush, Bojangles' had become a Studio 54 of the eighties. A pretty young woman in a white miniskirt told everyone who arrived in search of fast food that there would be at least a twenty-minute wait before they even reached the cash registers. The warning deterred some; more just plunged on into the fray. "It's a smash business!" Mr. Levitz exulted. "A record two-hour business! More than any Bojangles' has ever done." Breakfast, he said, had generated seven hundred dollars cash. By 3 P.M., five thousand five hundred dollars had been traded for meals. "It's chicken, which is an acceptable product," Mr. Levitz said on being pressed for an explanation. "It's not like Hungarian goulash. *Everyone* likes chicken."

A software problem plaguing the cash registers provided Mr. Levitz's only worry, and even that was not too serious. "It's annoying me, it's irritating me, but it's not stopping me from making money," Mr. Levitz said.

"Phenomenal," "fantastic," "excellent," and "psyched" were some of the words Mr. Romano used to describe his business and his staff. Of the customers, he reported, "They're eating chicken, chicken, chicken. They're eating *everything*."

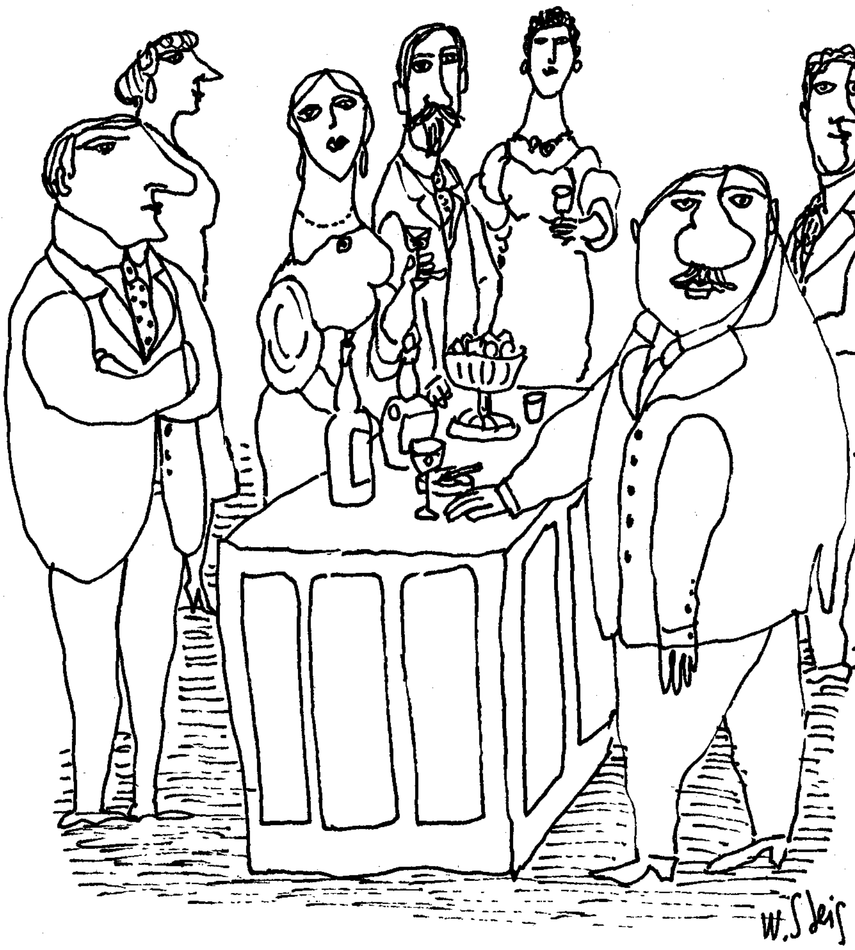
In the Horn & Hardart boardroom, above the restaurant, folks were just as enthusiastic. "We will be the leading force in chicken within two years," the company chairman, Barry Florescue, predicted. "We'll be the ones people will think about when they think about chicken and biscuits."

BENEPPO
OR, THE SQUID OF ST. ANDREW

(AN OPERA IN FOUR ACTS)

ACT I

MIKHAIL is failing in his study. And in his studies, too. Maria, under the false impression that he is the valedictorian of his graduating class and treasurer of the Victorian Club, sings of her pride in her young husband's accomplishments, "Io Voca Tenabalae Puisso" ("My Heart Grows Tiny at Thy Command"). Mikhail emerges, covered with dust, to tell of his long struggle to finish his thesis on Thomas Love Peacock, "Questo Avia Pluma di Cielo?" ("Who Cares Whether Peacocks Are Colored?"). He is about to leave Naples to join his regiment for night maneuvers when a piece of paper falls out of his pocket. Maria reads it and, learning the truth, sinks to her knees for the heartbreaking aria "Pret Buffa Augmi" ("I Am Augmented by a Supposed Rebuff"). She is interrupted, near the end, by the German instructor, Loder. He has been courting Maria, though he is secretly married to Mikhail's former girlfriend, Lucia de Zenza, who has gone temporarily mad. It is a time of political trouble, and the Duke of Turin, also in love with Lucia, has been neglecting his duties by spending too many hours at the asylum, arguing and haggling with the receptionist. This has enraged his officers, one of whom, Aristo, sings of the glories of the military life—"Camp Militaria Mio Nuggia?" ("What Can Compare to Breakfast Among Guns?")—and of his love for Maria and her pet dog, Maria 2. Because Mikhail's college is housed in an outbuilding of the madhouse, all converge on the asylum as the set slowly changes in the gathering dusk and we hear the Gay Chorus of Naples singing through the windows "Quello Macho de Plus Commedia Quandario" ("What Foolish Puzzles Men Become"). Snow begins to fall. All enter the building as Lucia, who has escaped through an air-conditioning duct, emerges, carrying her newborn baby, Vicenzo. The handsome but mentally twisted gatekeeper, Mario, tells Lucia he will take her to America if she abandons Vicenzo. "Never!" she cries as the three of them struggle in the snow, and the curtain falls.



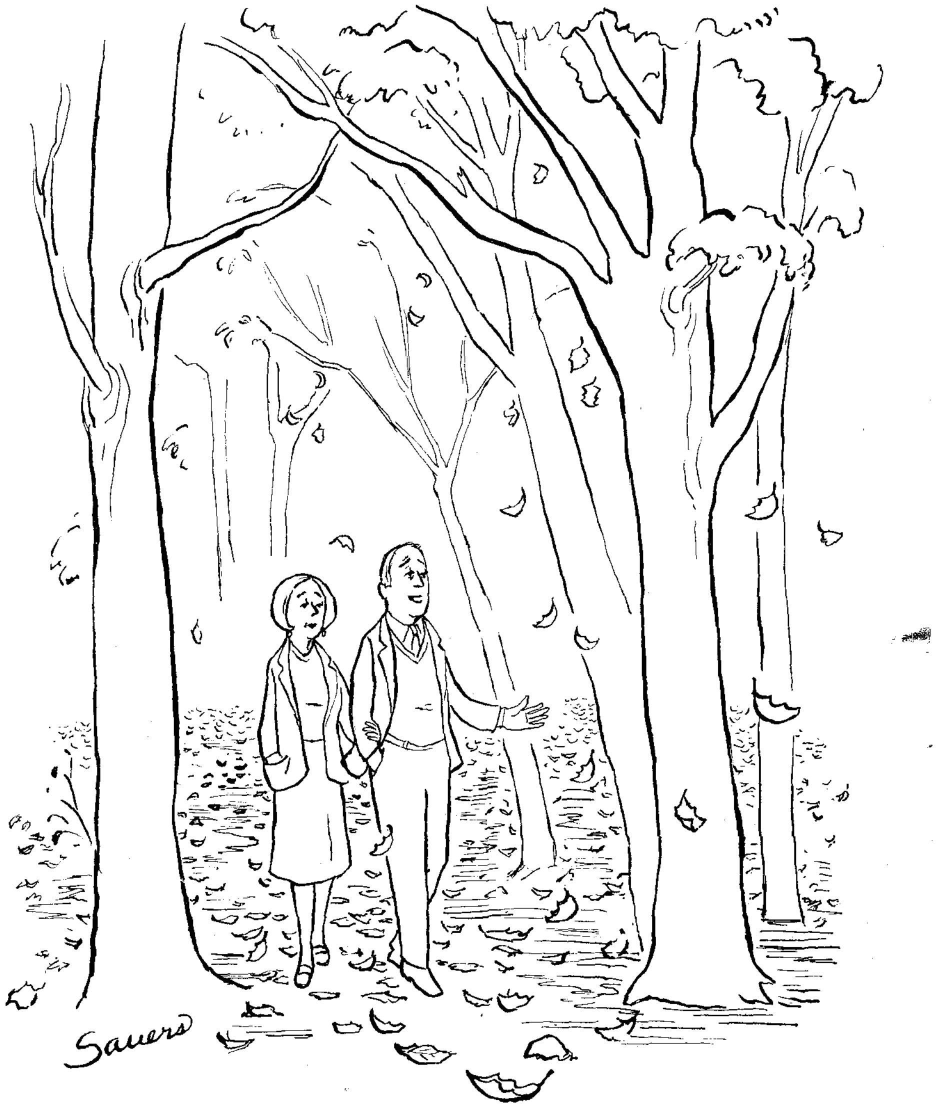
Early Arrivals at the Shindig

ACT II

AGAINST the shadowy background of what appears to be a château but is in reality the headquarters of the Meat Packers Union of Lyons, Astride is discovered in her kimono weeping under a beech tree. Her anklet has fallen into the pig wallow. It has been her one link with reality from the day her twin sister, Craquelure, died of overexposure. Astride has subsisted on nothing but canapés ever since, and sings, with little cries, "Est-ce que Je Suis Moi, Moi-Même, ou Quelqu'une Autre?" ("Am I I, Me, Myself, or Somebody Else Entirely?"). Prince Bayeux, bilingual from birth, gallops in on his bay calling "Which?" ("Ou?"), and the horse executes a sensational piaffe to convey his status. A leaf falls, informing Astride that the Emperor is dying of imperial languor, and Astride and Bayeux hurry back to the palace as the forest slides away to reveal a vast chamber. The Emperor is lying on a chaise, attended by his aged courtesan, Bibi. In one hand she holds a tiny white flag on which the word "Drinks" is emblazoned, and sings "Non Perles Demarque la Robe Boisson du Soir" ("No Pearls Set Off the Cocktail Dress of Night"). Looking into a crystal ball, she tells Astride that the anklet is slowly being nibbled to pieces by sows, while Astride weeps helplessly at the foot of the Emperor's bed. As the Emperor passes away, a raven flies over, a horse neighs in the distance, and a floor-length mirror cracks, interrupting Bayeux, who has been standing in front of it arguing the merits of bilateral symmetry. As the light slowly fades, an image of the anklet crosses the stage and lingers in the cracked mirror while the characters stand transfixed. An old, blind serf enters, bearing a tray of cookies, stumbles, and the curtain falls.

ACT III

LOSAN, whose Sacred Earrings have fallen into the hands of Grafner, makes a compact with the Pygmies to destroy the earth if Sielford should emerge from the forest without having made a mortal union. Sielford, unwittingly, has allowed the Unfner Mass to sink below the forest floor, and the gods, once his protectors, have turned against him. He mourns his fate in the basso *glanzstück* "Mein Haus nahm dich Tranen Floth" ("Flute Training Is Forbidden Near This House"). Meanwhile, Erdra, who has fought the dragon, Sluth, for weeks, stands in a clearing asking the gods for help. Because of her relationship with Sielford, they refuse. She sings, in her despair, "Wildes Gesschlecht ihn Gerufen" ("Wind Burdens Me with Its Rough Works"). Her son by a former union, Halbrecht, has been exiled from Valhalla for bartering pine chips and has gone to Loder's hut to tell of his woes. There, he swears eternal vengeance on the Mother of the Earrings, Celia: "Celia, Haus Hutetallen Mir?" ("Celia, You Little Cheat, Where Are My Earrings?"). Groten, suspended in a dehydrated state for a thousand years for giving the magic apple to Münster, is released by a swarm of midges, as Loder, having fallen in love with her in her desiccated state, watches her emergence into mortal form with rapture: "Mein Blut Steigt zu Schaum!" ("Oh, How My Blood Rises Into Foam!"). Groten, weary from her ordeal, asks for a drink of mead, the one gift it is forbidden the gods to give, and instantly becomes dehydrated again for another thousand years. Beside himself with grief, Loder rushes through the forest, only to be ambushed by the Pygmies, who have borne the Sacred Earrings through the woods and, on seeing Loder, thrown them into a well. He is brought to the Cave of the Underworld, where he recognizes in a ray of light Groten's other form, that of a spindle. As the Pygmies sing "Trost, Sieh Neue Bilder Sind Erklart" ("Solace, Behold New Images Are Bid"), the Unfner Mass rises through the forest floor and unearthly music issues from the well. Losan, Erdra, Grafner, and Sielford emerge from the shadows of the trees. As they embrace in a happy reunion, Sluth descends from the sky in the form of a bird and, turning once more into a dragon, threatens to destroy them all in "Einschnung" ("A Sick Illusion Blinds Your Will"), as the curtain falls.



"*Ah! The fall experience!*"

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ACT IV

LUCIA, disguised as a sailor, and now a major in marine biology, arrives in Sicily on the *largetto*. She sings of her love for the puppet, Pietro, whom she has adored since childhood. Admitting, in agitated half-*sprechstimme*, that she has feigned madness in order to avoid the staggering medical fees rendered by her pediatrician—"Ein Kreinkeit il de Plus Malade" ("The Sick Get Sicker When They Get the Bill")—she wonders how her son Vicenzo grew up in no time to be an eighteen-year-old tenor dabbling in black-market plastics. A funeral takes place for Maria and the Duke of Turin, killed by sipping watered-down espresso: "Caffè Morta—Non?" ("Death from Coffee—Is It Truly Unexpected?"). Aristo, pretending to be lost, in preparation for his entering a nearby Capuchin monastery, keeps asking Grafner for directions—"Kunst du il Piallo?" ("Do You Know Anything?")—until Beneppo, a well-built scholar, and Losan appear to explain that the Unfner Mass was only an optical illusion projected on a scrim by the revenant Craquelure to ferret out the "good ones." A vision of St. Andrew appears, as Craquelure's ghost rises from the prompter's box to sing "Va-t-en, Les Dieux Malheurs d'Amour" ("Disport Elsewhere, Vile Deities of Love"). Mikhail bursts onstage left, bearing a life-size likeness of Thomas Love Peacock wearing the Sacred Earrings, and a squid (the dead Sluth) is brought onstage right by Astride and Bayeux (symbolized by two dimly lit Ping-Pong balls) as the Fisherman's Chorus rejoices in the restoration of peace to the island: "Les Hommes il Mare Vino Macht" ("Male Calmness Makes the Sea Like Wine"). Curtain. —HOWARD MOSS

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Tobias maintains that the two million insurance employees in this country could be cut in half and the costs of insurance dramatically reduced. Needless to say, his conclusions will not make him popular with those employees nor with the powerful lobbying groups that represent them.
—*Book review in the Minneapolis Star & Tribune.*

Needless to say.

LUC AND HIS FATHER

TO the astonishment of no one except his father and mother, Luc Clairevoie failed the examination that should have propelled him straight into one of the finest schools of engineering in Paris; failed it so disastrously, in fact, that an examiner, who knew someone in the same ministry as Luc's father, confided it was the sort of labor in vain that should be written up. Luc's was a prime case of universal education gone crazy. He was a victim of the current belief that any student, by dint of application, could answer what he was asked.

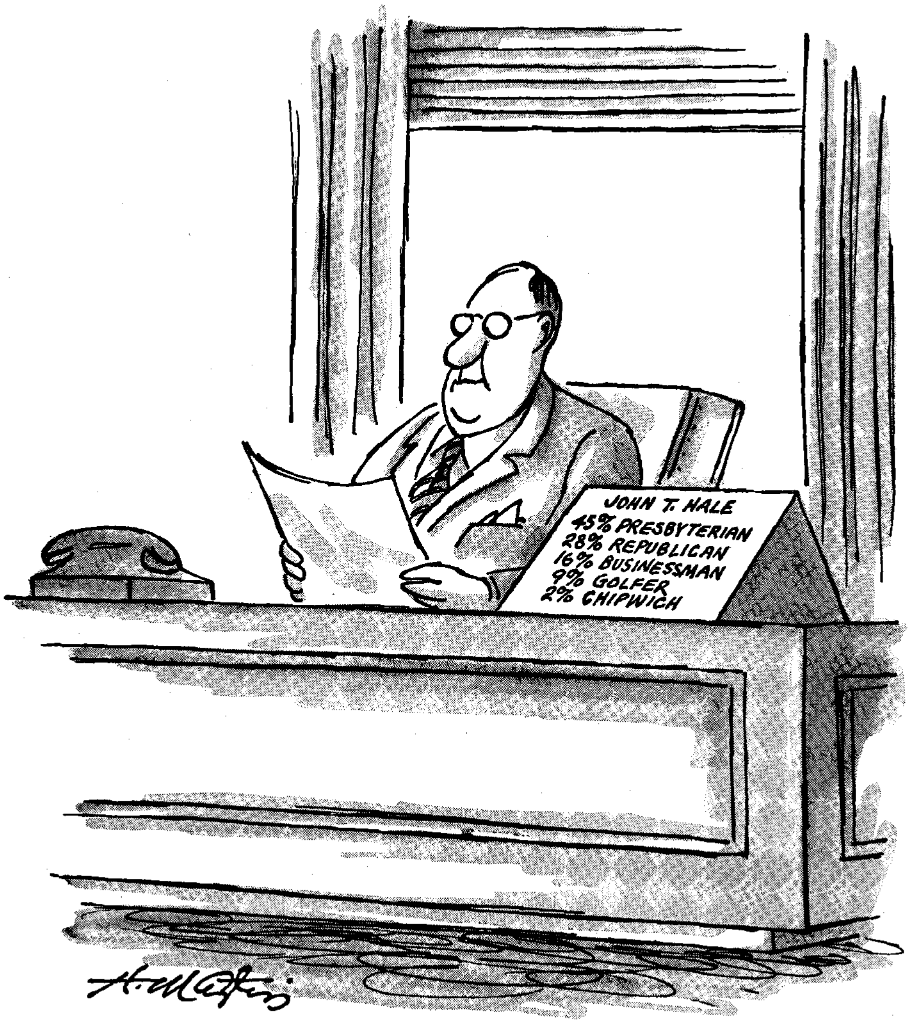
Luc's father blamed the late President de Gaulle. If de Gaulle had not opened the schools and universities to hordes of qualified but otherwise uninteresting young people, teachers would have had more time to spare for Luc. De Gaulle had been dead for years, but Roger Clairevoie still suspected him of cosmic mischief and double-dealing. (Like his wife, Roger had never got over the loss of Algeria. When the price of fresh fruit went high, as it did every winter, the Clairevoies told each other it was because of the loss of all those Algerian orchards.)

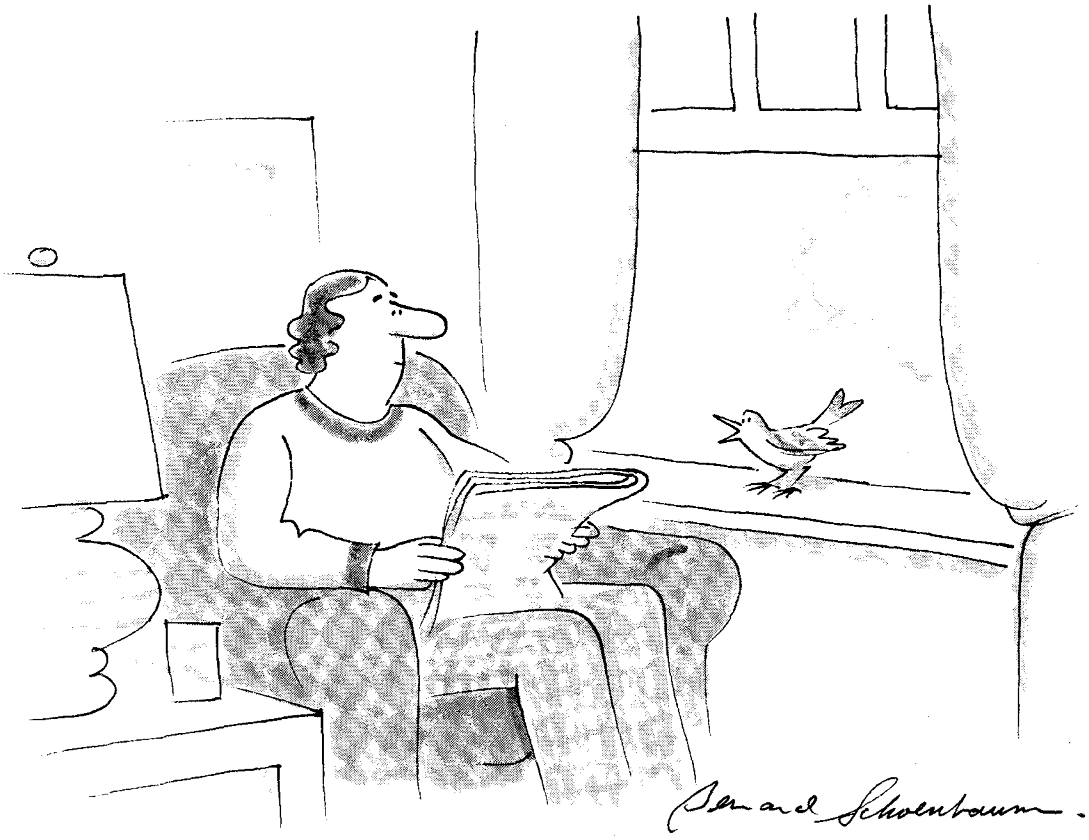
Where Luc was concerned, they took a practical course, lowered their sights to a lesser but still elegant engineering school, and sent Luc to a crammer for a year to get ready for a new trial. His mother took Luc to the dentist, had his glasses changed, and bought him a Honda 125 to make up for his recent loss of self-esteem. Roger's contribution took the form of long talks. Cornering Luc in the kitchen after breakfast, or in his own study, now used as a family television room, Roger told Luc how he had been graduated with honors from the noblest engineering institute in France; how he could address other alumni using the second person singular, even by Christian name, regardless of whether they spoke across a ministerial desk or a lunch table. Many of Roger's fellow-graduates had chosen civil-service careers. They bumped into one another in marble halls, under oil portraits of public servants who wore the steadfast look of advisers to gods; and these distinguished graduates, Roger among them, had a charming, particular way of seeming like brothers—or so it appeared to those who could only envy them, who had to keep to "Have I the honor of" and "If Mr. Assistant Under-Secretary would be good enough to" and "Should it suit the convenience." To this fraternity Luc could no longer aspire, but there was still some hope for future rank and dignity: he could become an engineer in the building trades. Luc did not reply; he did not even ask, "Do you mean houses, or garages, or what?" Roger supposed he was turning things over in his mind.

The crammer he went to was a brisk, costly examination factory in Rennes, run by Jesuits, with the reputation for being able to jostle any student, even the dreamiest, into a respectable institute for higher learning. The last six words were from the school's brochure. They ran through Roger Clairevoie's head like an election promise.

Starting in September, Luc spent Monday to Friday in Rennes. Weekends, he came home by train, laden with books, and shut himself up to study. Sometimes Roger would hear him trying chords on his guitar: pale sound without rhythm or sequence. When Luc had studied enough, he buckled on his white helmet and roared around Paris on the Honda. (The promise of a BMW R/80 was in the air, as reward or consolation, depending on next year's results.) On the helmet Luc had lettered "IN CASE OF ACCIDENT DO NOT REMOVE." "You see, he does think of things," his mother said. "Luc thinks of good, useful things."

Like many Parisian students, Luc was without close friends, and in Rennes he knew nobody. His parents were somewhat relieved when, in the autumn, he became caught like a strand of seaweed on the edge of a political discussion group. The group met every Sunday afternoon in some member's house. Once, the group assembled at the Clairevoies'; Simone Clairevoie, pleased to see that Luc was showing interest in adult problems, served fruit juice, pâté sandwiches, and two kinds of ice cream. Luc's friends did not paint slogans on the sidewalk, or throw petrol bombs at police stations, or carry weapons (at least,





"Sir, I wish to warn you of a boat-tailed grackle in this vicinity who is passing around unsubstantiated information."

Roger hoped not), or wear ragtag uniforms bought at the flea market. A few old men talked, and the younger men, hose Luc's age, sat on a windowsill or on the floor, and seemed to listen. Among the speakers the day they came to the Clairevoies' was a retired ournalist, once thought ronic and alarming, and the former secretary of a minor visionary, now in decrepit exile in Spain. Extremist movements were banned, but, as Roger pointed out to his wife, one could not really call this a movement. There was no aw against meeting on a winter afternoon to consider the false starts of history. Luc never said much, but his parents supposed he must be taking to heart the message of the failed old men; and it was curious to see how Luc could grasp a slippery, allusive message so easily when he could not keep in mind his own private destiny as an engineer. Luc could vote, get married without permission, have his own bank account, run up bills. He could leave home, though a course so eccentric had probably not yet occurred to him. He was of age; adult; a grown man.

The Clairevoies had spent their married life in an apartment on the second floor of a house of venturesome design, built just after the First World War, in a quiet street near the Bois de Boulogne. The designer of the house, whose name they could never recall, had been German or Austrian. Roger, when questioned by colleagues surprised to find him in surroundings so bizarre, would say, "The architect was Swiss," which made him sound safer. Students of architecture rang the bell to ask if they might visit the rooms and take photographs. Often they seemed taken aback by the sight of the furniture, a wedding gift from Roger's side of the family, decorated with swans and sphinxes; the armchairs were as hard and uncompromising as the Judgment Seat. To Roger, the furniture served as counterpoise to the house, which belonged to the alien Paris of the nineteen-twenties, described by Roger's father as full of artists and immigrants of a shiftless kind—the flotsam of Europe.

The apartment, a wedding present from Simone's parents, was her personal choice. Roger's people, needing the choice explained away, went on saying for years that Simone had up-to-date ideas; but Roger was not sure this was true. After all, the house was some forty years old by the time the Clairevoies moved in. The street, at least, barely changed from year to year, unless one counted the increasing number of prostitutes that drifted in from the Bois. Directly across from the house, a café, the only place of business in sight, served as headquarters for the prostitutes' rest periods, conversations, and quarrels. Sometimes Roger went there when he ran out of cigarettes. He knew some of the older women by sight, and he addressed them courteously; and they, of course, were polite to him. Once, pausing under the awning to light a cigarette, he glanced up and saw Luc standing at a window, the curtain held aside with an elbow. He seemed to be staring at nothing in particular, merely waiting for something that might fix his attention. Roger had a middle-aged, paternal reflex: Is that what he calls studying? If Luc noticed his father, he gave no sign.

SIMONE CLAIREVOIE called it the year of shocks. There had been Luc's failure, then Roger had suffered a second heart attack, infinitely more frightening than the first. He was home all day on convalescent leave from his ministry, restless and bored, smoking on the sly, grudgingly walking the family dog by way of moderate exercise. Finally, even though all three Clairevoies had voted against it, a Socialist government came to power. Simone foresaw nothing but further decline. If Luc failed again, it would mean a humble career, preceded by a tour of Army duty—plain military service, backpack and drill, with the sons of peasants and Algerian delinquents. Roger would never be able to get him out of it: he knew absolutely no one in the new system of favors. Those friends whose careers had not been lopped sat hard on their jobs, almost afraid to pick up the telephone. Every call was bad news. The worst news would be the voice of an old acquaintance, harking back to a foundered regime and expecting a good turn. Although the Clairevoies seldom went to church now—the new Mass was the enemy—Simone prayed hard on Christmas Eve, singling out in particular St. Odile, who had been useful in the past, around a time when Roger had seemed to regret his engagement to Simone and may have wanted to break it off.

Soon after the New Year, however, there came a message from the guidance counsellor of the Jesuit school, summoning the Clairevoies for "a frank and open discussion."

"About being immortal?" said Roger to Simone, recalling an alarming talk with another Jesuit teacher long ago.

"About your son," she replied.

A card on his door identified the counsellor as "F.-X. Rousseau, Orientation." Orientation wore a track suit and did not look to Roger like a Jesuit, or even much like a priest. Leaning forward (the Clairevoies instinctively drew back), he offered American cigarettes before lighting his own. It was not Luc's chances of passing that seemed to worry him but Luc's fragmented image of women. On the Rorschach test, for instance, he had seen a ballet skirt and a pair of legs, and a female head in a fishing net.

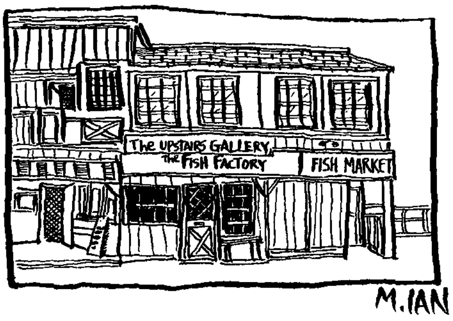
"You brought me here to tell me what?" said Roger. "My son has poor eyesight?"

Simone placed her hand on Father Rousseau's desk as she might have touched his sleeve. She was saying, Be careful. My husband is irritable, old-fashioned, ill. "I think that Father Rousseau is trying to tell us that Luc has no complete view of women because Luc has no complete view of himself as a man. Is that it?"

Father Rousseau added, "And he cannot see his future because he can't see himself."

It was Roger's turn to remonstrate with Luc. Simone suggested masculine, virile surroundings for their talk, and so he took Luc to the café across the street. There, over beer for Luc and mineral water for Roger, he told Luc about satisfaction. It was the duty of children to satisfy their parents. Roger, by doing extremely well at his studies, had given Luc's grandparents this mysterious pleasure. They had been able to tell their friends, "Roger has given us great satisfaction." He took Luc on a fresh tour of things to come, showing him the slow-grinding machinery of state competitive examinations against which fathers measured their sons. He said, Your future. If you fail. A poor degree is worse than none. Thousands of embittered young men, all voting Socialist. If you fail, you will sink into the swamp from which there is no rising. Do you want to sell brooms? Sweep the streets? Sell tickets in the Métro? Do you want to spend your life in a bank?

"Not that there is anything wrong with working in a bank," he corrected. Encrusted in his wife's family was a small rural bank with a staff of seventeen. Simone did not often se her provincial cousins, but the bank was always mentioned with respect To say "a small bank" was no wors than saying "a small crown jewel.' Simone, in a sense, personified a reliable and almost magical trade; she had brought to Roger the goods and the dream. What had Roger brought? Hideous Empire furniture and a dubious nineteenth-century title Simone scarcely dared use because of the Communists.



Only the word "Socialist" seemed to stir Luc. "We need a good little civil war," he declared, as someone who has never been near the ocean might announce, "We need a good little tidal wave"—so Roger thought.

He said, "There are no good little civil wars." But he knew what was said of him: that his heart attacks had altered his personality, made him afraid. On a November day, Roger and his father had followed the coffin of Charles Maurras, the nationalist leader, jailed after the war for collaboration. "My son," said Roger's father, introducing Roger to thin-faced men, some wearing the Action Française emblem. Roger's father had stood for office on a Royalist platform, and had

THE FIELDS

Saturday on Seventh Street
full-waisted gray-haired women in Sunday sweaters
moving through the tan shades of their booths
bend over cakes they baked at home
they gaze down onto the sleep of stuffed cabbages
they stir with huge spoons sauerkraut and potato dumplings
cooked as those dishes were cooked on deep
misty plains among the sounds of horses
beside fields of black earth on the other side of the globe
that only the oldest think they remember
looking down from their windows into the world
where everybody is now

none of the young has yet wept at the smell
of cabbages
those leaves all face
none of the young after long journeys
weeks in vessels
and staring at strange coasts through fog in first light
has been recognized by the steam of sauerkraut
that is older than anyone living
so on the street they play the music
of what they do not remember
they sing of places they have not known
they dance in new costumes under the windows
in the smell of cabbages from fields
nobody has seen

—W. S. MERWIN

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come out of the election the last of five candidates, one an impertinent youngster with an alien name, full of "z"s and "k"s. He was not bitter; he was scornful and dry, and he wanted Roger to be dry and proud. Roger had only lately started to think, My father always said, and, My father believed. As he spoke, now, to Luc about satisfaction and failure, he remembered how he had shuffled behind the hearse of a dead old man, perhaps mistaken, certainly dispossessed. They got up to leave, and Roger bowed to an elderly woman he recognized. His son had already turned away.

In order to give Luc a fully virile image, Simone redecorated his room. The desk lamp was a galleon in full sail with a bright red shade—the color of decision and activity. She took down the photograph of Roger's graduating class and hung a framed poster of Che Guevara. Stepping back to see the effect, she realized Guevara would never do. The face was feminine, soft. She wondered if the whole legend was not a hoax and if Guevara had been a woman in disguise. Guevara had no political significance, of course; he had become manly, decorative kitsch. (The salesman had assured her of this; otherwise, she would never have run the risk of offending Roger.) As she removed the poster she noticed for the first time a hole drilled in the wall. She put her eye to it and had a partial view of the maid's bathroom, used in the past by a succession of *au pair* visitors, in Paris to improve their French and to keep an eye on a younger Luc.

She called Roger and made him look: "Who says Luc has no view of women?"

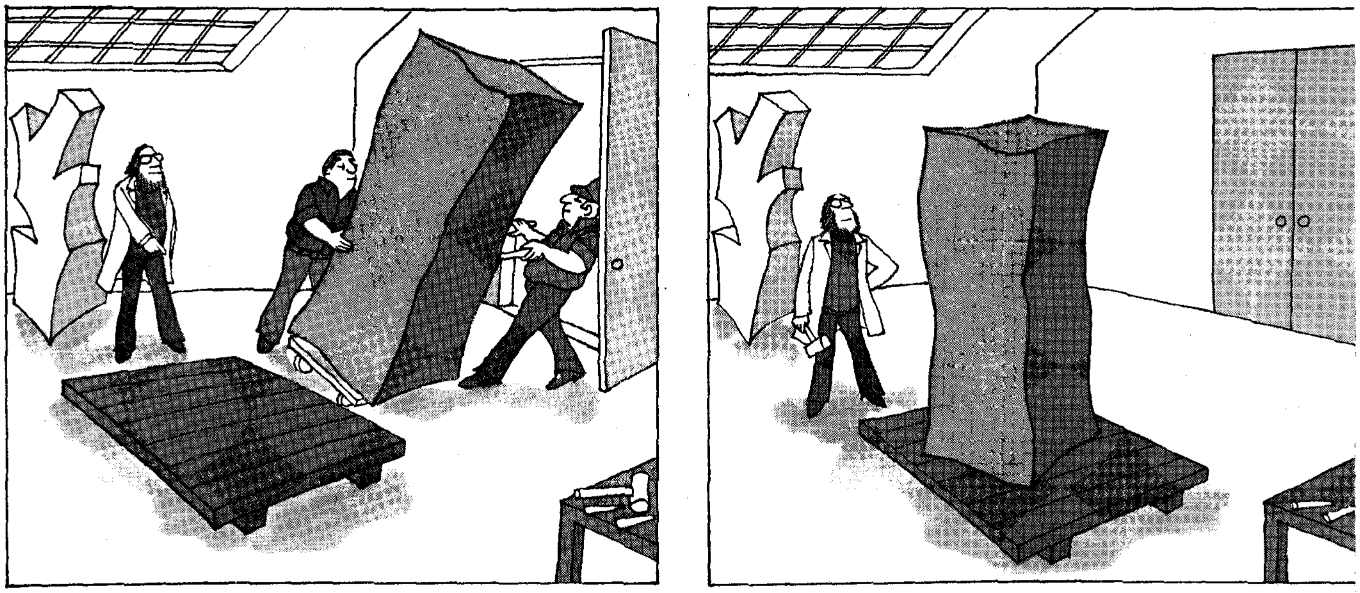
Roger glanced round at the new curtains and bedspread, with their pattern of Formula 1 racing cars. Near the bed someone—Luc, probably—had tacked a photo of Hitler. Roger, without saying anything, took it down. He did not want Luc quite that manly.

"You can't actually see the shower," said Simone, trying the perspective again. "But I suppose that when she stands drying on the mat . . . We'd better tell him."

"Tell Luc?"

"Rousseau. Orientation."

Not "Father Rousseau," he noticed. It was not true that women were devoted guardians of tradition. They rode every new wave like so much plankton. My father was right, he decided. He always said it was a mistake to give them the vote. He said they had no ideas—just notions. My father was proud to stand up for the past. He was proud to be called a Maurrassien, even when Charles Maurras was in defeat, in disgrace. But who has ever heard of a Maurrassienne? The very idea made Roger smile. Simone, catching the smile, took it to mean a sudden feeling of tolerance, and so she chose the moment to remind him they would have an *au pair* guest at Easter—oh, not to keep an eye on Luc; Luc was too old. (She sounded sorry.) But Luc had been three times to England, to a family named Brunt, and now, in all fair-



ness, it was the Clairevoies' obligation to have Cassandra.

"Another learner?" Roger was remembering the tall, glum girls from northern capitals and their strides in colloquial French: That is my friend. He did not sleep in my bed—he spent the night on the doormat. I am homesick. I am ill. A bee has stung me. I am allergic and may die.

"You won't have to worry about Cassandra," Simone said. "She is a mature young woman of fifteen, a whole head taller than Luc."

Simone clipped a leash to the dog's collar and grasped Roger firmly by the arm. She was taking two of her charges for a walk, along streets she used to follow when Luc was still in his pram. On Boulevard Lannes a taxi stopped and two men wearing white furs, high-heeled white boots, and Marilyn Monroe wigs got out and made for the Bois. Roger knew that transvestites worked the fringe of the Bois now, congregating mostly toward the Porte Maillot, where there were hotels. He had heard the women in the café across the street complaining that the police were not vigilant enough, much the way an established artisan might grumble about black-market labor. Roger had imagined them vaguely as night creatures, glittering and sequined, caught like dragonflies in the headlights of roving automobiles. This pair was altogether real, and the man who had just paid the taxi-driver shut his gold-mesh handbag with the firm snap of a housewife settling the butcher's bill. The dog at once began to strain and bark.

"Brazilians," said Simone, who watched educational television in the afternoon. "They send all their money home."

"But in broad daylight," said Roger.

"They don't earn as much as you *think*."

"There could be little children playing in the Bois."

"We can't help our children by living in the past," said Simone. Roger wondered if she was having secret talks with Father Rousseau. "Stop that," she told the barking dog.

"He's not deliberately trying to hurt their feelings," Roger said. Because he disliked animals—in particular, dogs—he tended to make excuses for the one they owned. Actually, the dog was an accident in their lives, purchased only after the staff psychologist in Luc's old school had said the boy's grades were poor because he had no siblings to love and hate, no rivals for his parents' attention, no responsibility to any living creature.

"A dog will teach my son to add and subtract?" said Roger. Simone had wondered if a dog would make Luc affectionate and polite, more grateful for his parents' devotion, aware of the many sacrifices they had made on his behalf.

Yes, yes, they had been assured. A dog could do all that.

Luc was twelve years old, the puppy ten weeks. Encouraged to find a name for him, Luc came up with "Mongrel." Simone chose "Sylvestre." Sylvestre spent his first night in Luc's room—part of the night, that is. When he began to whine, Luc put him out. After that, Sylvestre was fed, trained, and walked by Luc's parents, while Luc continued to find school a mystery and to show indifference and ingratitude. Want of thanks is a parent's lot, but blindness to simple arithmetic was like an early warning of catastrophe. Luc's parents had already *told him he was to train as an engineer*.

"Do you know how stiff the competition is?" his mother asked.

"Yes."

"Do you want to be turned down by the best schools?"

"I don't know."

"Do you want to be sent to a third-rate school, miles from home? Have you thought about that?"

Roger leaned on Simone, though he did not need to, and became querulous: "Sylvestre and I are two old men."

This was not what Simone liked to talk about. She said, "Your family never took you into consideration. You slept in your father's study. You took second best."

"It didn't feel that way."

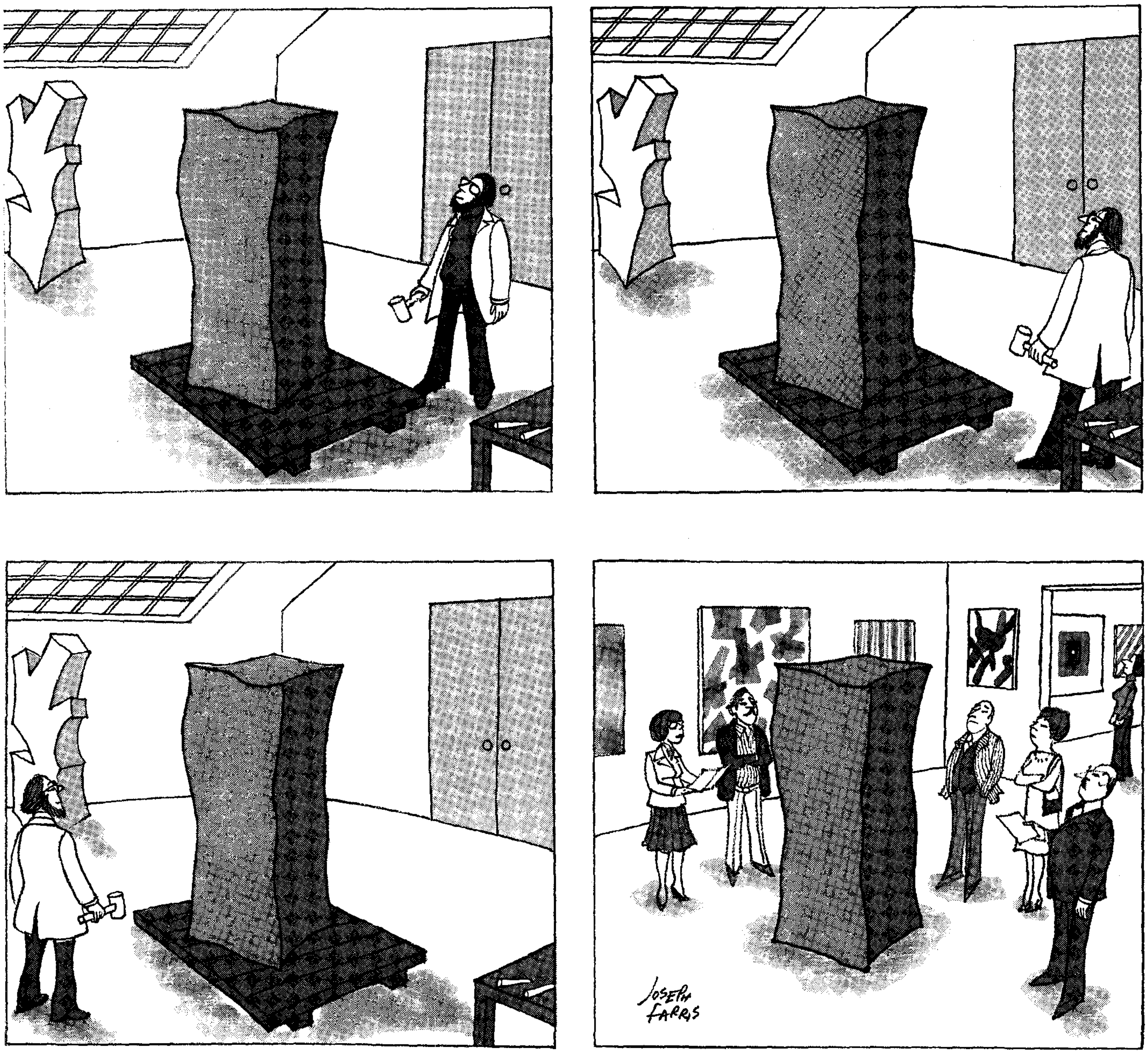
"Look at our miserable country house. Look at your Cousin Henri's estate."

"His godmother gave it to him," said Roger, as though she needed reminding.

"He should have given you compensation."

"People don't do that," said Roger. "All I needed was a richer godmother."

"The apartment is mine," said Simone, as they walked arm in arm. "The furniture is yours. The house in the country is yours, but most of the furniture belongs to me. You paid for the pool and the tennis court." It was not unpleasant conversation.



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Roger stopped in front of a pastry shop and showed Simone a chocolate cake. "Why can't we have that?"

"Because it would kill you. The specialist said so."

"We could have oysters," Roger said. "I'm allowed oysters."

"Luc will be home," said Simone. "He doesn't like them."

Father Rousseau sent for the Clairevoies again. This time he wore a tweed jacket over a white sweater, with a small crucifix on one lapel and a Solidarność badge on the other. After lighting his cigarette he sat drumming his fingers, as if wondering how to put his grim news into focus. At last he said, "No one can concentrate on an exam and on a woman. Not at the same time."

"Women?" cried Simone. "What women?"

"Woman," Roger corrected, unheard.

There was a woman in Luc's life. It seemed unbelievable, but it was so.

"French?" said Roger instantly.

Father Rousseau was unable to swear to it. Her name was Katia, her surname Martin, but if Martin was the most common family name in France it might be because so many foreigners adopted it.

"I can find out," Simone interrupted. "What's her age?"

Katia was eighteen. Her parents were divorced.

"That's bad," said Simone. "Who's her father?"

She lived in Biarritz with her mother, but came often to Paris to stay with her father and brother. Her brother belonged to a political debating society.

"I've seen him," said Simone. "I know the one. She's a terrorist. Am I right?"

Father Rousseau doubted it. "She is a spoiled, rich, undereducated young woman, used to having her own way. She is also very much in love."

"With Luc?" said Roger.

"Luc is a Capricorn," said Simone. "The most levelheaded of all the signs."

So was Katia, Father Rousseau said. She and Luc wrote "Capricorn loves Capricorn" in the dust on parked cars.

"Does Luc want to marry her?" said Simone, getting over the worst.

"He wants something." But Father Rousseau hoped it would not be Katia. She seemed to have left school early, after a number of misadventures. She was hardly the person to inspire Luc, who needed a model he could copy. When Katia was around, Luc did not even pretend to study. When she was in Biarritz, he waited for letters. The two collected lump sugar from cafés but seemed to have no other cultural interest.

"She's from a rich family?" Simone said. "And she has just the one brother?"

"Luc has got to pass his entrance examination," said Roger. "After he gets his degree he can marry anyone he likes."

" 'Rich' is a relative term," said Simone, implying that Father Rousseau was too unworldly to define such a thing.

Roger said, "How do you know about the sugar and 'Capricorn loves Capricorn' and how Luc and Katia got to know each other?"

"Why, from Katia's letters, of course," said Father Rousseau, sounding surprised.

"Did you keep copies?" said Simone.

"Do you know that Luc is of age, and that he could take you to court for reading his mail?" said Roger.

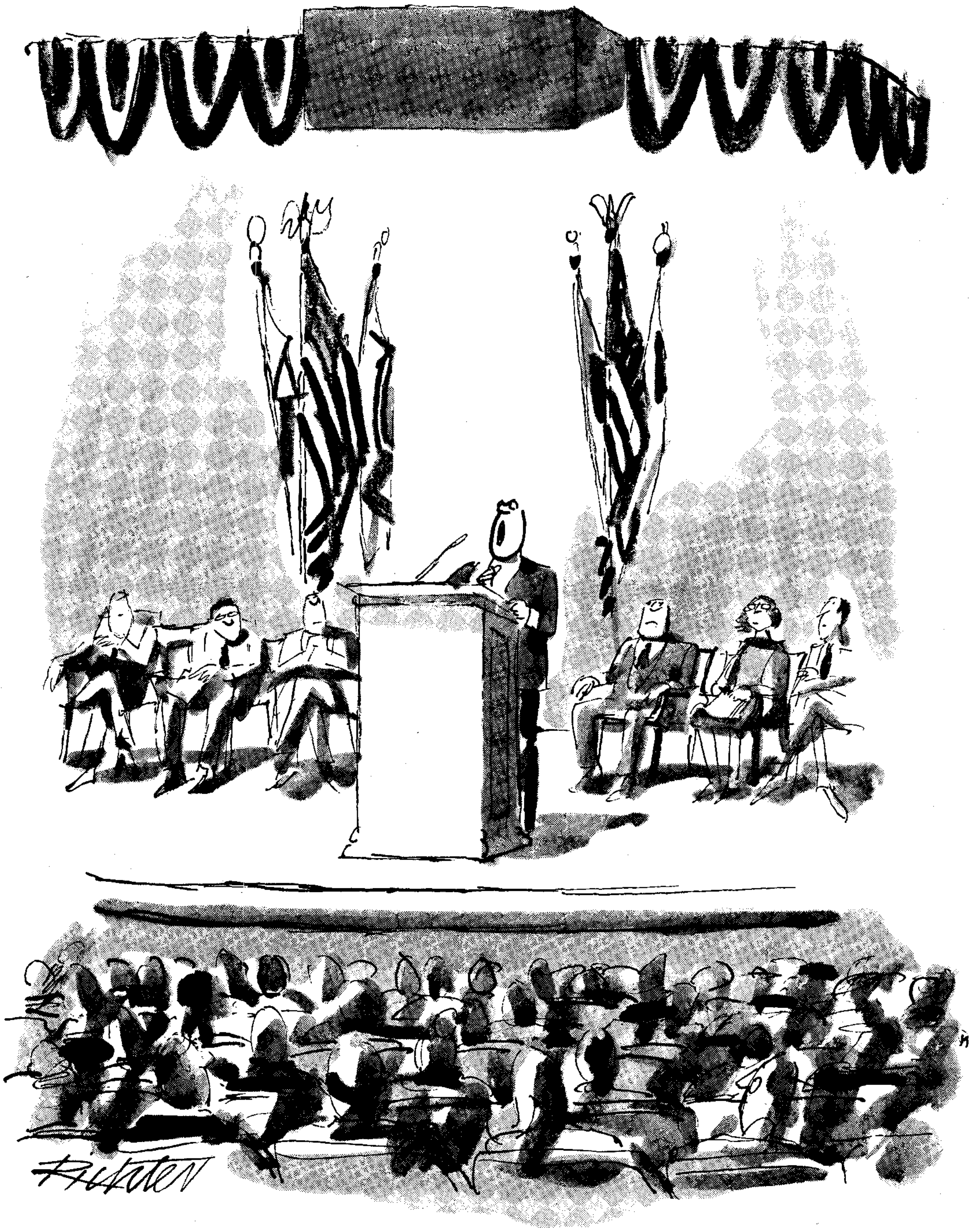
Father Rousseau turned to Simone, the rational parent. "Not a word of reproach," he warned her. "Just keep an eye on the situation. We feel that Luc should spend the next few weeks at home, close to his parents." He would come back to Rennes just before the examination, for last-minute heavy cramming. Roger understood this to be a smooth Jesuitical manner of getting rid of Luc.

Luc came home, and no one reproached him. He promised to work hard and proposed going alone to the country house, which was near Auxerre. Simone objected that the place had been unheated all winter. Luc replied that he would live in one room and take his meals in the village. Roger guessed that Luc intended to spend a good amount of time with Cousin Henri, who lived nearby, and whom Luc—no one knew why—professed to admire. Cousin Henri and Roger enjoyed property litigation of long standing, but as there was a dim, far chance of Henri's leaving something to Luc, Roger said nothing. And as Simone pointed out, meaning by this nothing unkind or offensive, any male model for Luc was better than none.

In the meantime, letters from Katia, forwarded from Rennes, arrived at the Paris apartment. Roger watched in pure amazement the way Simone managed to open them, rolling a kitchen match under the flap. Having read the letter, she resealed it without trace. The better the quality of the paper, the easier the match trick, she explained. She held a page up to the light, approving the watermark.

"We'll need a huge apartment, because we will have so many children," Katia wrote. "And we'll need space for the sugar collection."

The only huge apartment Simone could think of was her own. "They wish we were dead," she told Roger. "My son wishes I were out of the



"Fellow debtors!"

way." She read aloud. "'What would you be without me? One more little Frenchman, eternally studying for exams.'"

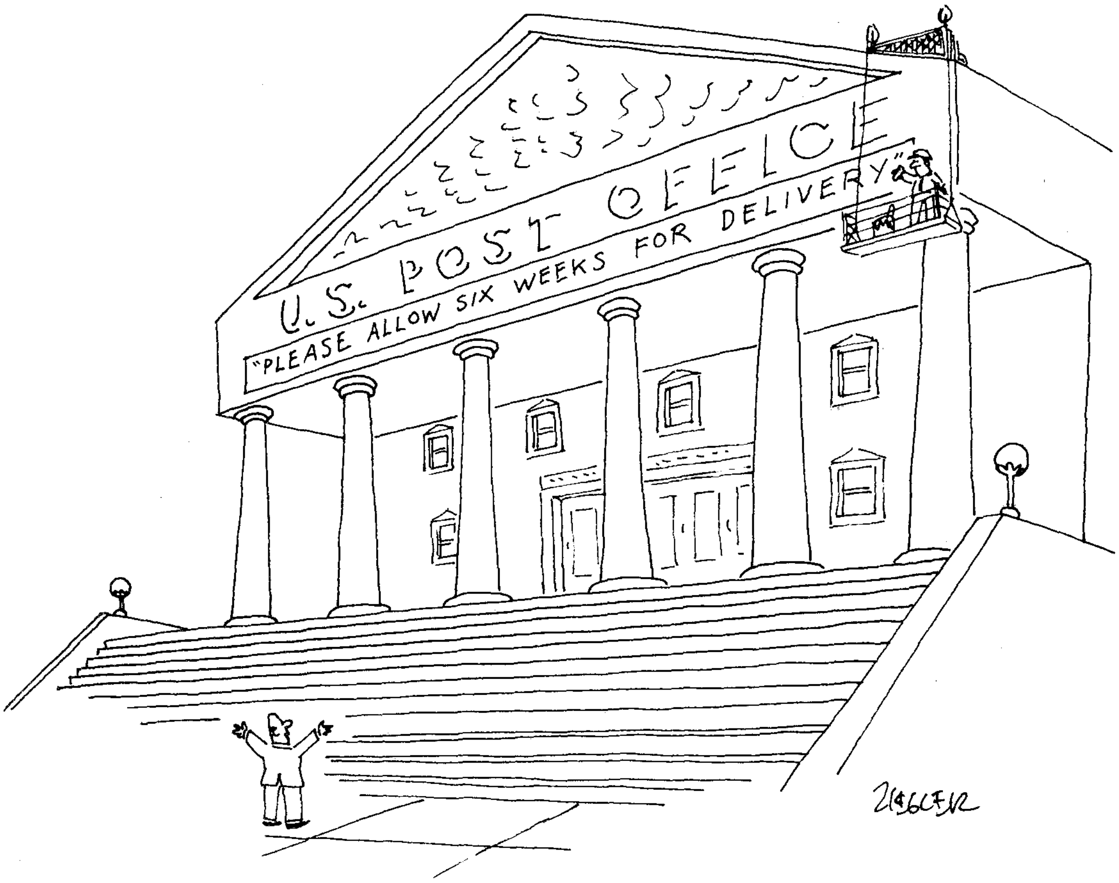
"What does she mean by 'little Frenchman'?" said Roger. He decided that Katia must be foreign—a descendant of White Russians, perhaps. There had been a colony in Biarritz in his father's day, the men gambling away their wives' tiaras before settling down as headwaiters and croupiers. Luc was entangled in a foreign love affair; he was already alien, estranged. Roger had seen him standing at the window, like an idle landowner in a Russian novel. What did Roger know about Russians? There were the modern ones, dressed in gray, with bulldog faces; there were the slothful, mournful people in books, the impulsive and slender women, the indecisive men. But it had been years since Roger had opened a novel; what he saw were overlapping images, like stills from old films.

"'Where are you, where are you?'" read Simone. "'There is a light in your parents' room, but your windows are dark. I'm standing under the awning across the street. My shoes are soaked. I am too miserable to care.'"

"She can't be moping in the rain and writing all at the same time," said Simone. "And the postmark is Biarritz. She comes to Paris to stir up trouble. How does she know which room is ours? Luc is probably sick of her. He must have been at a meeting."

Yes, he had probably been at a meeting, sitting on the floor of a pale room, with a soft-voiced old man telling him about an older, truer Europe. Luc was learning a Europe caught in amber, unchanging, with trees for gods. There was no law against paganism and politics, or soft-voiced old men.

At least there are no guns, Roger told himself. And where had Simone learned the way to open other people's letters? He marvelled at Katia's doing for his son what no woman had ever done for him; she had stood in the rain, crying probably, watching for a light.


U. S. POST OFFICE
"PLEASE ALLOW SIX WEEKS FOR DELIVERY"
ZIEGLER

"Much better!"

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TEN days before Easter, Cassandra Brunt arrived. Her father was a civil servant, like Roger. He was also an author: two books had been published, one about Napoleon's retreat from Moscow, the other about the failure of the Maginot Line and the disgraceful conduct of the French officer class. Both had been sent to the Clairevoies, with courteous inscriptions. When Simone had gone over to England alone, to see if the Brunts would do for Luc, Mrs. Brunt confided that her husband was more interested in the philosophy of combat than in success and defeat. He was a dreamer, and that was why he had never got ahead. Simone replied that Roger, too, had been hampered by guiding principles. As a youth, he had read for his own pleasure. His life was a dream. Mrs. Brunt suggested a major difference: Mr. Brunt was no full-time dreamer. He had written five books, two of which had been printed, one in 1952 and one in 1966. The two women had then considered each other's child, decided it was sexless and safe and that Luc and Cassandra could spend time under the same roof. After that, Luc crossed the Channel for three visits, while Simone managed not to have Cassandra even once. Her excuse was the extreme youth of Cassandra and the dangers of Paris. Now that Cassandra was fifteen Mrs. Brunt, suddenly exercising her sense of things owed, had written to say that Cassandra was ready for perils and the French.

Roger and Simone met Cassandra at the Gare du Nord. The moment he saw her, Roger understood she had been forced by her parents to make the trip, and that they were ruining her Easter holiday. He marvelled that a fifteen-year-old of her size and apparent strength could be bullied into anything.

"I'll be seeing Luc, what fun," said Cassandra, jackknifed into the car, her knees all but touching her chin. "It will be nice to see Luc," she said sadly. Her fair hair almost covered her face.

"Luc is at our country residence, studying with all the strength of his soul," said Simone. "He is in the Yonne," she added. Cassandra looked puzzled. Roger supposed that to a foreigner it must sound as though Luc had fallen into a river.

There had been no coaxing Luc, no pleading; no threat was strong enough to frighten him. They could keep the BMW; they could stop his allowance; they could put him in jail. He would not come to Paris to welcome Cassandra. He was through with England, through with the Brunts—through, for that matter, with his mother and father. Katia had taken their place.

"We'll have her in Paris for a week, alone," Simone had wailed. Luc's argument was unassailable; alone, he could study. Once they were all there, he would have to be kind to Cassandra, making conversation and showing her the village church. Simone put the blame on Mrs. Brunt, who had insisted in a wholly obtuse way on having her rights.

"How are your delicious parents?" she asked, turning as well as the seat belt allowed, seeming to let the car drive itself in Paris traffic.

"Daddy's at home now. He's retired from the minstrel."

"The ministry," said Simone deeply. Cassandra's was the only English she had ever completely understood. "My husband has also retired from public service. It was too much for his heart. He is much younger than Mr. Brunt, I believe."

"Daddy was a late starter," said Cassandra. "But he'll last a long time. At least, I hope so."

Like the dog bought to improve Luc's arithmetic; like the tropical fish Simone had tended for Luc, and eventually mourned; like the tennis court in which Luc had at once lost interest and on which Roger had had his first heart attack, so Cassandra fell to Luc's parents. With Simone, she watched television; with Roger, she walked uphill and down, to parks and museums.

"What was your minstrel?" she asked Roger, as they marched toward the Bois.

"Years ago, when there was a grave shortage of telephones, thanks to President de Gaulle—" Roger began. "Do you recall that unhappy time?"

"I'm afraid I'm dreffly ignorant."

"I was good at getting friends off the waiting list. That was what I did best."

He clutched her arm, dragging her out of the way of buses and taxis that rushed from the left while Cassandra looked hopelessly right.

TARANTULAS

If you fear them, you can find them
everywhere in the early autumn evening,
a thick leathery button for a body,
the stiff legs bristling, high-stepping
under the lawn chair left on the porch.

Turned, or knocked over with a stick,
the tarantula homes in, and once again
starts up, uglier for being undeterred.
He understands as little as you do
what pulls him forward, to what end.

When the lighter fluid snaps, he walks
awkwardly in a half circle, burning and
bearing the flame, a rainbow, grounded.
The shell won't go. His burden, yours,
is to be consumed from the inside out.

Smaller, dark, the female crouches,
trapdoor like a penny dropped in dirt.
If you lift it and the webbing pays out
to a nest, you'll have them, hundreds,
bone-white, free, teeming in the heat.

—ARTHUR SMITH

• •

"You like the nature?" he said, letting Sylvestre run free in the Bois. "The trees?"

"My mother does. Though this is hardly nature, is it?"

Sylvestre loped, snuffling, into a club of dusty shrubbery. He gave a yelp and came waddling out. All Roger saw of the person who had kicked him was a flash of white boot.

"You have them in England?" said Roger.

"Have what?"

"That. Male, female. Prostitutes."

"Yes, of course. But they aren't vile to animals."

"You like the modern art?" Roger asked, breathless, as they plodded up the stalled escalators of the Beaubourg museum.

"I'm horribly old-fashioned, I'm afraid."

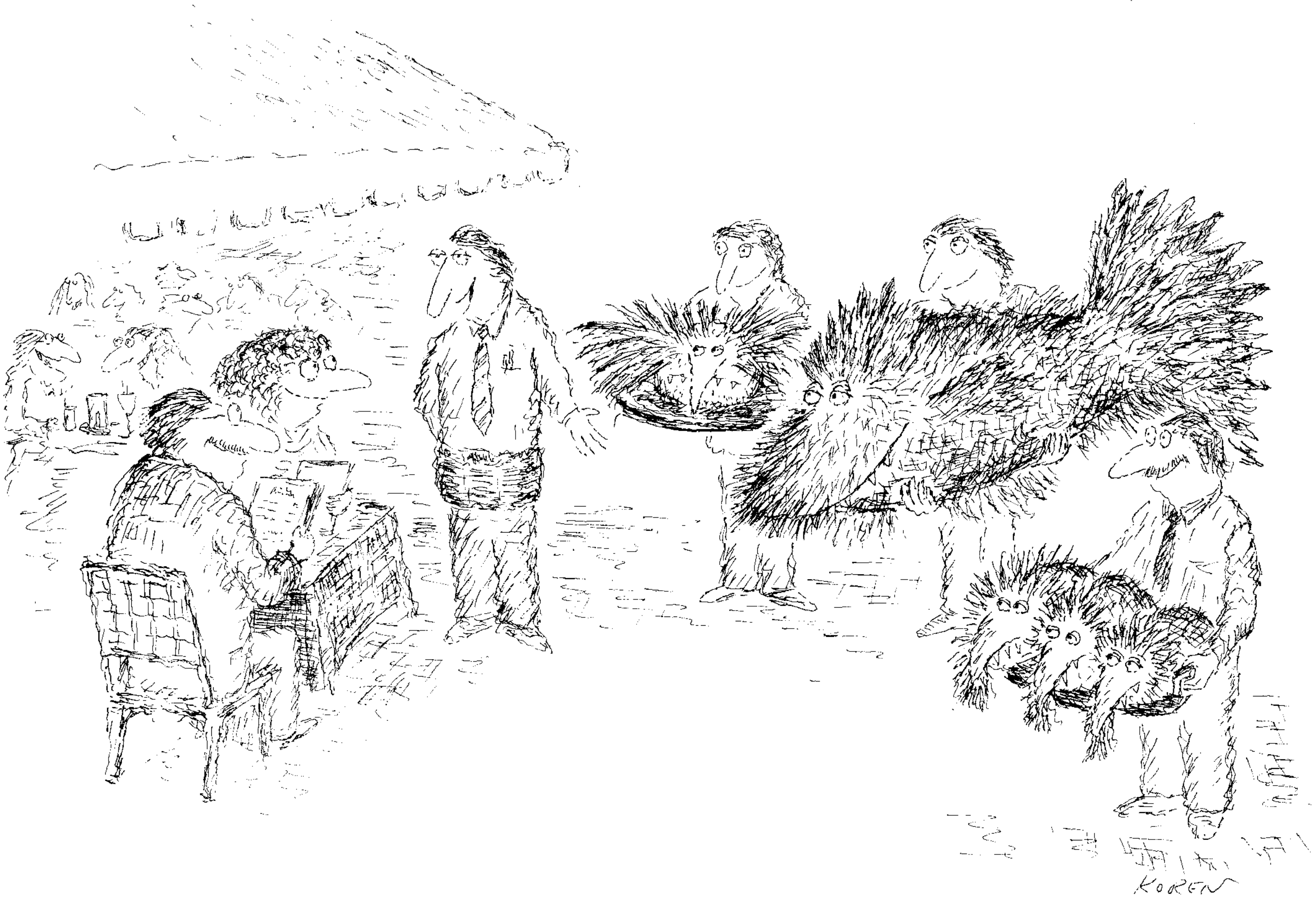
Halfway, he paused to let his heart rest. His heart was an old pump, clogged and filthy. Cassandra's heart was of bright new metal; it beat more quietly and regularly than any clock.

Above the city stretched a haze of pollution, unstirring, all of an even color. The sun suffused the haze with amber dye, which by some grim alchemy was turned into dun. Roger saw through the haze to a forgotten city, unchanging, and it was enough to wrench the heart. A hand, reaching inside the rib cage, seemed to grasp the glutted machine. He knew that some part of the machine was intact, faithful to him; when his heart disowned him entirely he might as well die.

Cassandra, murmuring that looking down made her feel giddy, turned her back. Roger watched a couple, below, walking hand in hand. He was too far away to see their faces. They were eating out of a shared paper bag. The young man looked around, perhaps for a bin. Finding none, he handed the bag to the girl, who flung it down. The two were dressed nearly alike, in blue jackets and jeans. Simone had assured Roger that Katia was French, but he still saw her Russian. He saw Katia in winter furs, with a fur hat, and long fair hair over a snowy collar. She removed a glove and gave the hand, warm, to Luc to hold.

"I'm afraid I must be getting lazy," Cassandra remarked. "I found that quite a climb."

The couple in blue had turned a



"I'd like to tell you about our specials this evening."

• •

corner. Of Luc and Katia there remained footsteps on lightly fallen snow.

"This place reminds me of a giant food processor," said Cassandra. "What does it make you think of?"

"Young lovers," Roger said.

Cassandra had a good point in Simone's eyes: she kept a diary, which Simone used to improve her English.

"The Baron has sex on the brain," Simone read. "Even a museum reminds him of sex. In the Bois de Boulogne he tried to twist the conversation around to sex and bestiality. You have to be careful every minute. Each time we have to cross the road he tries to squeeze my arm."

WHEN Cassandra had been shown enough of Paris, Simone packed the car with food that Luc liked to eat and drove south and east with the dog, Roger, and Cassandra. They stopped often during the journey so that Cassandra, who sat in the back of the car, could get out and be sick. They found Luc living like an elderly squatter in a ground-floor room full of toast crusts. It was three in the afternoon, and he was still wearing pajamas. Inevitably, Cassandra asked if he was ill.

"Katia's been here," said Simone, going round the house and opening shutters. "I can tell. It's in the air."

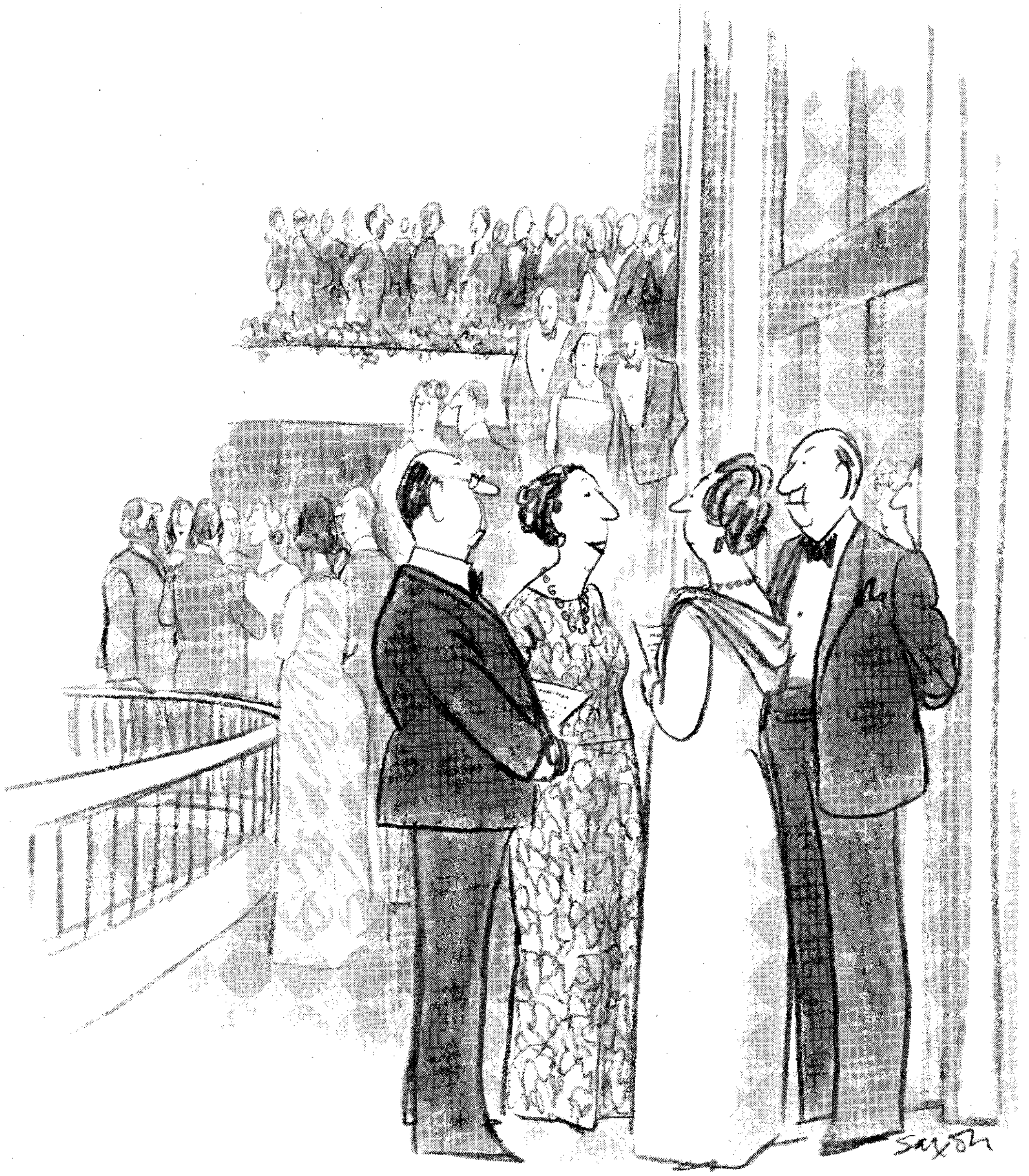
Luc was occupying the room meant for Cassandra. He showed no willingness to give it up. He took slight notice of his parents, and none whatever of their guest. It seemed to Roger that he had grown taller, but this was surely an illusion, a psychological image in Roger's mind. His affair, if Roger could call it that, had certainly made him bolder. He mentioned Katia by name, saying that one advantage of living alone was that he could read his mail before anyone else got to it. Roger foresaw a holiday of bursting quarrels. He supposed Cassandra would go home and tell her father, the historian, that the French were always like that.

On the day they arrived, Simone intercepted and read a letter. Katia, apparently in answer to some questioning from Luc, explained that she had almost, but not entirely, submitted to the advances of a cousin. (Luc, to forestall his mother, met the postman at the gate. Simone, to short-circuit Luc, had already picked up the letters that interested her at the village post office.) Katia's near-seduction had taken place in a field of barley, while her cousin was on leave from military service. A lyrical account of clouds, birds, and crickets took up most of a page.

Roger would not touch the letter, but he listened as Simone read aloud. It seemed to him that some coarse appreciation of the cousin was concealed behind all those crickets and birds. Katia's blithe candor was insolent, a slur on his son. At the same time, he took heart: If a cousin was liable for Army duty, some part of the family must be French. On the other hand, who would rape his cousin in a barley field, if not a Russian?

"You swore Katia was French," he said, greatly troubled.

He knew nothing of Katia, but he did know something about fields. Roger decided he did not believe a



"But of course! We always cry during the second act of 'Tristan.'"

• •

word of the story. Katia was trying to turn Luc into a harmless and impotent bachelor friend. The two belonged in a novel of the early nineteen-fifties. (Simone, as Roger said this, began to frown.) "Luc is the good, kind man she can tell stories to," he said. "Her stories will be more and more about other men." As Simone drew breath, he said quickly, "Not that I see Luc in a novel."

"No, but I can see you in the diary of a hysterical English girl," said Simone, and she told him about Cassandra.

Roger, scarcely listening, went on, "In a novel, Katia's visit would be a real-estate tour. She would drive up from Biarritz with her mother and take pictures from the road. Katia's mother would find the house squat and suburban, and so Luc would show them Cousin Henri's. They would take pictures of that, too. Luc would now be going round with chalk and a tape measure, marking the furniture he wants to sell once we're buried, planning the rooms he will build for Katia when the place is his."

All at once he felt the thrust of the next generation, and for the first time he shared some of Simone's fear of the unknown girl.

"The house is yours," said Simone, mistaking his meaning. "The furniture is mine. They can't change that by going round with a piece of chalk. There's always the bank. She can't find *that* suburban." The bank had recently acquired a new and unexpected advantage: it was too small to be nationalized. "Your son is a dreamer," said Simone. "He dreams he is studying, and he fails his exams. He dreams about sex and revolutions, and he waits around for letters and listens to old men telling silly tales."

Roger remembered the hole drilled in the wall. An *au pair* girl in the shower was Luc's symbol of sexual mystery. From the great courtesans of his grandfather's time to the prettiest children of the poor in bordellos to a girl glimpsed as she stood drying herself—what a decline! Here was the true comedown, the real debasement of the middle class. Perhaps he would write a book about it; it would at least rival Mr. Brunt's opus about the decline of French officers.

"She can't spell," said Simone, examining the letter again. "If Luc marries her, he will have to write all her invitations and her postcards." What else did women write? She paused, wondering.

"Her journal?" Roger said.

In Cassandra's journal Simone read, "They expect such a lot from that poor clod of a Luc." That night at dinner Simone remarked, "My father once said he could die happy. He had never entertained a foreigner or shaken hands with an Englishman."

Cassandra stared at Roger as if to say, Is she joking? Roger, married twenty-three years, thought she was not. Cassandra's pale hair swung down as she drooped over her plate. She began to pick at something that, according to her diary, made her sick: underdone lamb, cooked the French way, stinking of garlic and spilling blood.

At dawn there was a spring thunderstorm, like the start of civil war. The gunfire died, and a hard, steady rain soaked the tennis court and

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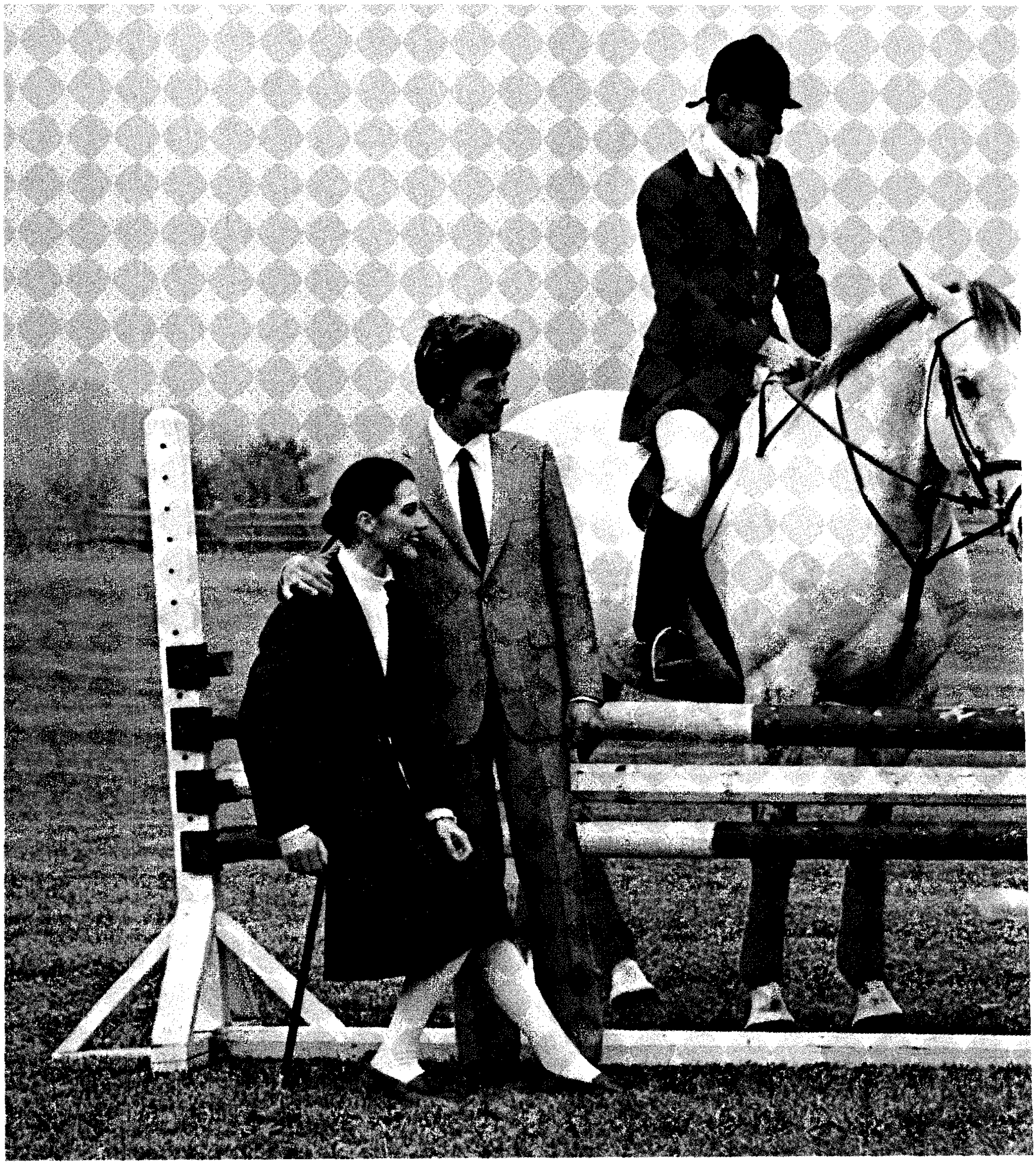

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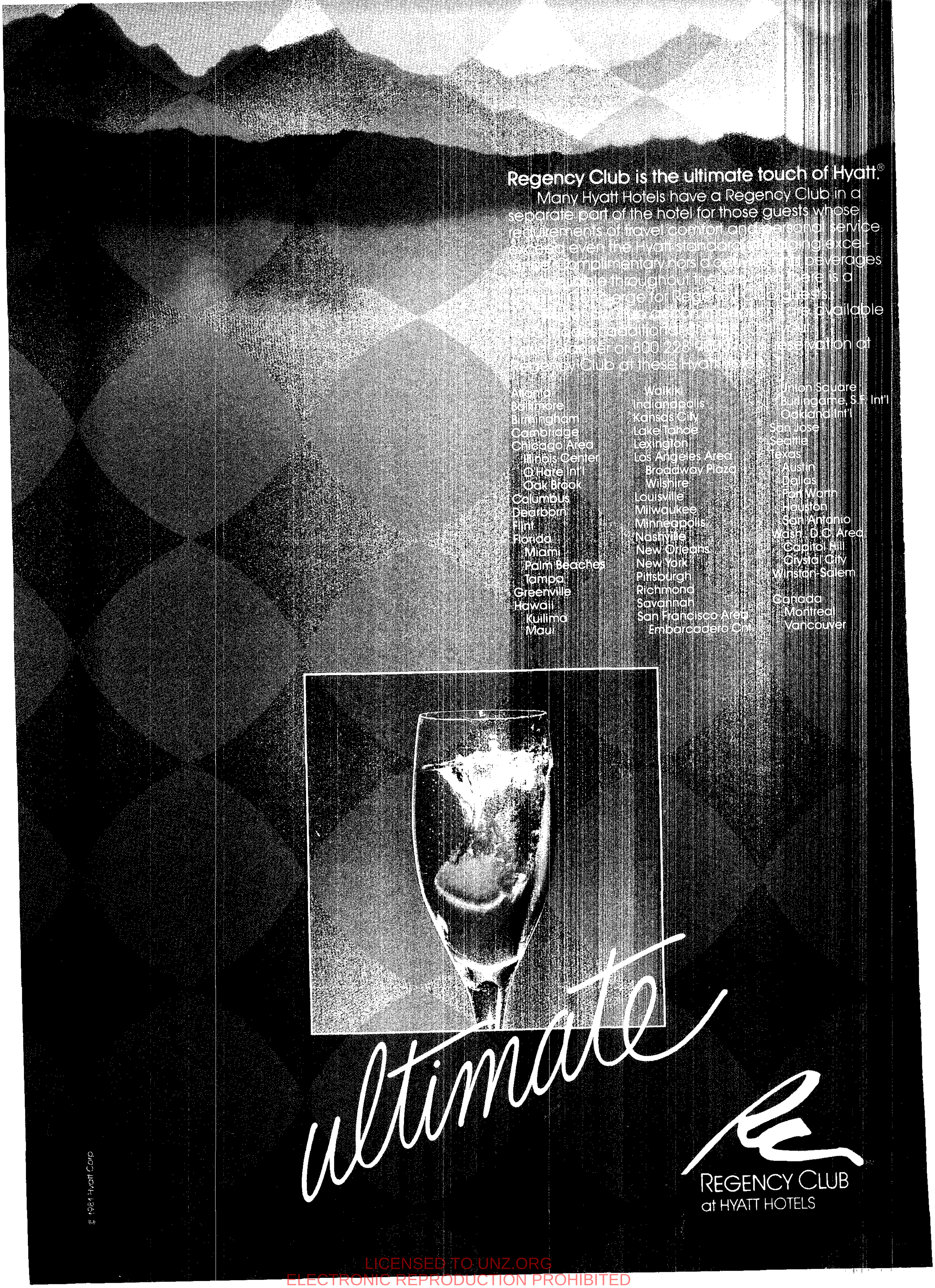

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lawn. Roger got up, first in the household, and let the dog out of the garage, where it slept among piles of paperbacks and rusting cans of weed killer. Roger was forty-eight that day; he hoped no one would notice. He thought he saw yellow roses running along the hedge, but it was a shaft of sunlight. In the kitchen, he found a pot with the remains of last night's coffee and heated some in a saucepan. While he drank, standing, looking out the window, the sky cleared entirely and became soft and blue.

"Happy birthday."

He turned his head, and there was Cassandra in the doorway, wearing a long gypsy skirt and an embroidered nightshirt, with toy rings on every finger. "I thought I'd dress because of Sunday," she explained. "I thought we might be going to church."

"I could offer you better coffee in the village," said Roger. "If you do not mind the walk." He imagined her diary entry: "The Baron tried to get me alone on a country road, miles from any sign of habitation."

"The dog will come, too," he assured her.

They walked on the rim of wet fields, in which the freed dog leaped. The hem of Cassandra's skirt showed dark where it brushed against drenched grasses. Roger told her that the fields and woods, almost all they could see, had belonged to his grandparents. Cousin Henri owned the land now.

Cassandra knew; when Simone was not talking about Luc and Katia and the government, she talked about Cousin Henri.

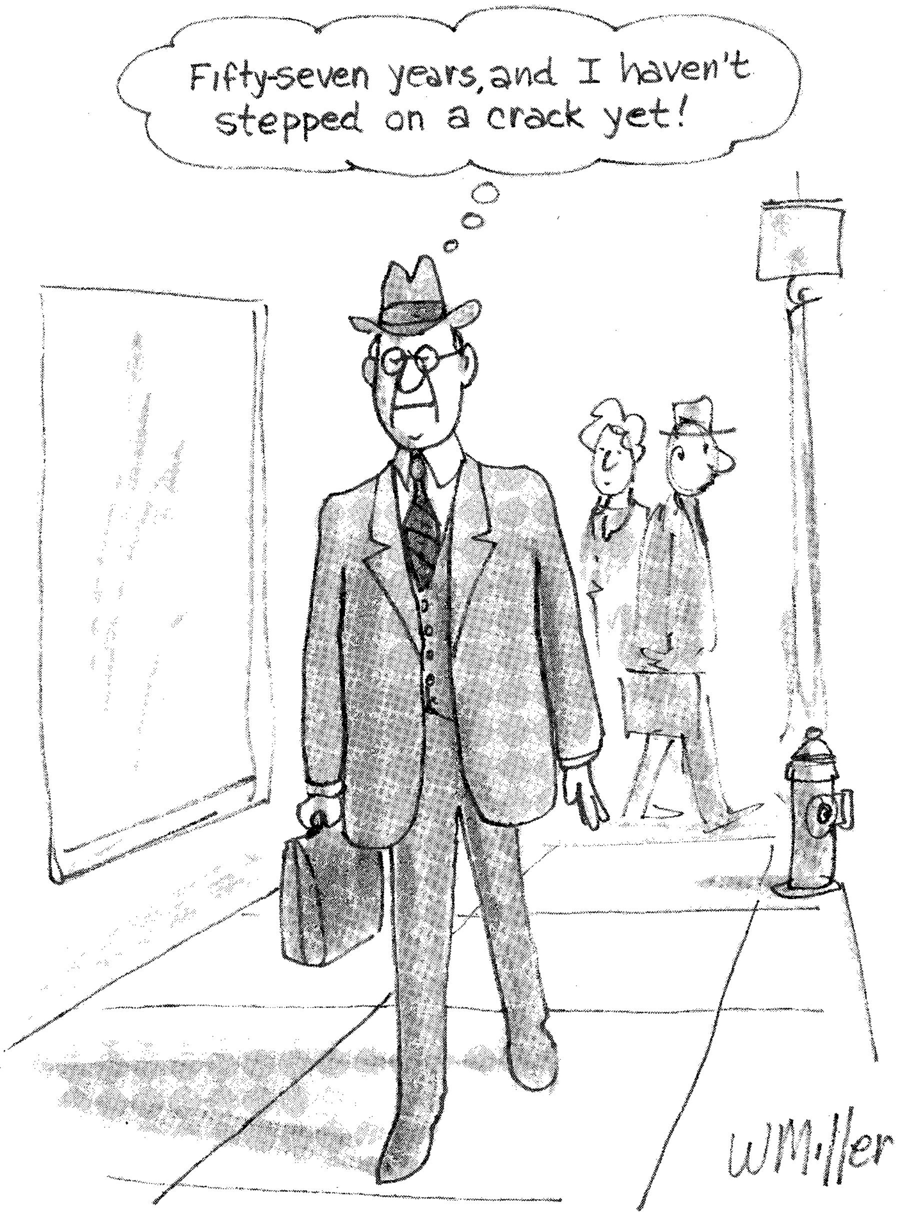
"My father wants to write another book, about Torquemada and Stalin and, I think, Cromwell," Cassandra said. "The theme would be single-mindedness. But he can't get down to it. My mother doesn't see why he can't write for an hour, then talk to her for an hour. She asks him to help look for things she's lost, like the keys to the car. Before he retired, she was never bored. Now that he's home all day, she wants company and she loses everything."

"How did he write his other books?" said Roger.

"In the minstrel he had a private office and secretary. Two, in fact. He expected to write even more, once he was free, but he obviously won't. If he were alone, I could look after him." That was unexpected. Perhaps Luc knew just how unexpected Cassandra could be, and that was why he stayed away from her. "I don't mean I imagine my mother not there," she said. "I only meant that I could look after him, if I had to."

Half a mile before the village stood Cousin Henri's house. Roger told Cassandra why he and Henri were not speaking, except through lawyers. Henri had been grossly favored by their mutual grandparents, thanks to the trickery of an aunt by marriage, who was Henri's godmother. The aunt, who was very rich as well as mad and childless, had acquired the grandparents' domain, in their lifetime, by offering more money than it was worth. She had done this wicked thing in order to hand it over, intact, unshared, undivided, to Henri, whom she worshipped. The transaction had been brought off on the wrong side of the law, thanks to a clan of Protestants and Freemasons.

Cassandra looked puzzled and pained. "You see, the government of that time . . ." said Roger, but he fell silent, seeing that Cassandra had stopped understanding. When he was overwrought he sounded like his wife. It was hardly surprising: he was simply repeating, word for word, everything Simone had been saying since they were married. In his own voice, which was ironic and diffident, he told Cassandra why Cousin Henri had never married. At the age of twenty Henri had been made trustee of a family secret. Henri's mother was illegitimate—at any rate, hatched from a cuckoo's egg. Henri's father was not his mother's husband but a country neighbor. Henri had been warned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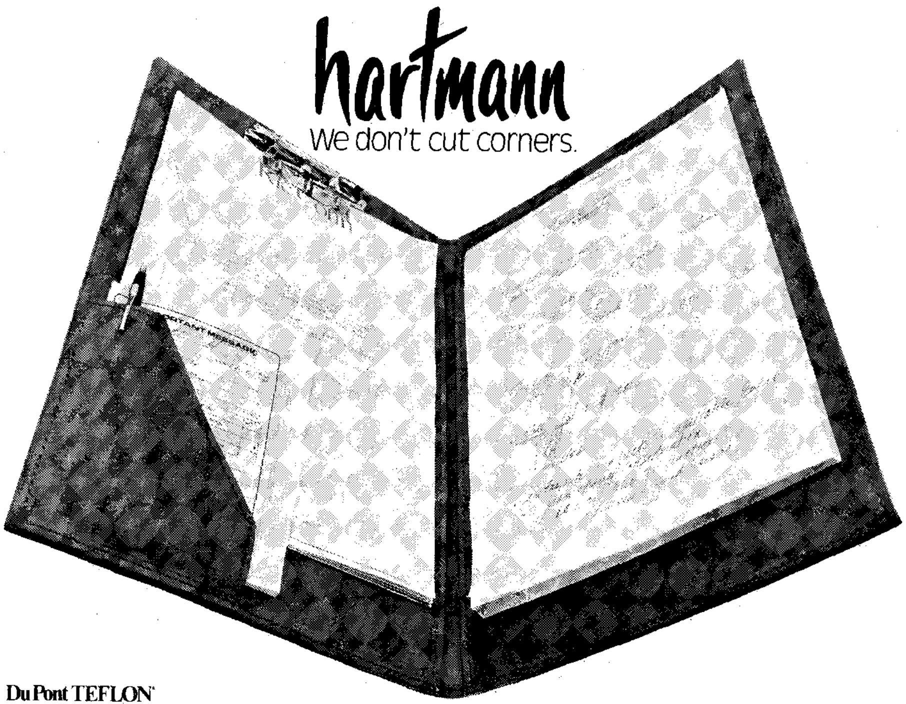

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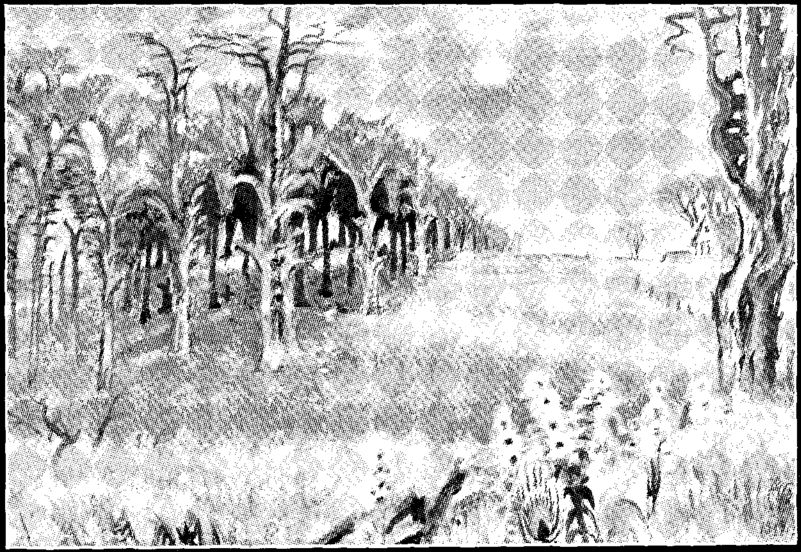

Charles E. Burchfield, **Fading November Sun**, 1947-59
Watercolor; 30 x 43 inches

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never to marry any of the such-and-such girls, because he might be marrying his own half sister. Henri might not have wanted to: the such-and-suches were ugly and poor. He had used the secret as good reason not to marry anyone, had settled down in the handsomest house in the Yonne (half of which should have been Roger's), and had peopled the neighborhood with his random children.

They slowed walking, and Cassandra looked at a brick-and-stucco box, and some dirty-faced children playing on the steps.

"There, behind the farmhouse," said Roger, showing a dark, severe manor house at the top of a straight drive.

"It looks more like a monastery, don't you think?" said Cassandra. Although Roger seemed to be waiting, she could think of nothing more to say. They walked on, toward Cassandra's breakfast.

On the road back, Roger neither looked at Cousin Henri's house nor mentioned it. They were still at some distance from home when they began to hear Simone: "Marry her! Marry Katia! Live with Katia! I don't care what you do. Anything, anything, so long as you pass your exam." Roger pushed open the gate and there was Simone, still in her dressing gown, standing on a lawn strewn with Luc's clothes, and Luc at the window, still in pajamas. Luc heaved a chair over the sill, then a couple of pillows and a whole armful of books. Having yelled something vile about the family (they were in disagreement later about what it was), he jumped out, too, and landed easily in a flower bed. He paused to pick up shoes he had flung out earlier, ran awkwardly across the lawn, pushed through a gap in the hedge, and vanished.

"He'll be back," said Simone, gathering books. "He'll want his breakfast. He really is a remarkable athlete. With proper guidance, Luc could have done anything. But Roger never took much interest."

"What was that last thing he said?" said Cassandra.

"Fools," said Simone. "But a common word for it. Never repeat that word, if you want people to think well of you."

"Spies," Roger had heard. In Luc's room he found a pair of sunglasses on the floor. He had noticed Luc limping as he made for the hedge; perhaps he had sprained an ankle. He remembered how Luc had been too tired to walk a

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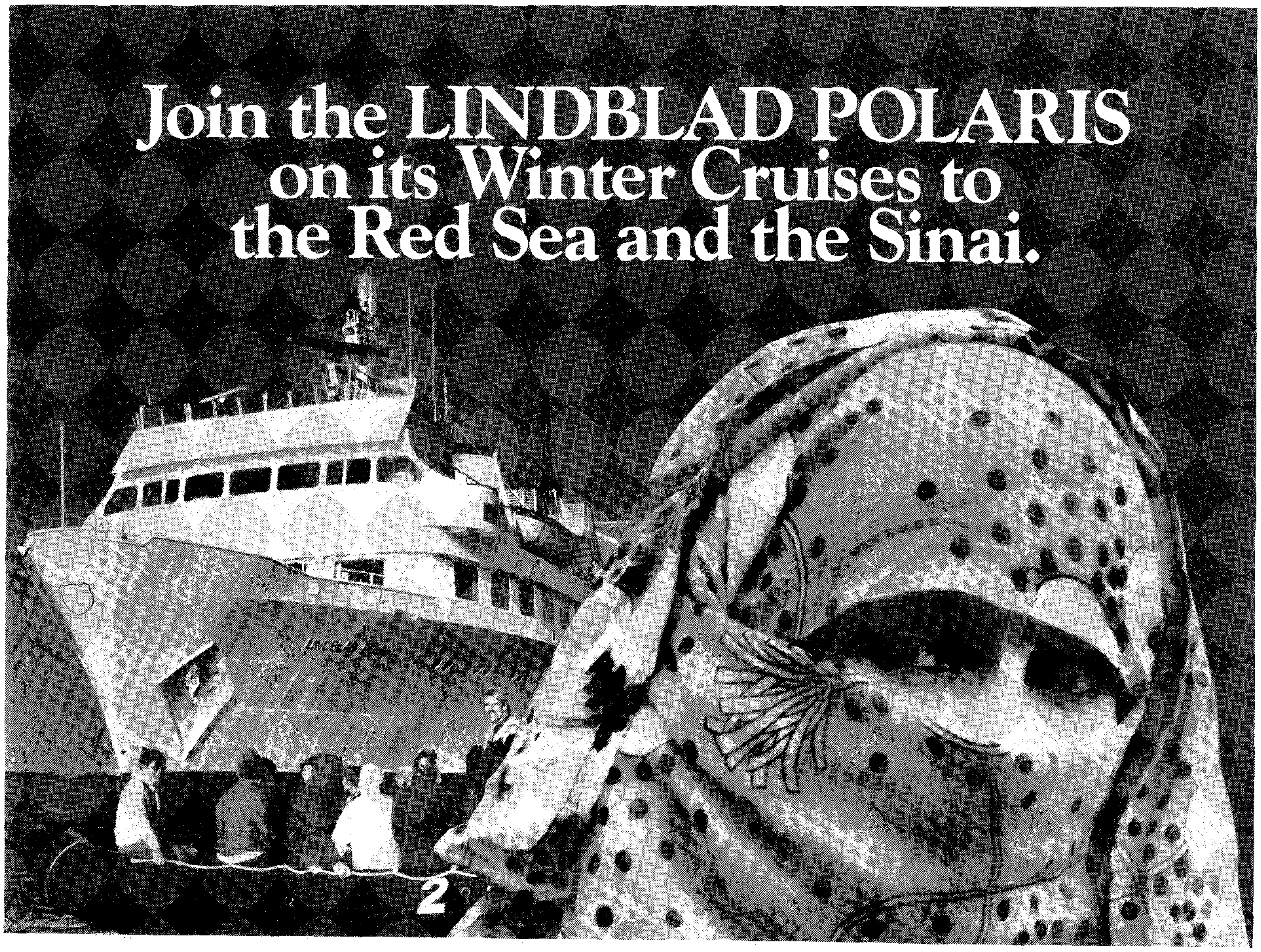

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dog, too worn out to feed a goldfish. Roger imagined him, now, wandering in muddy farmyards, in shoes and pajamas, children giggling at him—the Clairevoies' mooncalf son. Perhaps he had gone to tell his troubles to that other eccentric, Cousin Henri.

Tears came easily since Roger's last attack. He had been told they were caused by the depressant effect of the pills he had to take. He leaned on the window frame, in the hope of seeing Luc, and wept quietly in the shelter of Luc's glasses.

"It's awfully curious of me," said Cassandra, helping Simone, "but what's got into Luc? When he stayed with us, in England, he was angelic. Your husband seems upset, too."

"The *Baron*," said Simone, letting it be known she had read the diary and was ready for combat, "the *Baron* is too sensible. Today is his birthday. He is forty-eight—nearly fifty."

Roger supposed she meant "sensitive." To correct Simone might create a diversion, but he could not be sure of what kind. To let it stand might bewilder the English girl; but, then, Cassandra was born bewildered.

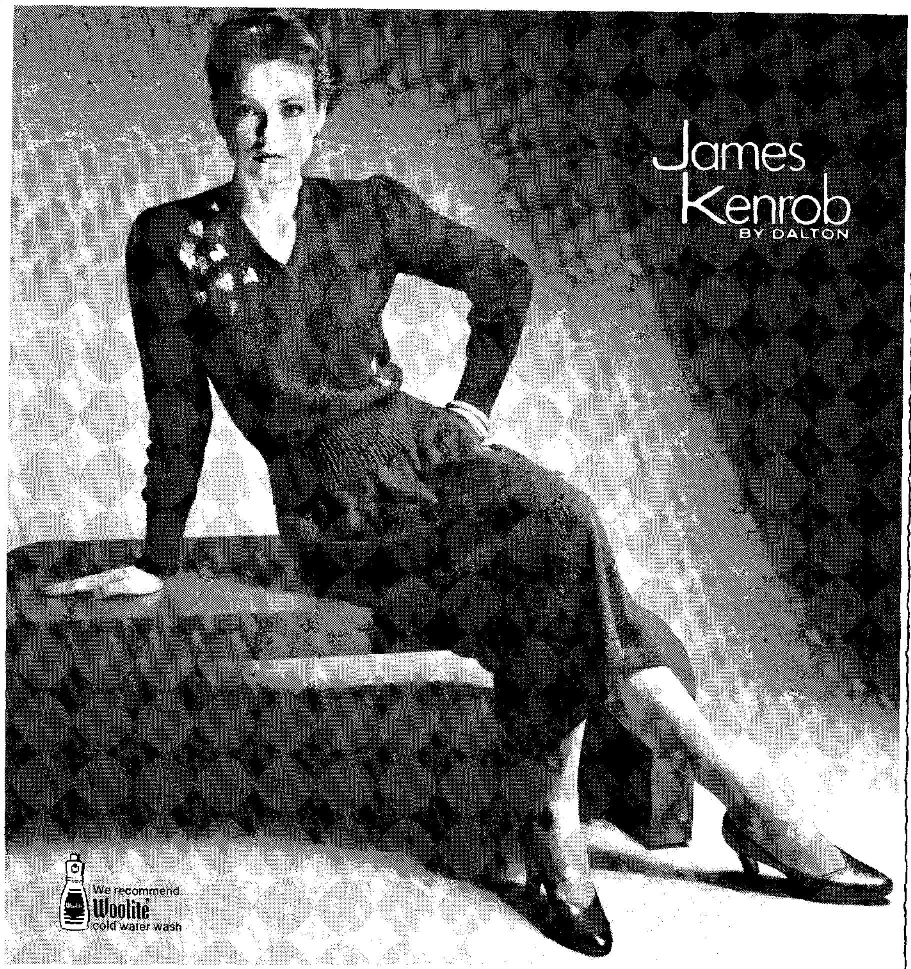
Luc came home in time for dinner, dressed in a shirt and corduroys belonging to Cousin Henri. His silence, Roger thought, challenged them for questions; none came. He accepted a portion of Roger's birthday cake, which, of course, Roger could not touch, and left half on his plate. "Even as a small child, Luc never cared for chocolate," Simone explained to Cassandra.

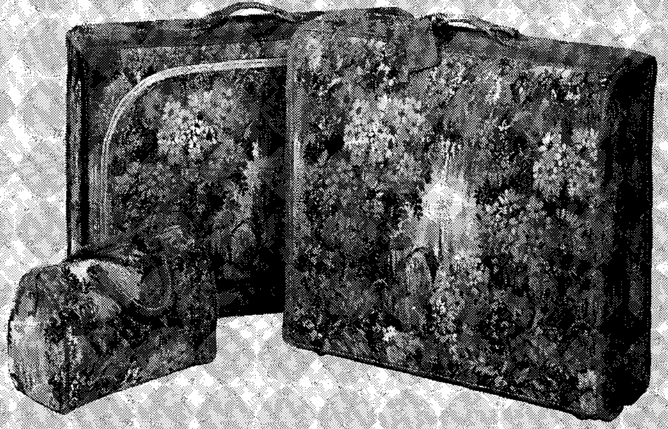
The next day, only food favored by Luc was served. Simone turned over a letter from Katia. It was brief and cool in tone: Katia had been exercising horses in a riding school, helping a friend.

The Clairevoies, preceded by Luc on the Honda, packed up and drove back to Paris. This time Cassandra was allowed to sit in front, next to Simone. Roger and the dog shared the back seat with Luc's books and a number of parcels.

They saw Cassandra off at the Gare du Nord. Roger was careful not to take her arm, brush against her, or otherwise inspire a mention in her diary. She wore a T-shirt decorated with a grinning mouth. "It's been really lovely," she said. Roger bowed.

Her letter of thanks arrived promptly. She was planning to help her father with his book on Stalin, Cromwell, and Torquemada. He wanted to include a woman on the list, to bring the work in line with trends





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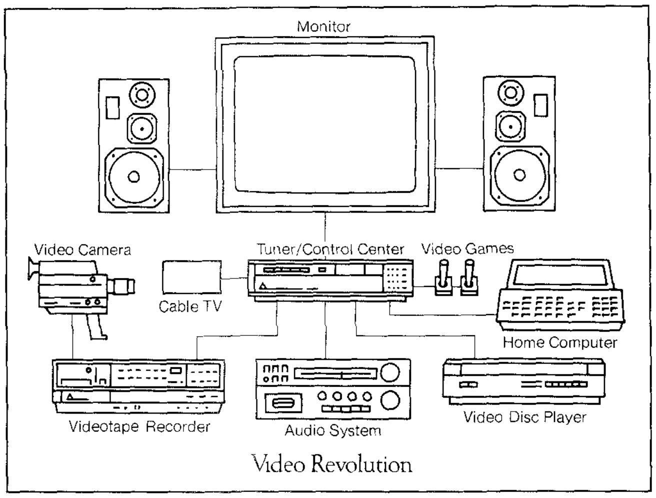

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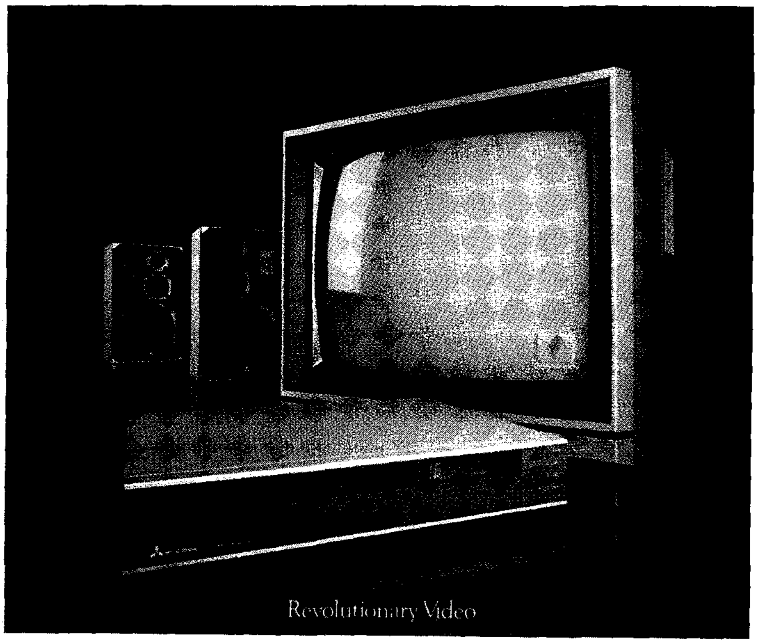

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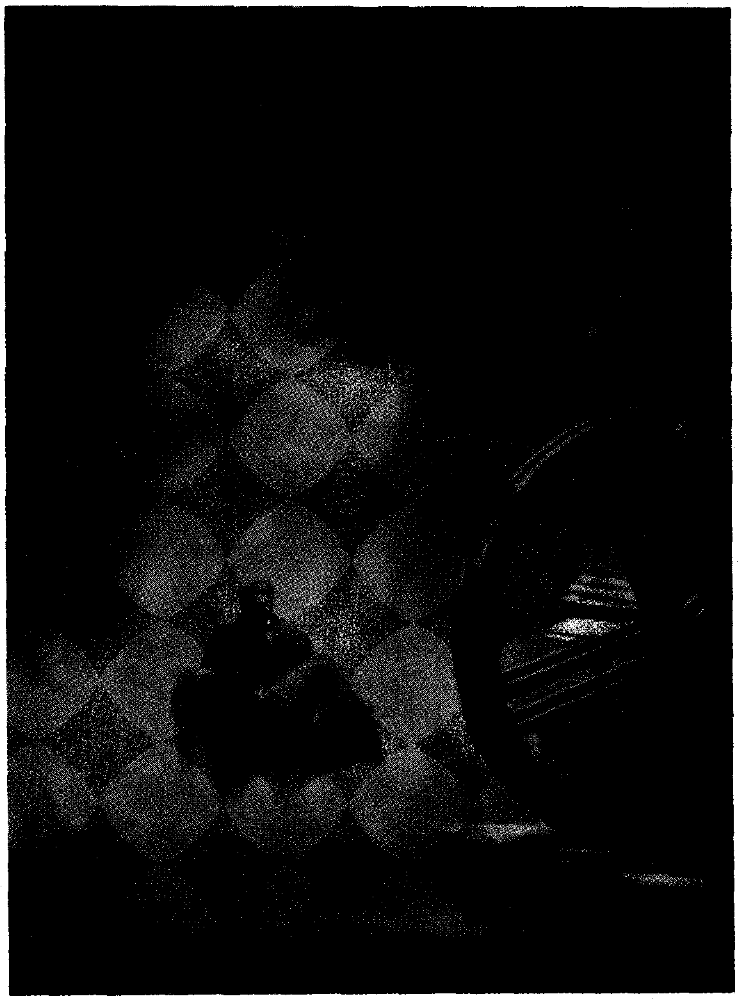

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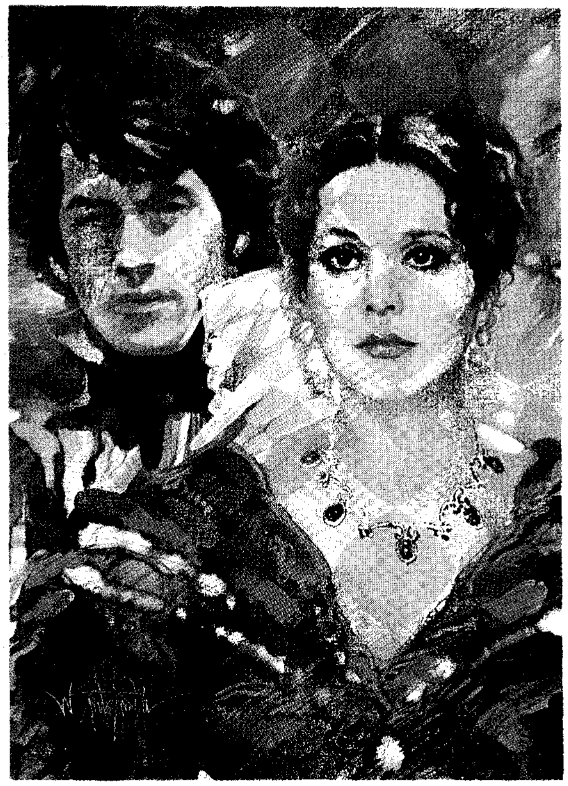

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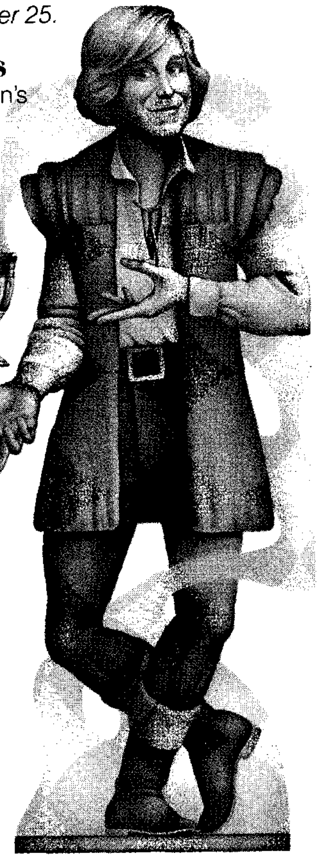

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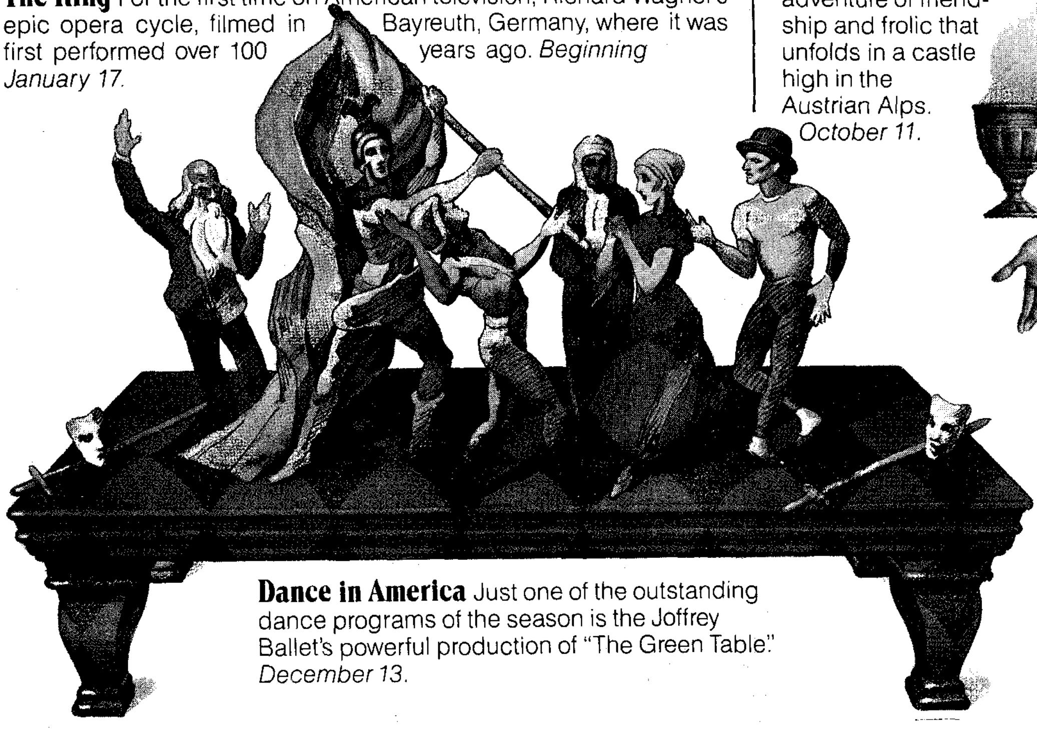

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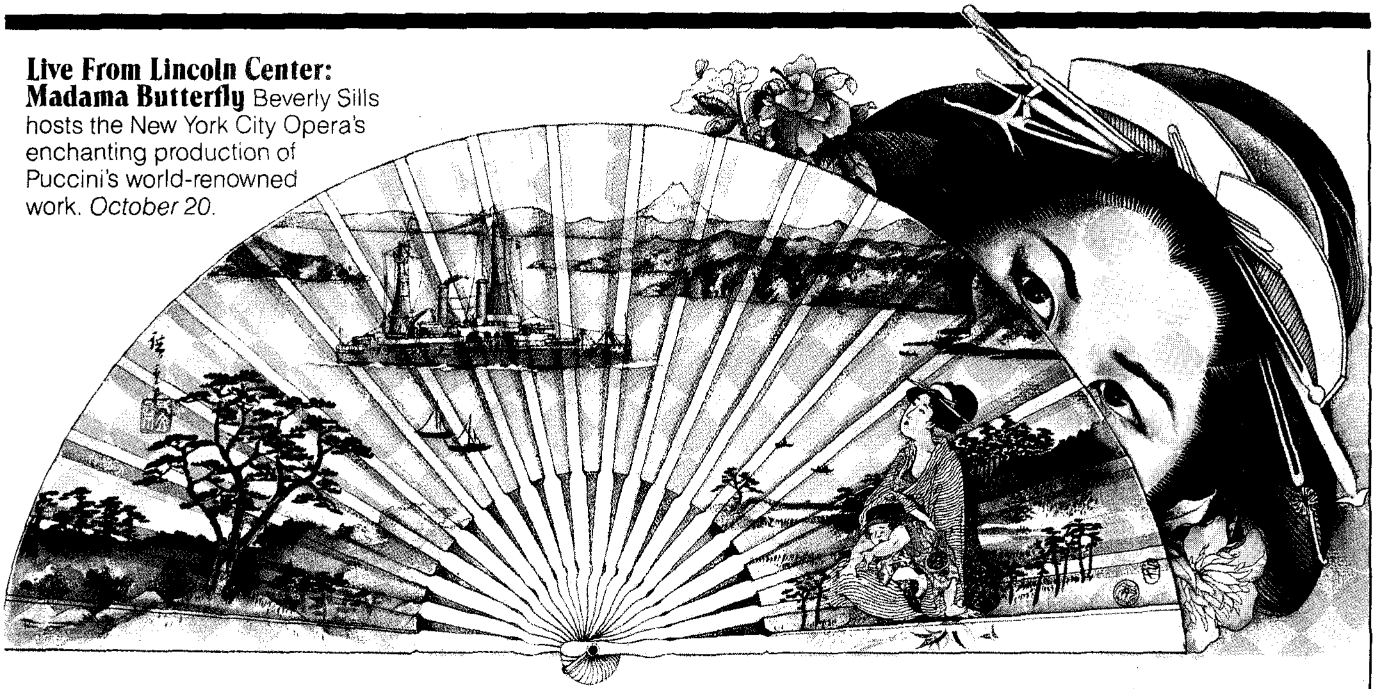

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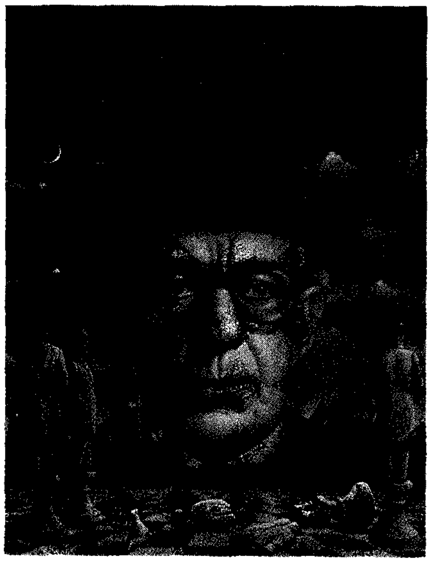

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of the day. Cassandra had suggested Boadicea, Queen of the Iceni. Boadicea stood for feminine rectitude, firmness, and true love of one's native culture. So Cassandra felt.

"Cassandra has written a most learned and affectionate letter," said Simone, who would never have to see Cassandra again. "I only hope Luc was as polite to the Brunts." Her voice held a new tone of maternal grievance and maternal threat.

Luc, who no longer found threats alarming, packed his books and took the train for Rennes. Katia's letters seemed to have stopped. Searching Luc's room, Simone found nothing to read except a paperback on private ownership. "I believe he is taking an interest in things," she told Roger.

IT was late in May when the Clairevoies made their final trip to Rennes. Suspecting what awaited them, Simone wore mourning—a dark linen suit, black sandals, sunglasses. Father Rousseau had on a dark suit and black tie. After some hesitation he said what Roger was waiting to hear: it was useless to make Luc sit for an examination he had not even a remote chance of passing. Luc was unprepared, now and forever. He had, in fact, disappeared, though he had promised to come back once the talk with his parents was over. Luc had confided that he would be content to live like Cousin Henri, without a degree to his name, and with a reliable tenant farmer to keep things running.

My son is a fool, said Roger to himself. Katia, who was certainly beautiful, perhaps even clever, loved him. She stood crying in the street, trying to see a light in his room.

"Luc's cousin is rich," said Simone. "Luc is too pure to understand the difference. He will have to learn something. What about computer training?"

"Luc has a mind too fluid to be restrained," said Father Rousseau.

"Literature?" said Simone, bringing up the last resort.

Roger came to life. "Sorting letters in the post office?"

"Machines do that," said Father Rousseau. "Luc would have to pass a test to show he understands the machine. I have been wondering if there might be in Luc's close environment a family affair." The Clairevoies fell silent. "A family business," Father Rousseau repeated. "Families are open, airy structures. They take in the

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dreamy as well as the alert. There is always an extra corner somewhere."

Like most of her women friends, Simone had given up wearing jewelry: the streets were full of anarchists and muggers. One of her friends knew of someone who had had a string of pearls ripped off her neck by a bearded intellectual of the Mediterranean type—that is, quite dark. Simone still kept, for luck, a pair of gold earrings, so large and heavy they looked fake. She touched her talisman earrings and said, "We have in our family a bank too small to be nationalized."

"Congratulations," said Father Rousseau, sincerely. When he got up to see them to the door, Roger saw he wore running shoes.

It fell to Roger to tell Luc what was to become of him. After military service of the most humdrum and unprotected kind, he would move to a provincial town and learn about banks. The conversation took place late one night in Luc's room. Simone had persuaded Roger that Luc needed to be among his own things—the galleon lamp, the Foreign Legion recruiting poster that had replaced Che Guevara, the photograph of Simone that replaced Roger's graduating class. Roger said, somewhat shyly, "You will be that much closer to Biarritz."

"Katia is getting married," said Luc. "His father has a riding school." He said this looking away, rolling a pencil between thumb and finger, something like the way his mother had rolled a kitchen match. Reflected in the dark window, Luc's cheeks were hollowed, his eyes blazing and black. He looked almost a hero and, like most heroes, lonely.

"What happened to your friends?" said Roger. "The friends you used to see every Sunday."

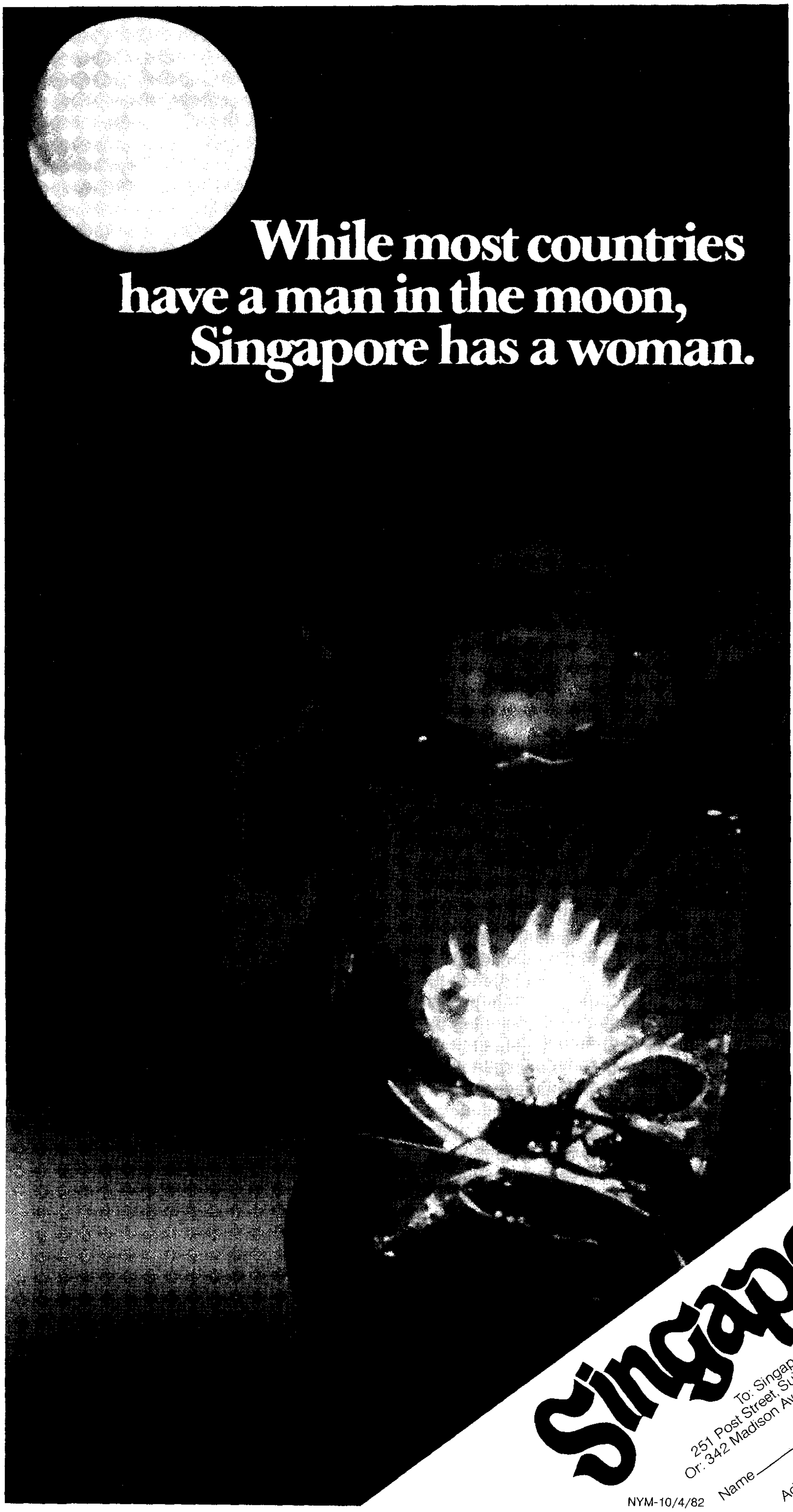
"Oh, that . . . that fell apart. All the people they ever talked about were already dead. And some of the parents were worried. You were the only parents who never interfered."

"We wanted you to live your own life," said Roger. "It must have been that. Could you get her back?"

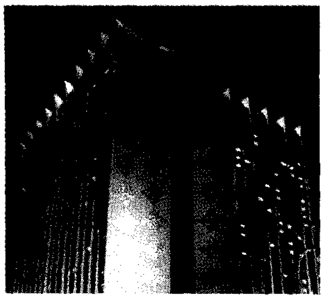
"You can do anything with a woman if you give her enough money."

"Who told you a thing like that?" In the window Roger examined the reflected lamp, the very sight of which was supposed to have made a man of Luc.

"Everyone. Cousin Henri. I told her we owned a bank, because Cousin Henri said it would be a good thing to tell her. She asked me how to go about



Many hundreds of years ago, as a result of a misunderstanding between lovers, a woman was transported to the moon. Now, during the Moon Cake Festival, lanterns are lit and moon cakes are served in sympathy for the lonely lady in the moon.



Hotels in Singapore delight in surprising you with the unusual. For example, a swimming pool on the 20th floor to give you a panoramic view of the city while you sunbathe, or a mini-golf course next to the coffee house so you can tee-off before breakfast.

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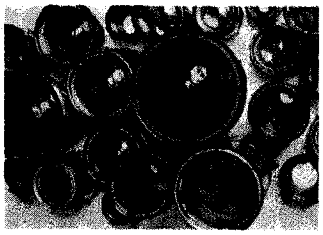

The great names in camera equipment wait to be snapped-up at duty-free prices in Singapore. And you can often bargain the price down further, with the storekeeper providing a complimentary glass of beer during the process.

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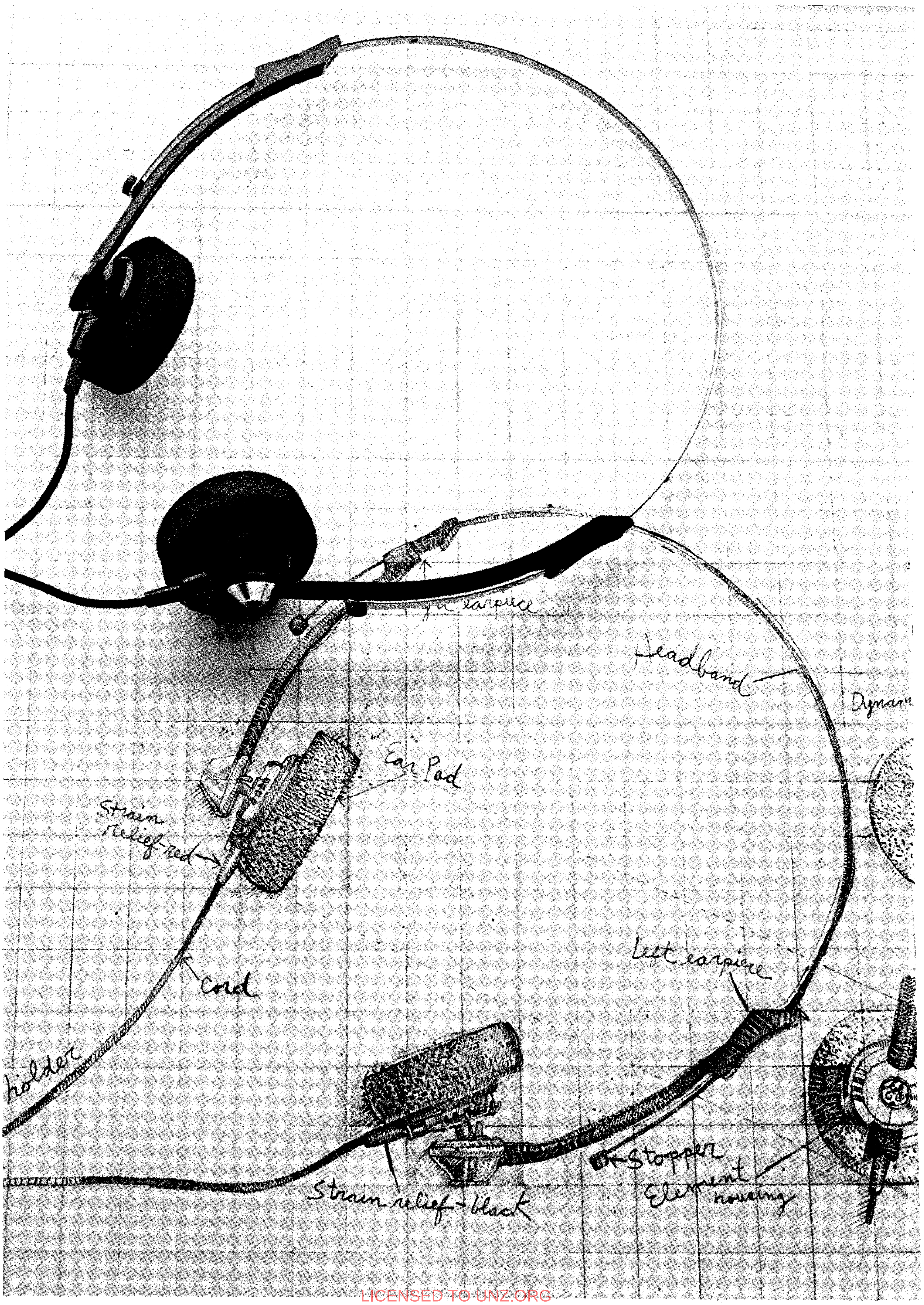
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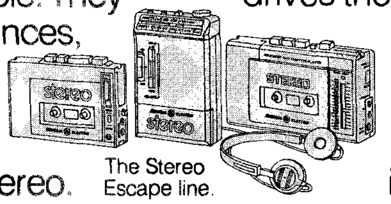

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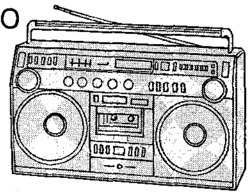

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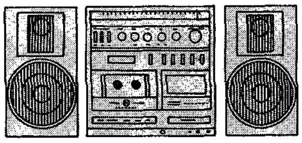

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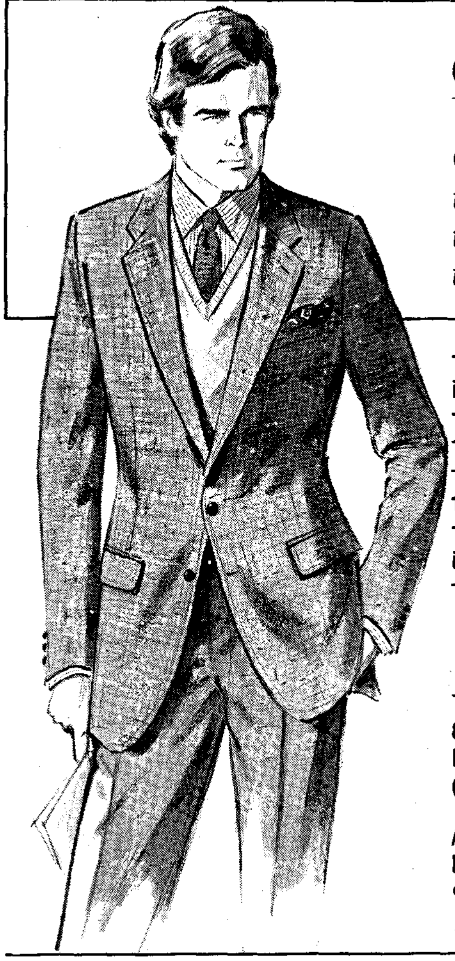

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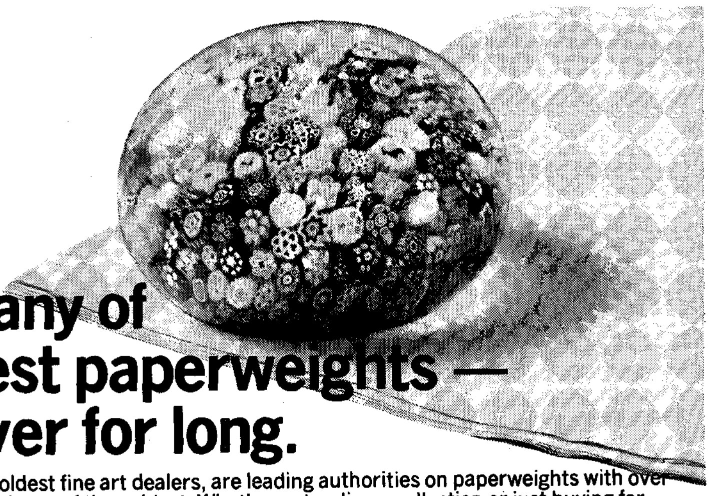

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getting a bank loan. That was all.'

Does he really believe he owns a bank, Roger wondered. "About money," he said. "Nothing of Cousin Henri's is likely to be ours. Illegitimate children are allowed to inherit now, and my cousin," said Roger with some wonder, "has acknowledged everyone. I pity the schoolteacher. All she ever sees is the same face." This was not what Luc was waiting to hear. "You will inherit everything your mother owns. I have to share with my cousin, because that is how our grandparents arranged it." He did not go on about the Freemasons and Protestants, because Luc already knew.

"It isn't fair," said Luc.

"Then you and your mother share my share."

"How much of yours is mine?" said Luc politely.

"Oh, something at least the size of the tennis court," said Roger.

On Luc's desk stood, silver-framed another picture of Simone, a charming one taken at the time of her engagement. She wore, already, the gold earrings. Her hair was in the upswept balloon style of the time. Her expression was smiling, confident but untried. Both Luc and Roger suddenly looked at it in silence.

It was Simone's belief that, after Katia, Luc had started sleeping with one of her own friends. She thought she knew the one: the Hungarian wife of an architect, fond of saying she wished she had a daughter the right age for Luc. This was a direct sexual compliment, based on experience, Simone thought. Roger thought it meant nothing at all. It was the kind of empty declaration mothers mistook for appreciation. Simone had asked Roger to find out what he could, for this was the last chance either of them would ever have to talk to Luc. From now on, he would undoubtedly get along better with his parents, but where there had been a fence there would be a wall. Luc was on his own.

Roger said, "It was often thought, in my day, mainly by foreigners who had never been to France, that young men began their lives with their mother's best friend. Absurd, when you consider it. Why pick an old woman when you can have a young one?" *Buy* a young one, he had been about to say, by mistake. "Your mother's friends often seem young to me. I suppose it has to do with their clothes—so loose, unbuttoned. The disorder is already there. My mother's

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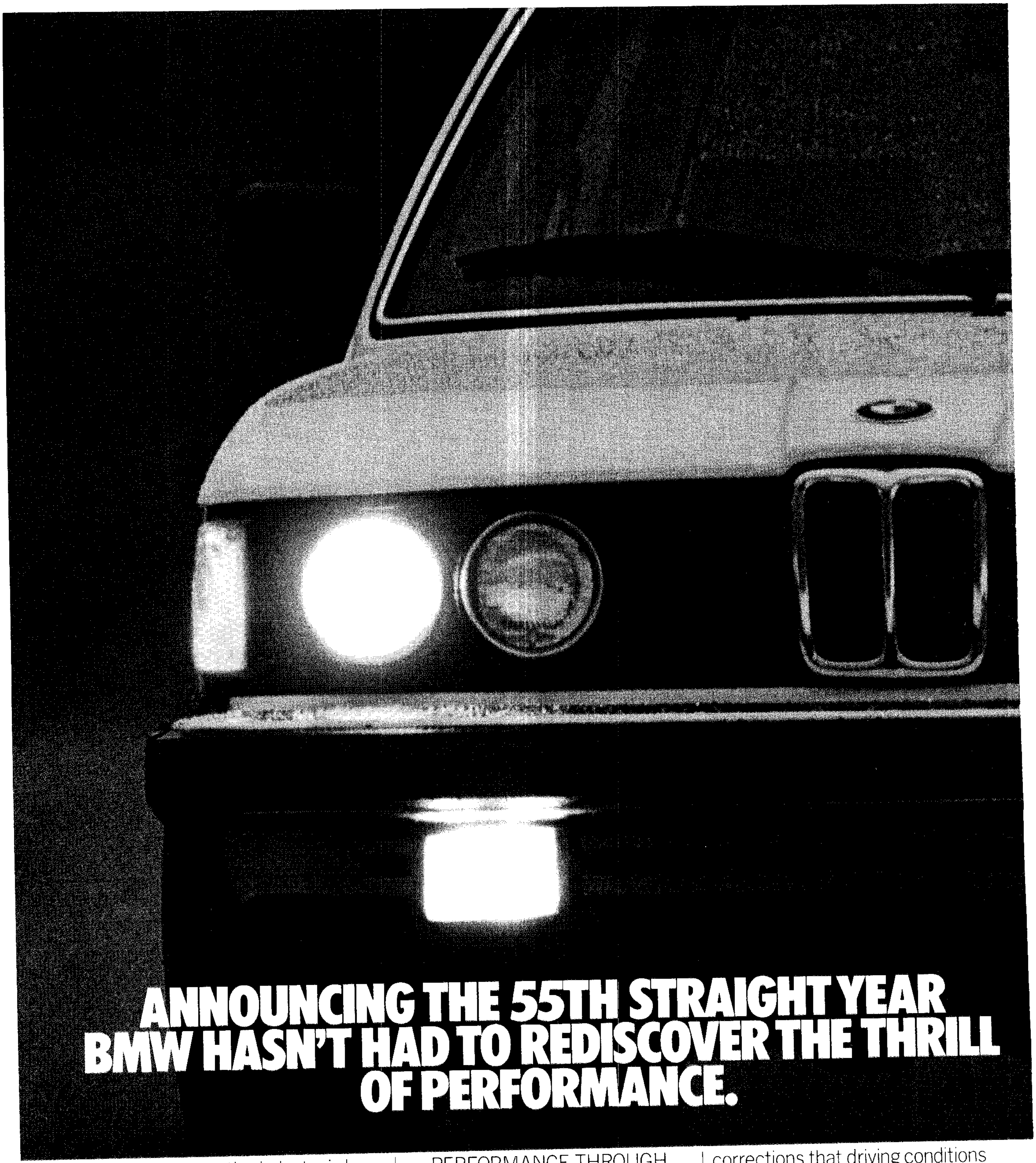

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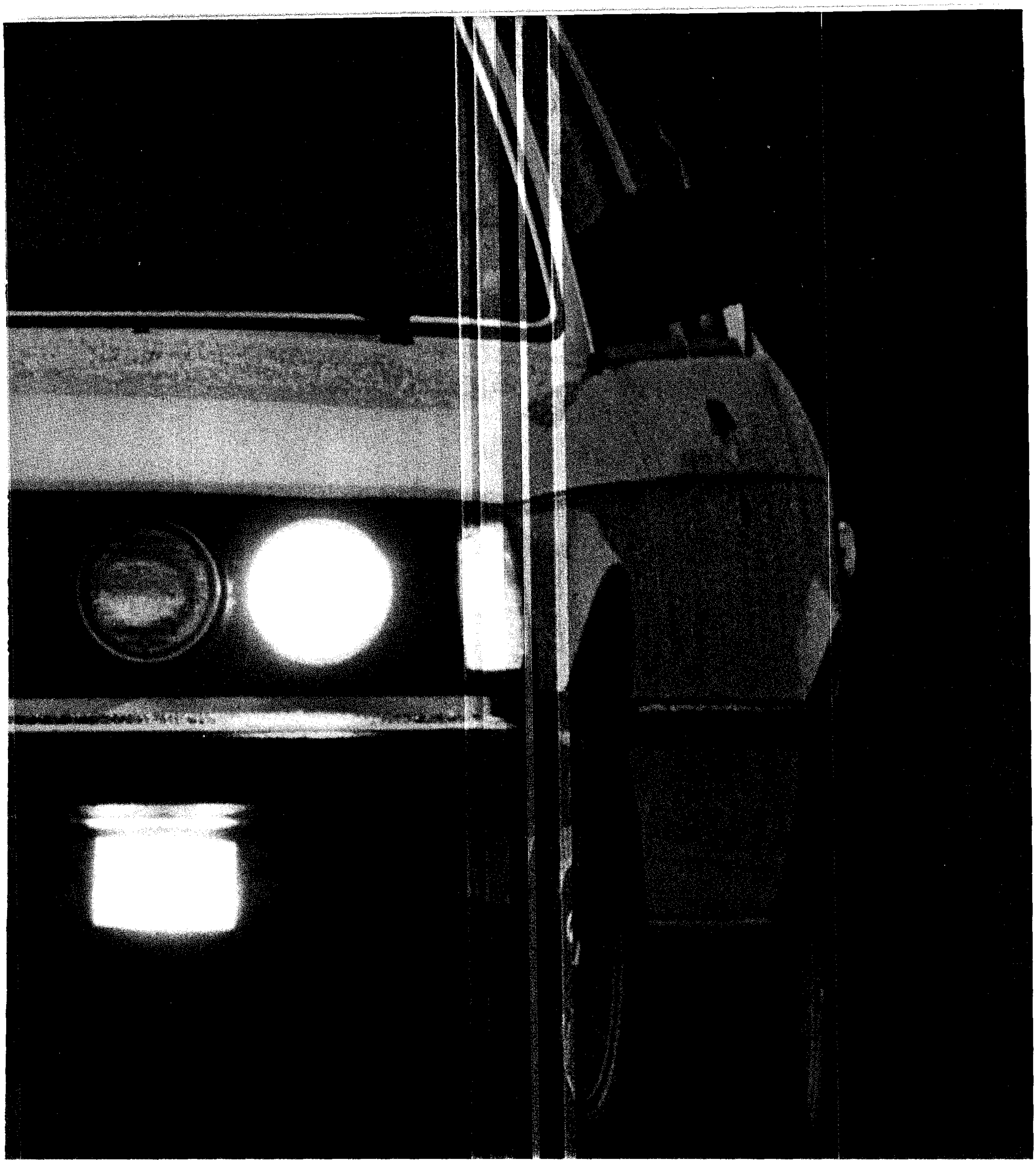

and development than any other European car maker. Placing between the 320i and various rivals a distance unlikely to be made up in the current model year, the magic of marketing notwithstanding.

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best friends wore armor. It was called the New Look, invented by Christian Dior, a great defender of matronly virtue." A direct glance from Luc—the first. "There really was a Mr. Dior, just as I suppose there was a Mr. Mercedes and a Mr. Benz. My mother and her friends were put into boned corsets, stiff petticoats, wide-brimmed, murderous hats. Their nails were pointed, and as red as your lampshade. They carried furled parasols with silver handles and metal-edged handbags. Even the heels of their shoes were contrived for braining people. No young man would have gone anywhere near." Luc's eyes met Roger's in the window. "I have often wondered," said Roger, "though I'm not trying to make it my business, what you and Katia could have done. Where could you have taken her? Well, unless she had some private place of her own. There's more and more of that. Daughters of nice couples, people we know. Their own apartment, car, money. Holidays no one knows where. Credit cards, bank accounts, abortions. In my day, we had a miserable amount of spending money, but we had the girls in the Rue Spontini. Long after the bordellos were closed, there was the Rue Spontini place. Do you know who first took me there? Cousin Henri. Not surprising, considering the life he has led since. Henri called it 'the annex,' because he ran into so many friends from his school. On Thursday afternoons, that was." A slight question in Luc's eyes. "Thursday was our weekly holiday, like Wednesdays for you. I don't suppose every Wednesday—no, I'm sure you don't. Besides, even the last of those places vanished years ago. There were Belgian girls, Spanish girls from Algeria. Some were so young—oh, very young. One told me I was like a brother. I asked Cousin Henri what she meant. He said he didn't know."

Luc said, "Katia could cry whenever she wanted to." Her face never altered, but two great tears would suddenly brim over and course along her cheeks.

The curtains and shutters were open. Anyone could look in. There was no one in the street—not even a ghost. How real Katia and Luc had seemed; how they had touched what was left of Roger's heart; how he had loved them. Giving them up forever, he said, "I always admired that picture of your mother."

Simone and Roger had become en-

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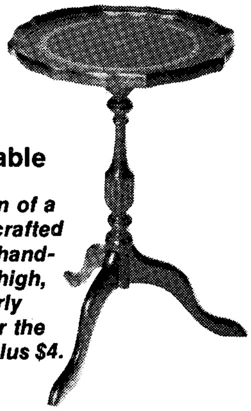

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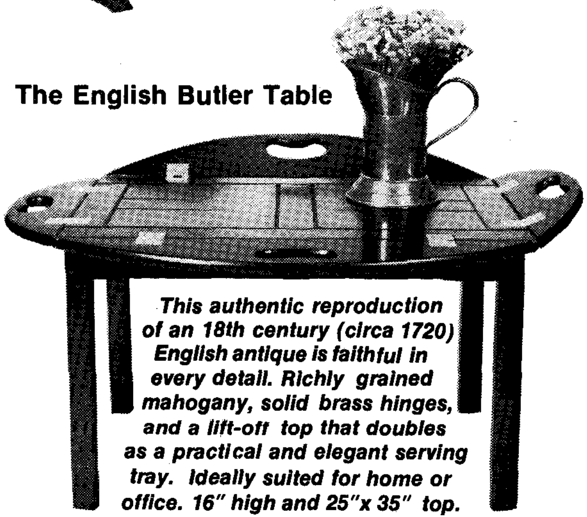

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gaged while Roger was still a lieutenant in Algeria. On the night before their wedding, which was to take place at ten o'clock in the morning in the church of Saint-Pierre de Chaillot, Roger paid a wholly unwelcome call. Simone received him alone, in her dressing gown, wearing a fine net over her carefully ballooned hair. Her parents, listening at the door, took it for granted Roger had caught a venereal disease in a North African brothel and wanted the wedding postponed; Simone supposed he had met a richer and prettier girl. All Roger had to say was that he had seen an Algerian prisoner being tortured to death. Simone had often asked Roger, since then, why he had tried to frighten her with something that had so little bearing on their future. Roger could not remember what his reason had been.

He tried, now, to think of something important to say to Luc, as if the essence of his own life could be bottled in words and handed over. Sylvestre, wakened by a familiar voice, came snuffling at the door, expecting at this unsuitable hour to be taken out. Roger remarked, "Whatever happens, don't get your life all mixed up with a dog's." —MAVIS GALLANT

•

REGIONAL FORECAST

NEW YORK CITY
Today: Mostly sunny. High: 70–75. Northwesterly winds at 5 to 10 miles per hour. Tonight: Mostly sunny. . . .

WESTCHESTER, ROCKLAND
Today: Mostly sunny. High: 65–70. Northwesterly winds at 5 to 10 m.p.h. Tonight: Mostly sunny. . . .

CONNECTICUT
Today: Mostly sunny. High: 65–70. Westerly winds at 10 to 15 m.p.h. Tonight: Mostly sunny. . . .

LONG ISLAND
Today: Mostly sunny. High: 70–75. Northwesterly winds at 5 to 10 m.p.h. Tonight: Mostly sunny. . . .

NEW JERSEY
Today: Mostly sunny. High: 70–75. Northwesterly winds at 5 to 10 m.p.h. Tonight: Mostly sunny. . . . —*The Times.*

It's been a wonderful summer, hasn't it, *Times*?

•

LARGE REWARD for information leading to the arrest and conviction of the criminal who illegally entered my property at 97 Fenwood drive on Sept. 25th during two hours we were out to dinner and destroyed our Have-a-Heart snake trap and then placed it on our front porch for us to trip over.—*Adv. in the Old Saybrook (Conn.) Penny Saver.*

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PLANE CRAZY

SUNDAY, MARCH 28, 1948
NORWOOD, MASSACHUSETTS

ON this crisp morning, George R. Wiggin, a dour, weathered flight instructor, climbs out of the rattly yellow Piper J-3 Cub (N2123) that he and I have been flying together for the past fifteen minutes and tells me to take the tiny airplane up alone, to solo. His almost casual permission marks the culmination of ten hours of dual instruction, begun in August of 1946, when I was fourteen years old. "Remember not to dive at the runway when you're landing," he shouts above the sputter of the idling sixty-five-horsepower Continental engine. "If you're too high, slip the airplane in or go around again, but *don't dive!* I'll be standing right here watching. After you land, taxi back to the flight line and park the airplane. Good luck." He reaches into the cockpit, tightens the safety belt on the seat that he has just vacated, and adjusts the elevator-trim control to compensate for his absent weight. Then he closes the double-door hatch, slaps the doped fabric of the fuselage, which reverberates like a tomtom, and waves. I take a deep breath and embark on the greatest experience of my young life.

Actually, I have been adequately prepared to solo since last December, but I hadn't then turned sixteen, the legal minimum age for a student-pilot license. Mr. Wiggin became suspicious when he noticed that I always arrived at the Norwood Airport for my lessons by hitchhiking or, in one memorable instance, under the automotive auspices of my terrified mother. "You don't have a driver's license, do you?" he said to me one day. "You're not even sixteen yet."

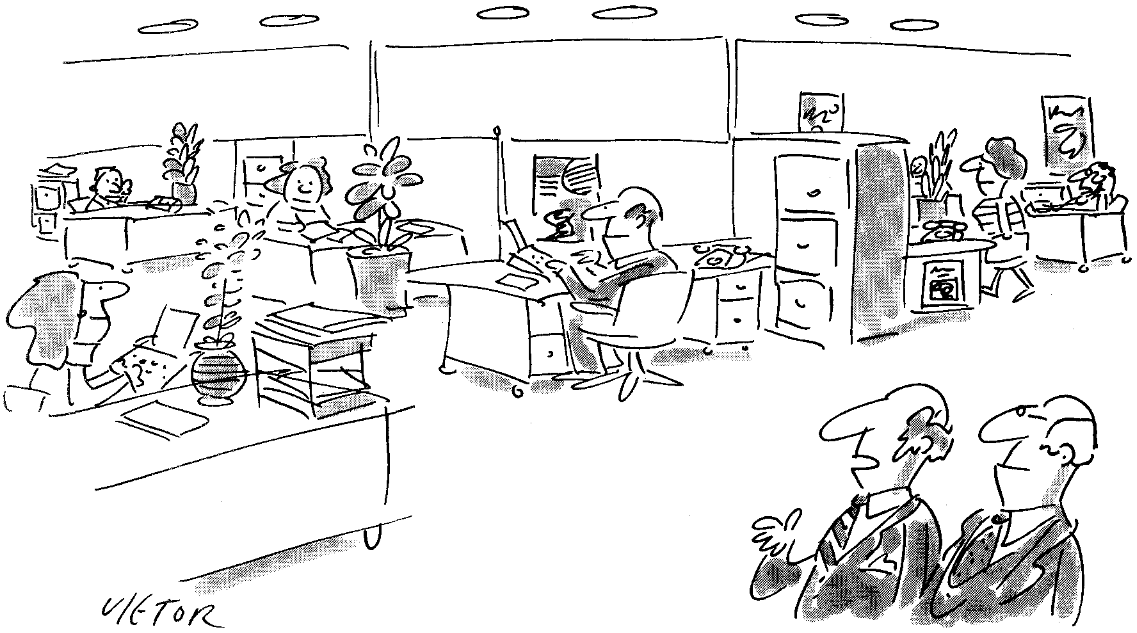
I nodded sheepishly.

"How the hell do you expect to be a licensed student pilot if you're not even a licensed automobile driver? When you can drive to the airport all by yourself, I'll let you fly an airplane all by yourself." Today, for the first time, I legally drove to the airport, and Mr. Wiggin was as good as his word.

My eagerness to be the sole occupant and operator of an airplane long predated my flying lessons. At the age of five, I had become infatuated with aviation, having found myself within touching distance of a Stearman biplane parked at a small grass strip in southern Massachusetts. From then on, the mere sight, sound, or photograph of a plane sent volts of excitement through me. I drew childish pictures of aircraft on surfaces ranging from my bedroom wallpaper to school-textbook pages; I built balsa-wood-and-doped-paper models of Piper Cubs and P-47s; I read Antoine de Saint-Exupéry and how-an-airplane-flies books for children and opaque flight manuals for adult professionals; and I served as a junior airplane spotter for the Massachusetts State Guard during the Second World War and cursed my lot in not being old enough to become a fighter pilot. Later, I wheedled my parents into letting me take flying lessons, but had to use my allowance, school-lunch money, and odd-job wages to pay for them. My friends called me "plane crazy;" they couldn't figure out why I wasn't more interested in girls or sports or getting into a good college than in flying planes on weekends. But the sacrifices I made for Mr. Wiggin's time and his Piper Cubs were inconsequential. I revelled in the thrill of flying and his stern instruction in straight-and-level flight, climbs and glides, turns and slips, landings and takeoffs, recovery from spins and stalls, and—once, after a blizzard—operating a Cub equipped with aluminum skis. He corrected my mistakes with a stentorian "No!" and a wrenching of the controls to their proper setting; he approved my performance by remaining silent, and his silence was more gratifying than a pat on the back or a kind word.

On this momentous Sunday in March, he reviews the basic maneuvers during our fifteen minutes of dual flight and then decides to let me solo.

Fighting off a kind of giddiness, I apply myself to the serious matter at hand. If all goes well, I will perform a neat rectangle of controlled flight, causing this flimsy, ungainly machine to rise into the air above the east-west runway against a moderate easterly wind; to climb to six hundred feet and turn ninety degrees to the left for the crosswind leg of the closed traffic pattern; then to climb to eight hundred feet and make another ninety-degree left turn for the long downwind leg; and to make still another ninety-degree left turn for the base leg, followed by a shallow power-off glide, a turn to the final approach, and a safe landing on the same east-west runway. I ease the throttle forward a bit and taxi to



"Each employee can have one plant or one poster. But they can't have both."

the west end of the runway, where I brake to a full stop. So far so good. But suddenly everything I have learned about taking off crowds my mind in a numbing blur. For a panicky few moments, I have no idea what to do next except, perhaps, cut the engine and flee the airplane for terra firma. However, the sight of the carburetor-heat knob in the "on" position brings me back to my senses; the carburetor heater—which warms the carburetor to prevent the formation of ice—should be off for maximum power. I push the knob to the "off" position, release the brakes, line up on the runway, and open the throttle to full power. Without the weight of Mr. Wiggin in the tandem seat of the Cub, the plane gains flying speed at an alarming rate. It wants desperately to fly before I have rolled even two hundred feet along the runway. I move the control stick slightly forward to raise the tail, and, without any further effort on my part, the Cub springs into the air, climbing faster than it has ever climbed before. The airplane has simply taken itself off. I am almost an innocent passenger.

Soon, though, the little plane needs a pilot, and it astounds me to realize that I am the only pilot available. The wonder of this large fact inspires me, too. I diligently perform each step by rote, directing the obliging Cub to the downwind leg. Only then do I dare take a few seconds from my duties to look out the side window at the world eight hundred feet below—familiar countryside, buildings, and highways still in their winter drab but shining for me on this glorious day with grace and beauty. Indeed, U.S. Route 1 is the most beautiful thing I have ever seen. I am as one with Saint-Exupéry.

"O.K., now land the plane," I tell myself. The carburetor-heated, power-off final approach to the runway goes without a hitch, but the irregular east wind seems to keep the plane flying longer than I want it to fly. I am over the runway's edge and still about two hundred feet above the ground. "Don't dive at the runway," I say for the absent Mr. Wiggin. "Just slip the airplane in a little." I slip the airplane in a little, and it banks crookedly to a stall just over the runway. I straighten it out with the rudder pedals and pull back the stick until it presses against my stomach. The Cub—still obliging, forgiving—hits the paved surface, bounces once, twice, and at last rolls slowly on its main landing gear and tiny tail wheel. I note with pride that there is still a lot of runway ahead of

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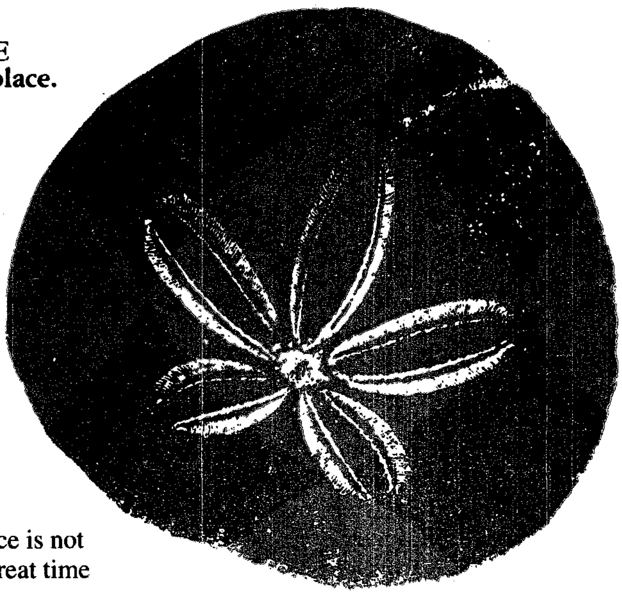

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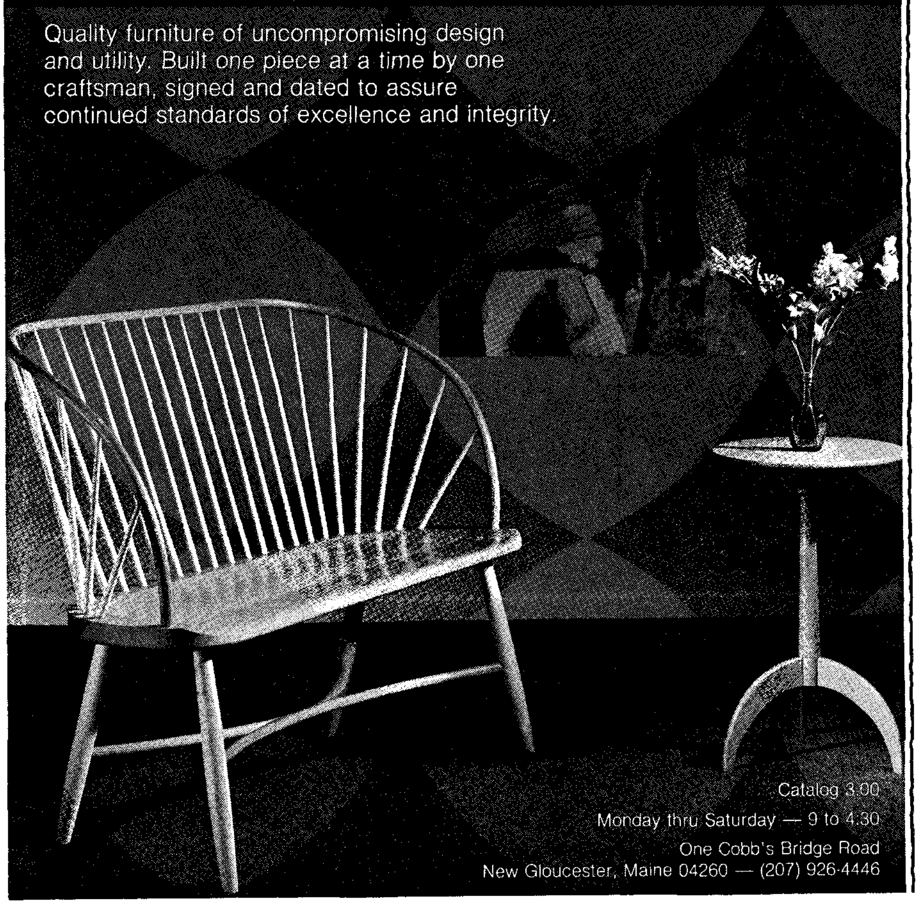

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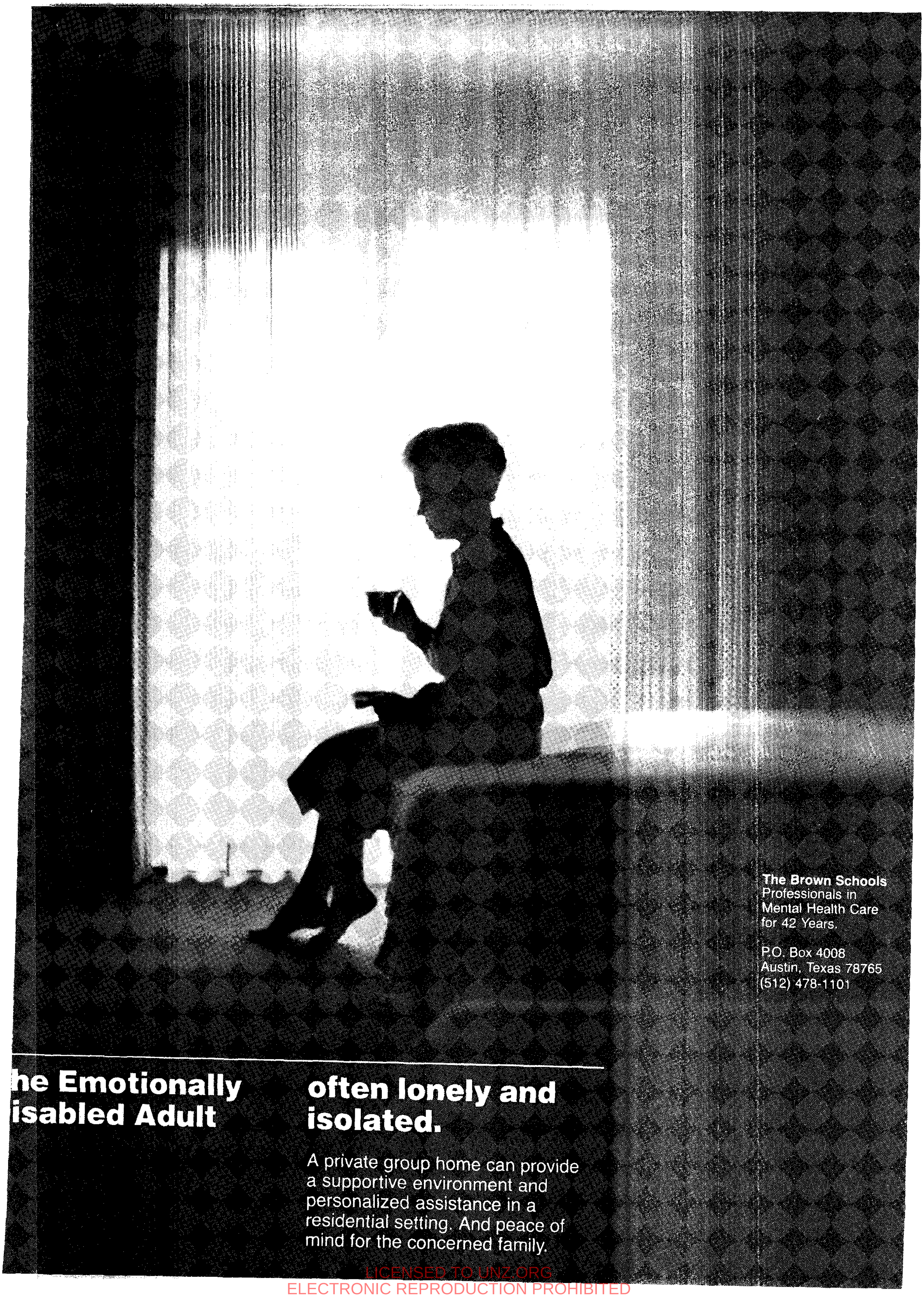

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me as I brake and turn warily onto the taxiway. Not bad, I think. Not good, either. But I did it—I soloed!

Back at the flight line, I park the Cub and cut the engine. Mr. Wiggin is waiting there, not smiling. After I extricate myself from the plane, he shakes my hand. "It was O.K.," he says. "But *you* could have run out of runway." Later, he enters in my logbook "1st solo O.K."

I continue to fly, both dual and solo, until February of 1949. I want nothing more than to fly, and be a professional aviator someday. But I run out of money, and, to tell the truth, other interests occupy me—girls, sports, getting into a good college. "You're finally growing up," my parents tell me, and my friends agree. At the beginning of my freshman year in college, after a classmate has died in a private-airplane crash, I stop thinking about flying.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1957
SPRING VALLEY, NEW YORK

ON this humid afternoon, George Morrin, another dour, weathered flight instructor, climbs out of the rattly yellow Aeronca 7AC Champ *(N85700) that he and I have been* flying together for the past fifty-five minutes and tells me to solo. Nine months ago, I was discharged from the Army and came to New York City to gain employment as a writer; soon, with a steady income and few responsibilities, I caught the flying bug again. The lure was enhanced when I discovered that as a veteran I could take flying lessons under the G.I. Bill of Rights, which would cover seventy-five per cent of the cost. The Spring Valley Airport, a small field in a heavily settled area of Rockland County alongside the New York State Thruway, was an easy bus ride from Manhattan, and the flight school there was inexpensive. Despite a short main runway that ran uphill from east to west —and gave the airport a dubious reputation among local pilots ("If you can land at Spring Valley, you can land *anywhere," I often heard)*—I liked the place. The atmosphere was relaxed, and the school's trainer, the Aeronca Champ, was a "taildragger," a close relative of the old Piper J-3 Cub. Like the Cub, the Champ was a stripped-down, basic airplane: no landing flaps, no radio, no navigational equipment beyond a magnetic compass, no frills—just a fabric-covered high-wing monoplane fitted out with only the most essential instru-

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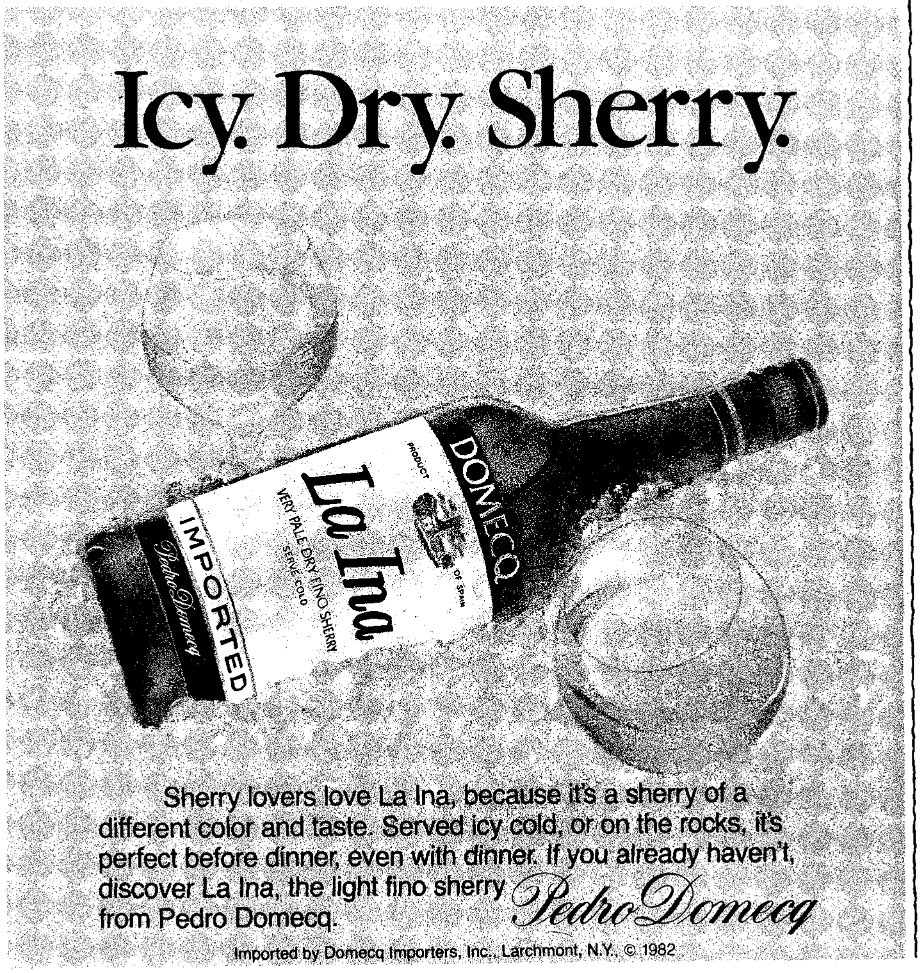

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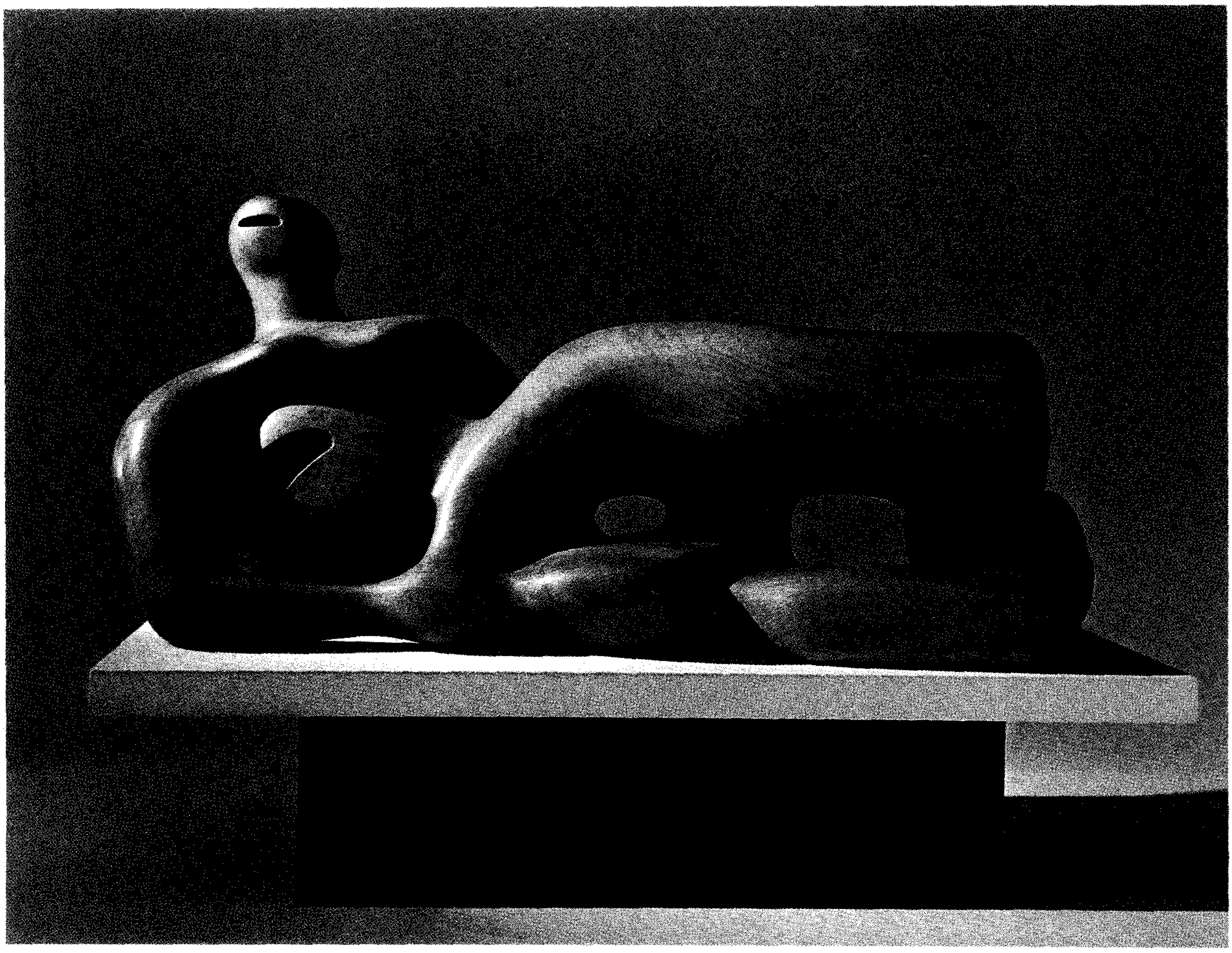

"For me it had great drama with its big heart like a great pumping station," Henry Moore, in 1945, speaking about "Reclining Figure." In 1972, The Cranbrook Academy of Art entrusted Sotheby's with the sale of their entire collection including "Reclining Figure." It sold for a record $260,000. In 1982 Sotheby's again sold "Reclining Figure," realizing $1,265,000, an auction record for sculpture, and for a work by a living artist. Sotheby's sells the finest art and achieves significant prices because it is the international forum for major institutions, serious collectors and dealers. For information about buying or selling fine works of art, contact Sotheby's, 1334 York Avenue at 72nd Street, New York 10021. (212) 472-3400.

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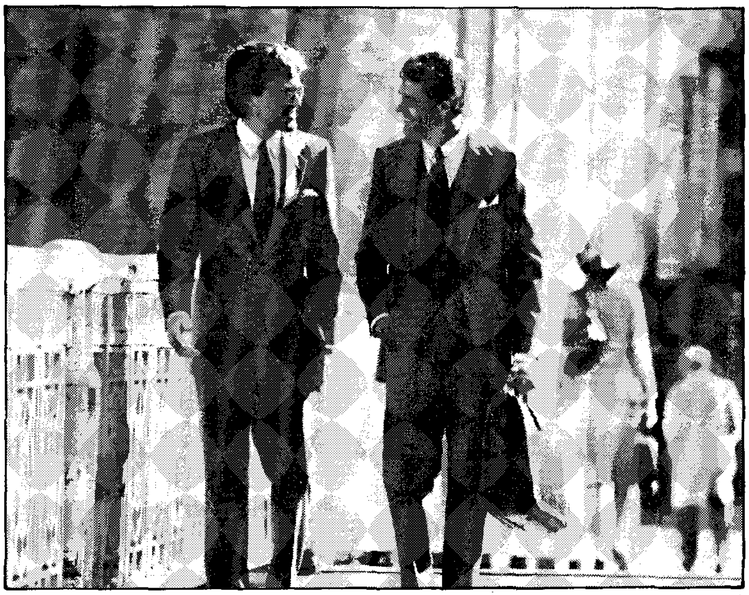

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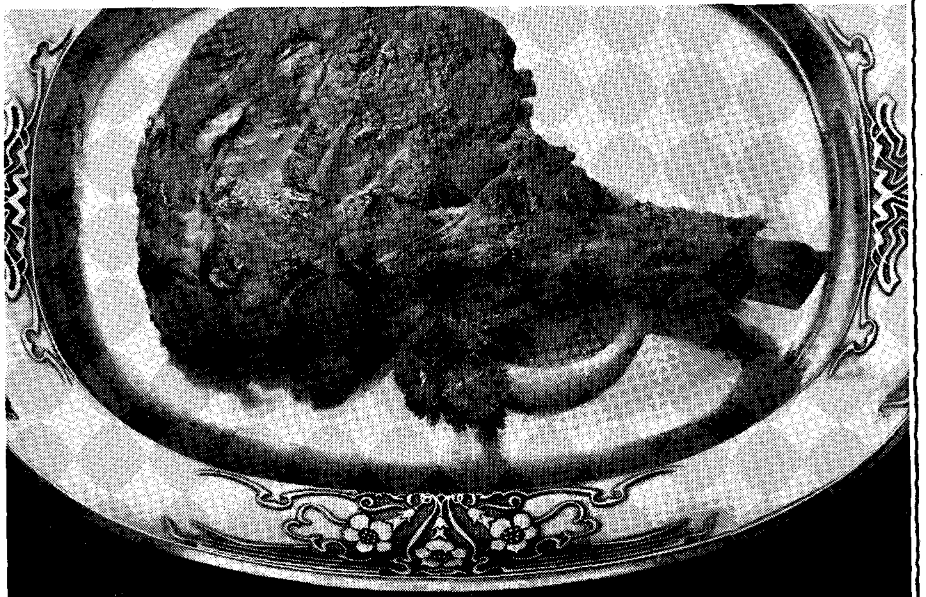

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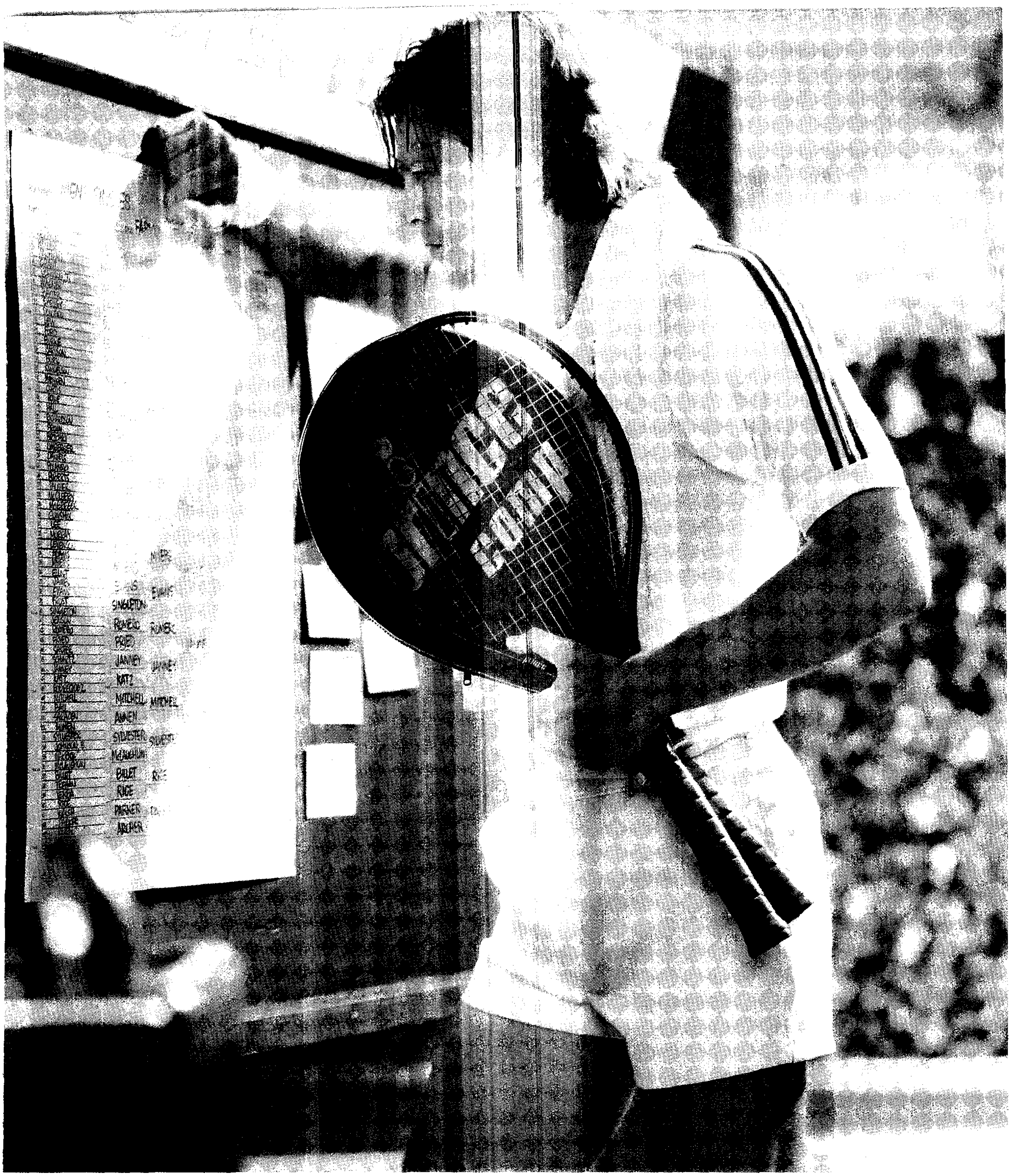
ments, a reliable engine, and a forgiving nature. Relearning to fly was a piece of cake, to use a phrase pilots are fond of, and I was deemed ready to solo after five and a half hours' review of the fundamentals. Apart from the fun of flying again, what I liked most was the view from a few thousand feet over the Hudson River: the hazy city skyline, the gray elevations of West Point, and the magnificent river itself, which made visual navigation another piece of cake. On a hot summer day, for instance, one could fly south over the river to the Statue of Liberty, turn a hundred and eighty degrees around the statue, and head back to Spring Valley, marvelling at the sights and breathing the cool, clean air rushing through the open side window. Commercial airliners occasionally made things a little dicey, especially when their wash caused spasms of turbulence, but that was all part of the game of modern aviation. A far more hazardous part of the game was the insane stunt of flying under the George Washington Bridge, which some daredevils performed from time to time, with mixed results. Whenever the adventures of one of these "flat-hatters" surfaced at the quonset hut that served as the Spring Valley flight-school office, my instructor would say ruefully, "There are old pilots and there are bold pilots, but there are no old bold pilots."

At the time of my second "first" solo, I am a somewhat timorous pilot, but I have enough kid in me still to tingle over the event. I take off uphill to the west. In the humid, thin afternoon air, the plane struggles to leave the ground. Once airborne and over a housing development abutting the Thruway, I fly with a certain forced insouciance through the established traffic pattern, almost identical to the one at Norwood. After all, I have been a licensed student pilot, according to my logbook, for more than nine years. I take time to enjoy the view. But my final approach is too high for the strange, short runway, and I suddenly do not feel confident enough to attempt a steep sideslip. Embarrassed and perspiring, I push the throttle to full power and go around the pattern again, ultimately touching down on the first third of the runway—a good landing. "You did the right thing," Mr. Morrin says after I park the Champ. "If in doubt, don't—just go around again." And, as Mr. Wiggin had done, he writes in my logbook "1st solo O.K." I have lived through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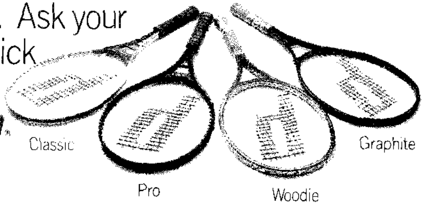
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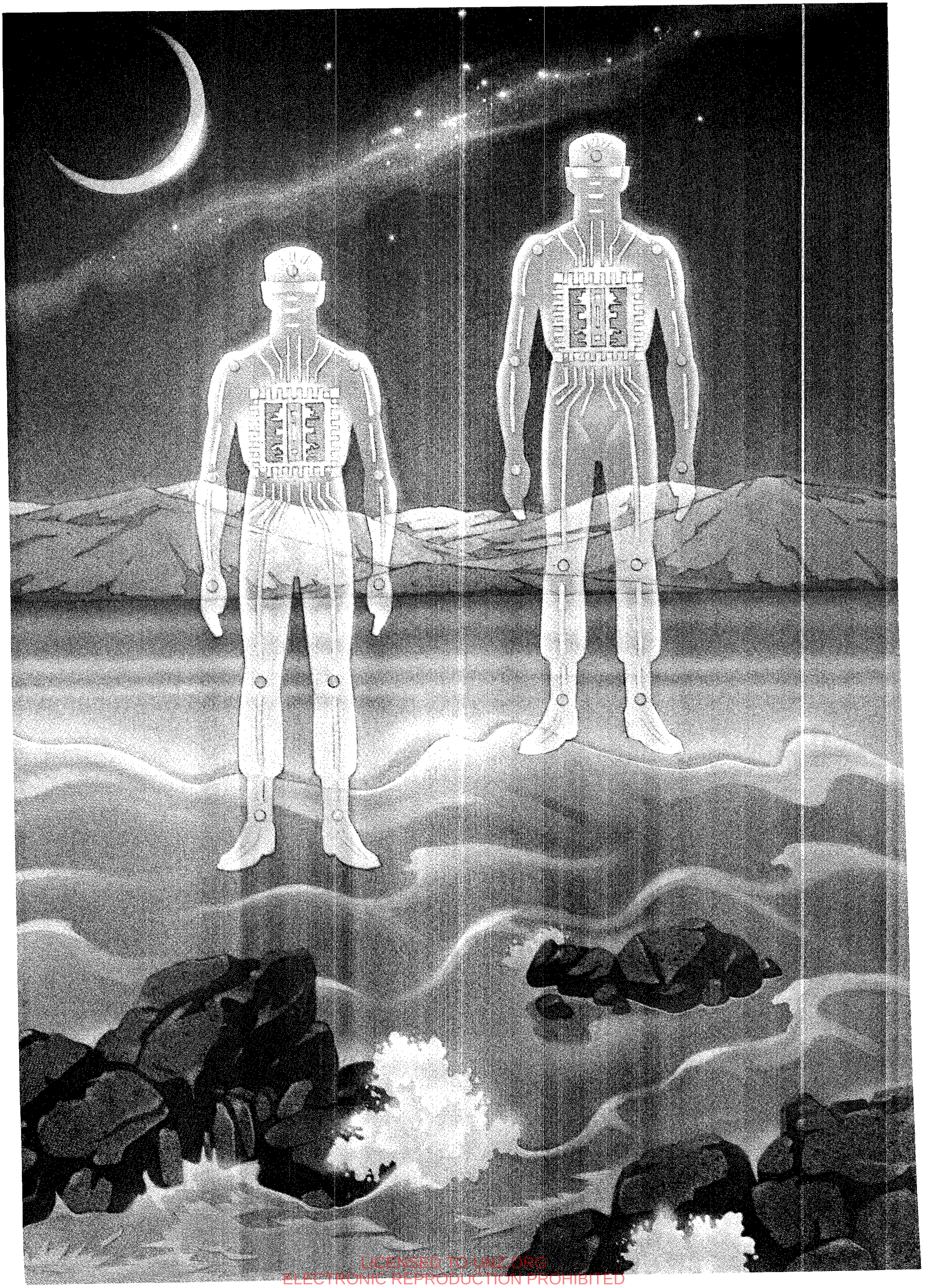

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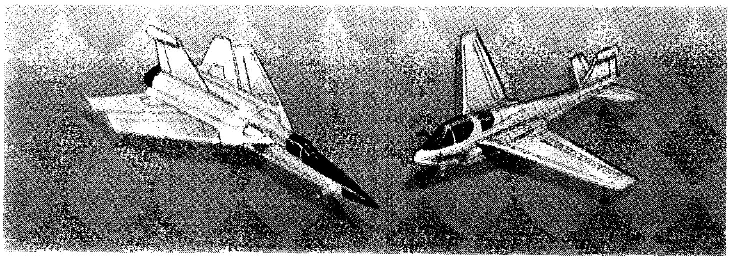

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another first solo, and while it is no longer the greatest experience of my life it comes precious close.

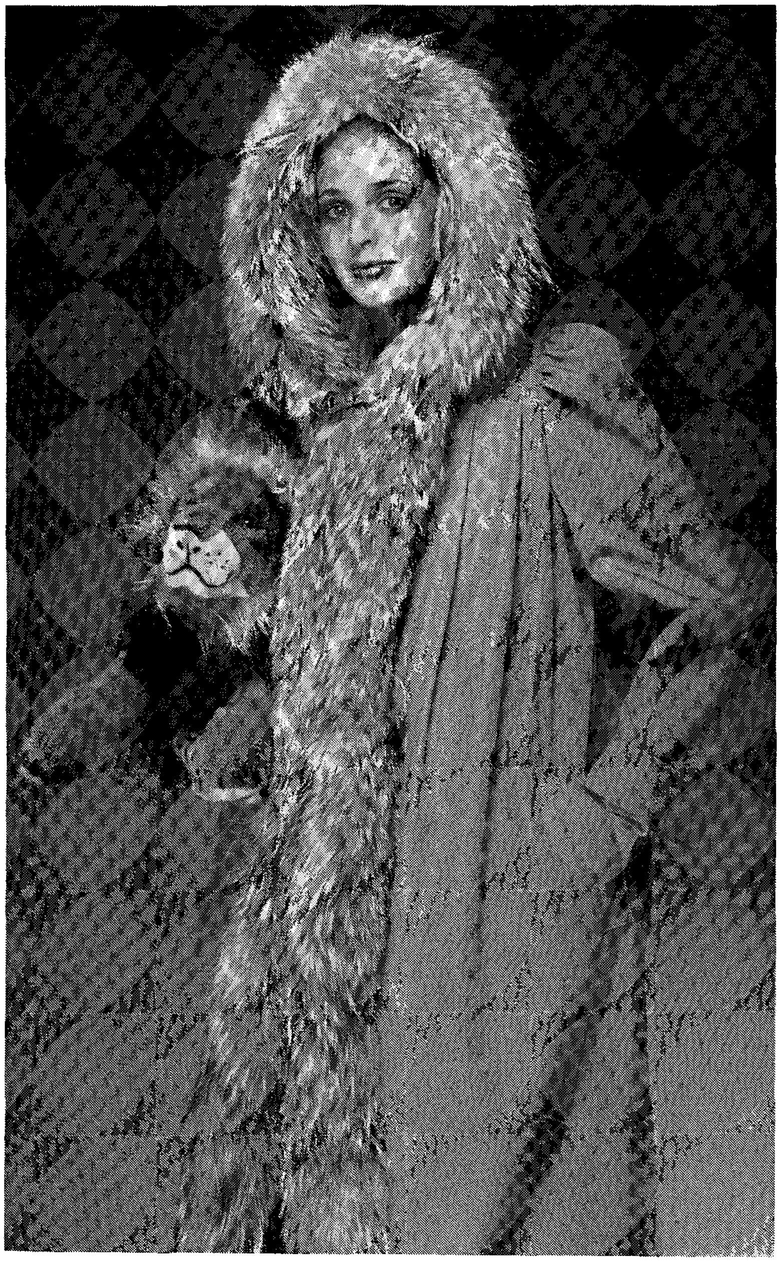
Weather and weekends permitting, I solo a great deal in the Aeronca Champ, flying extended routes that require visual pilotage and dead-reckoning navigation (they're known as "cross-country" flights) to Danbury, Connecticut; Poughkeepsie and Albany, New York; Morristown and Red Bank, New Jersey; and Great Barrington, Massachusetts. I am close to taking my examination for a private pilot's license (it would permit me to carry passengers) when my G.I. Bill money runs out along with my footloose bachelordom. Later, after my daughter is born, I put aside flying for the weighty responsibilities of fatherhood. Once again, relatives and friends tell me, "You're finally growing up." But I still get a funny feeling whenever I see a small plane flying overhead.

FRIDAY, JULY 24, 1981
DANBURY, CONNECTICUT

THE morning, hot and clear, has the makings of a fine summer day. I wake up early, breakfast, and stroll across my back yard, in a small town north of Danbury, to my studio. But the day is too beautiful to sit in a studio writing. A small plane flies overhead, its aluminum skin glinting in the morning sun. I look up, as usual, and think, What a great day for flying! It's a thought that has struck me lately even on days not so great for flying. It has been more than twenty years since the last entry was inked in my logbook. Now I am middle-aged, with fewer responsibilities and more malaise. Maybe I should take up flying again—or, at least, find out what it would require these days to win back my license. Why the hell not? I give in to the whim, and twenty-five minutes later I'm parking my car in front of a flight school at the Danbury Municipal Airport.

There are three flight schools at the Danbury Airport, and I decide to make some inquiries at the first one I see—the Bluebird Aviation Corporation, housed in an appropriately blue prefabricated-steel shed, which serves as both office and hangar. Four Cessnas of various sizes are tied down on a grass apron outside the office door, and I feel a charge of excitement at just being close to these planes. A matronly woman is walking an apricot poodle among the parked airplanes. The dog spots me and barks ferociously. "It's

When Winter Comes Roaring In



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all right, Zip," the woman says to the dog; then, to me, "He just doesn't like people wearing hats." I am wearing a red baseball cap, which I guess I put on because it somehow reminded me of my youthful flying days. After I explain to her that I was once a licensed pilot and would like some information about renewing my license, she says that her son, Richard King, is the owner of the Bluebird Aviation Corporation and can tell me what I want to know, once he returns to the office. We chat until he arrives. She is Harriett King, the widow of James Douglas King, who was the founder of Bluebird and who died in 1975 after a career in aviation dating back to the early nineteen-thirties. Until 1966, she says, the Kings leased and operated the airport at Armonk, New York—a small general-aviation field that was erased by the construction of Interstate 684 through Westchester County. The highway now courses along what used to be the airport's north-south runway, and a Ramada Inn stands where the operations building once was. "Highways and developments always seem to take over small airports sooner or later," Mrs. King says, with a light sigh. "I suppose they'll get us here at Danbury one day. The Danbury Fair Grounds, right next door, are going to be turned into a big, fancy shopping mall, I understand. People always want an airport in a city until they discover that the land is more profitable for stores or condominiums or something."

Her son—a tall, lean, black-haired man with regular features, a poster image of a mature pilot—arrives and invites me into the Bluebird office. I repeat my story, and he tells me that he does most of the charter flying, in Bluebird's twin-engine Piper Seneca, and that the flight instruction is conducted by David Smith, who should be along shortly. I find Richard King's manner typical of professional pilots I have known: friendly yet wary of strangers—even other pilots, until they prove their aviating abilities. I feel that I must impress him, so I show him my old logbook. He looks through the yellowing pages and allows himself a slight smile. "I know the Norwood Airport, and Spring Valley, too," he says. "I even remember old Mr. Wiggin at Norwood. I see that you once flew in to the Armonk Airport, which my dad used to run." Under the tutelage of his father, Richard learned to fly in Piper Cubs and Aeronca Champs, and this gives us something

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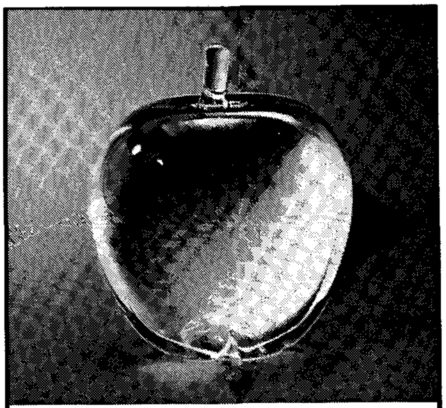

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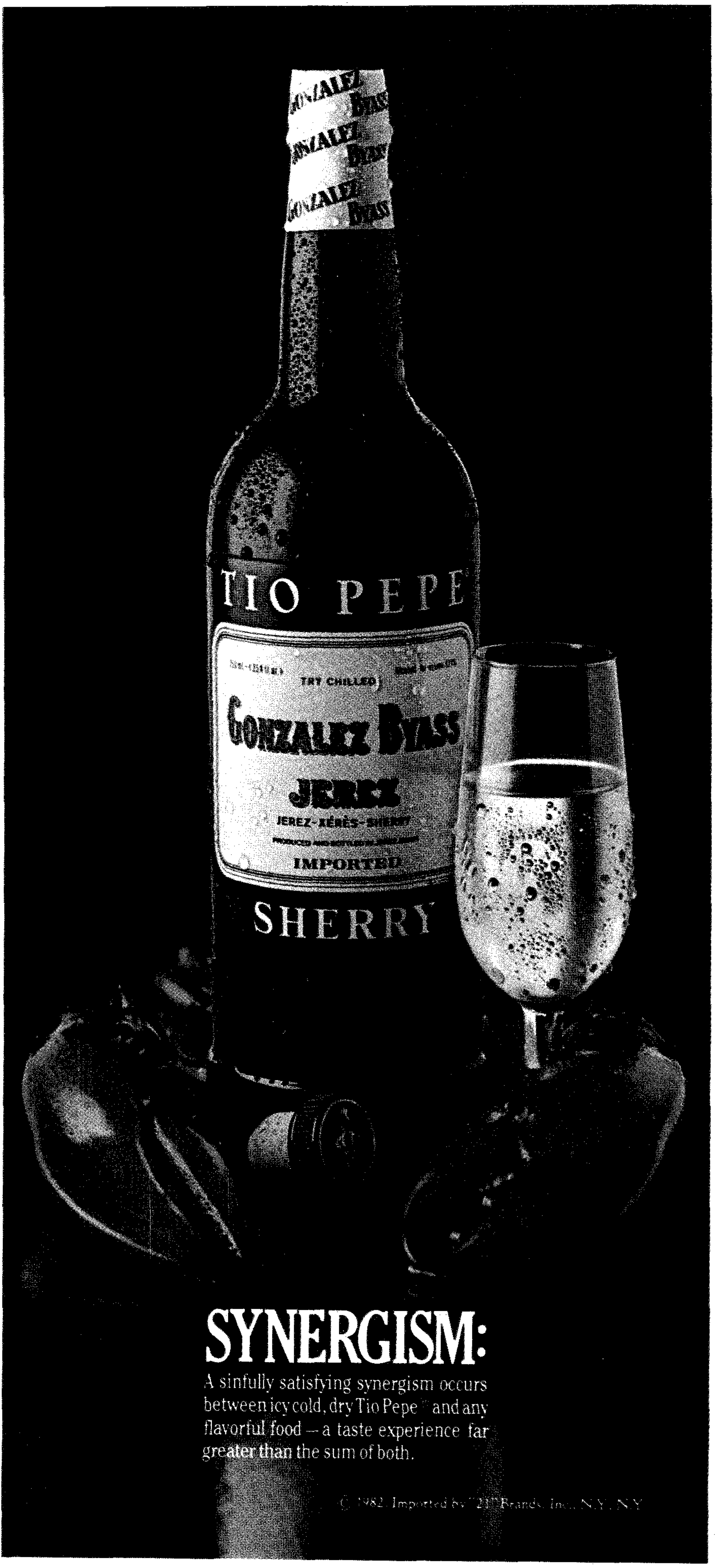
N2

in common to talk about. "My father would sit in the rear seat," Richard says, "and he'd bop me on the back of my head when I did something wrong. Now, there was a tough pilot—and here comes another one."

Dave Smith enters the office, fresh from a session at the Connecticut Motor Vehicle Department, where he went to straighten out some registration problem with his car. In his mid-twenties and full of the intensity of those years, Dave holds forth on the picayune regulations of bureaucracy. When Richard hands him my logbook to peruse, Dave chuckles, and says, "If I were in the Motor Vehicle Department, I'd say I can't look at your log because it's blue, or something like that." I notice that Dave affects more of a flier's style than Richard does—military aviator's sunglasses and shirt, for instance—but his young face works against the image. The subject of motor-vehicle regulations leads to the subject of federal aviation regulations and how they've changed flying in the past two decades. Danbury, they explain, is a controlled airport, with a tower manned by federal air-traffic controllers. Radio clearance is mandatory here, even while a pilot is taxiing. "It's not like the old days, when you just flew in or out of the traffic pattern as you liked, or you waited for a green light from the tower," Dave says. "Now you need permission for everything. Of course, the basic responsibility to see and avoid other aircraft still rests with the individual pilot, like before. You might suppose the government has taken all the fun out of flying, but I think you can still have a good time, in spite of the controls and regs. If you're still interested, why don't you go up with me for an hour in one of our Cessna trainers and see how you like it? Maybe you won't like how it's all changed since the Piper Cubs, and you won't want to continue." He pauses for me to consider his suggestion. I consider it for about ten seconds and agree to go up for an hour.

Dave directs me to N25042—a brown-and-white Cessna 152 with two adjacent seats, a hundred-and-ten-horsepower Lycoming engine, landing flaps, and lights, and with various antennas protruding from its aluminum skin. It has trim, feminine lines, unlike the stubby, masculine Cub and Champ. Svelte as it is, the plane is nevertheless intimidating. Dave walks me through a detailed pre-flight inspection and orientation. He explains all the un-



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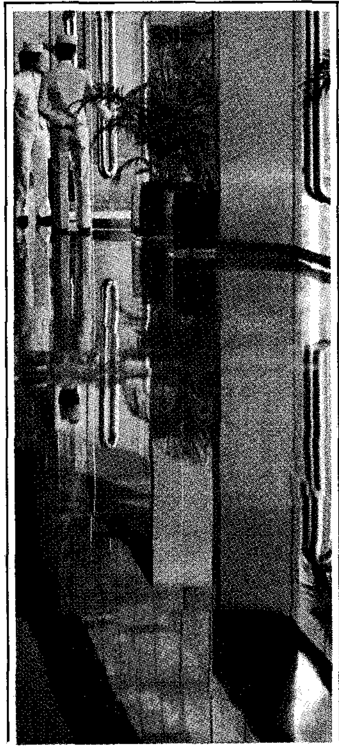

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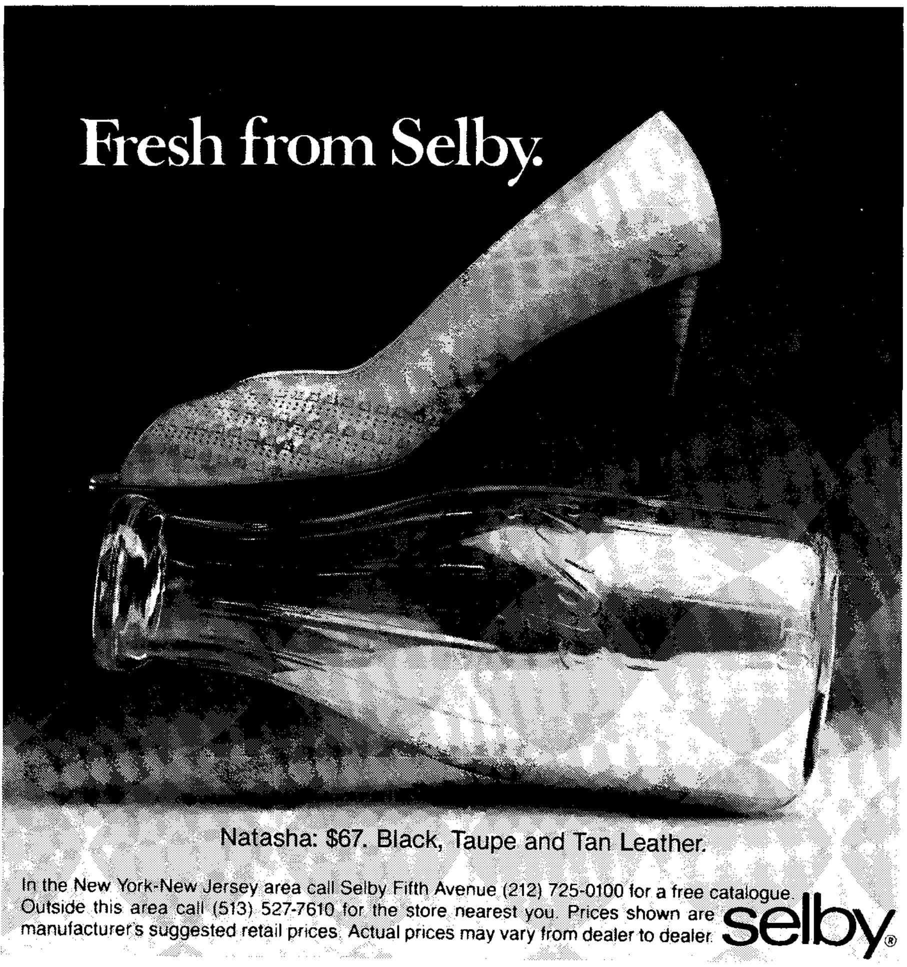
We settle into the tight cockpit—I in the pilot's seat, Dave, to the right, in the co-pilot's, with its dual controls—and we buckle on our safety belts and harness straps. "Follow me as I go through the printed checklist here," Dave says. "You'll catch on quick. It's like riding a bike." Not quite. The engine starts with merely a turn of the ignition switch—nobody outside has to shout "Contact!" and spin the propeller, as with the Cub and the Champ. But most unfamiliar, and confusing, is the initial radio exchange between Dave and the controller in the concrete-steel-and-glass tower across the field. "Danbury ground, Cessna two-five-zero-four-two at Bluebird to active," Dave says matter-of-factly into the tubular microphone, and a rapid-fire response in squawking gibberish crackles from the overhead speaker. All I can glean from the answer is something about "two-six" and the words "wind" and "altimeter." Dave understands the gibberish perfectly and says in acknowledgement, "Zero-four-two"—the last three digits of the plane's identification number. He notices my bewildered look and says, "Don't worry about the radio stuff. I'll tell you about it later. Now we're going to taxi to the run-up area at the end of Runway Two-six. That's an east-west runway, the longest at Danbury. You know that the 'two-six' refers to two hundred and sixty degrees by the compass, so if you take off or land on Two-six you're heading into the west, against a westerly wind. If you take off or land from the other end of the runway, you're on Runway Eight, or heading eighty degrees by the compass—and going east. You remember all that from before, don't you?" I do, but it's good to be reminded. "Now let's see if you remember how to taxi."

I assume the controls and add power, and the Cessna moves. Steering the plane along the ground with the rudder pedals and, occasionally, the brake pedals comes back to me, and it is fun. We hold for our run-up at the end of Runway 26 (a run-up is the pre-take-off testing of the engine at a high power setting), and then Dave radios the tower for clearance to take off. More gibberish. After what I gather is our clearance, we taxi to the runway's center line. "O.K., let's go," Dave tells me. "Take off." With my left hand gripping the control wheel, I push the throttle in completely with my right hand, and the Cessna stirs into roaring motion. When we are about a third of the way down the long runway, the airspeed indicator registers fifty knots. "The airplane will fly now," Dave says calmly, and I ease the yoke back. The plane immediately leaves the ground, its nose pointed above the horizon. Before we reach two hundred feet of altitude, I know I'm hooked—plane crazy again.

We leave the traffic pattern, climb to twenty-five hundred feet, and turn northeast toward a practice area over a heavily wooded stretch of Roxbury, Connecticut. The fundamentals of flying magically come back to me as I bank, turn, and attempt straight-and-level flight, but my self-assurance is punctured by Dave's patter of criticism. I am piloting, yes, but not very well. But, my God, it's a wonderful sensation. Below us to the southeast is the Waterbury-Oxford Airport, and Dave suggests that we land there. "They got an old P-51 Mustang and an F8F Bearcat based at Oxford," he says. "Let's have a look at them." He must have guessed my affection for Second World War fighter planes. "I'll take it in. You keep your hands and feet lightly on the controls and follow me through." His approach and landing are effortless and flawless, the buzzer that signifies stall speed sounding just a second before we touch down. Following him through, I have the delightful feeling that I'm performing the superb landing. We taxi toward some tied-down planes, two of which are the Mustang and the Bearcat—lovingly restored, and perched like elegant antiques among the modern aircraft. Then, with Dave's coaching, I take off, correcting some of the mistakes I made leaving Danbury thirty minutes earlier. Once we're out of the Oxford pattern, Dave says, "Find Danbury." I blithely turn toward Bridgeport, realize my error after checking the heading indicator and compass, and set a new course for



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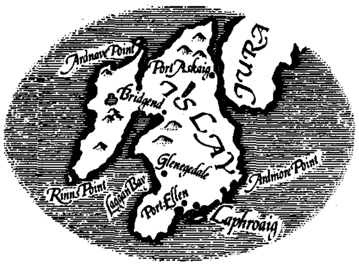

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Danbury. Dave chuckles, and calls the Danbury tower for landing instructions; the controller's response is more crackling doubletalk to my ears.

On the final approach to Runway 26, over a congested area, Dave removes his hands from the controls and tells me to land the airplane. I tentatively apply landing flaps—an action that slows us down and adds lift—but I lose too much airspeed and flare out too soon. The stall buzzer sounds when we still have about twenty-five feet of air between us and the runway. "I'll take it," Dave says, and, smoothing out my blunders, he lands lightly and delicately once again. As we taxi to Bluebird, he tells me, "You did pretty good for a rusty pilot. There's just a lot of things you have to unlearn from the Piper Cubs and the Aeronca Champs. The Cessna's plenty different." He knows I'm hooked.

I ask him how long it will take before I can solo.

"If all goes well, you should solo after ten hours of dual instruction," he answers. "When do you want to have your next lesson?"

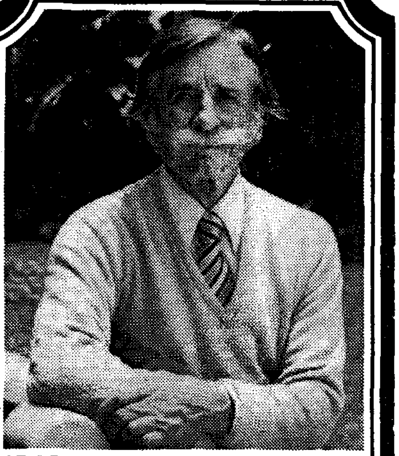
How about tomorrow, Saturday?

Dave says, "I think I'm all booked up for tomorrow, but call me in the morning. There's a lot of cancellation in this business."

SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1981
DANBURY

THE weather is an exact duplicate of the previous day, as though no night had intervened. I have been thinking and dreaming flying for the past twenty hours or so, reliving every nuance of my sixty minutes in the Cessna 152. As soon as I finish breakfast, I call Bluebird. Sure enough, there is a cancellation, and I make an appointment for one o'clock.

At the airport, Dave informs me that we will be using another two-seat trainer, a blue-and-white Cessna 150 (N7682U), which is an older, less powerful version of the 152. It has a brand-new hundred-horsepower engine, however, which, Dave says, makes it almost as fast as the 152. Its speed doesn't really matter to me as long as it's an airplane. Dave watches me go through the pre-flight inspection, humming to himself and nodding approval of my diligence. Once we're belted into the cockpit, I decide to confess my feeling of obtuseness about radio communication. Why, I ask, am I so deaf to the radio talk, so unable to understand what the controllers are saying? Dave has obviously dealt with



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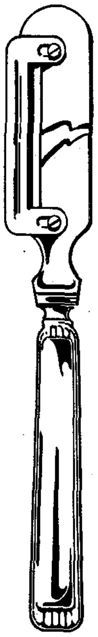

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this problem before. "Look, first you got to realize that the people in the tower are there to help you, not to bug you," he says, as if explaining something to a child. "If you don't understand what they say, ask them to 'say again slower.' Don't be embarrassed. Also, listen carefully to the tower instructing others on that frequency, and you'll be amazed at the information you can pick up. If you know what to expect the tower to say, you can sort of understand ahead of time. When we call the ground control after we start up, they'll tell us the active runway, the wind direction and velocity, and the altimeter setting. If you expect that information, it won't sound so confusing. As for what you got to tell them, it's really simple: just tell them who you are, where you are, and what you want to do. Now try it for yourself."

I start the engine and maneuver the plane to the yellow holding line, at the edge of the nearest taxiway. I dial 121.60 on the radio—the ground-control frequency—and take the mike in hand, waiting for a clear opportunity to speak. The static and chatter stop for a moment, and I breathe deeply and say, "Danbury Ground, this is Cessna seven-six-eight-two-uniform holding at Bluebird Aviation. I want to proceed to the active runway." A withering reply comes back—a maelstrom of numbers and directions.

"Did you get it all?" Dave asks.

"A little," I answer. "I understood about using Runway Two-six and the altimeter setting, but I'm not sure about the wind stuff."

"Then call and ask again," Dave says. "And condense what you just said to 'Danbury Ground, Cessna seven-six-eight-two-uniform at Bluebird to active.' Keep it short and sweet. There are others waiting to talk, like on a party line."

I do as he says, and the patient ground controller gives me the same spiel at half speed. I comprehend everything. It works.

After the run-up at the end of Runway 26, I radio the tower controller on the proper frequency, 119.40, and advise him that Cessna 7682U is ready for takeoff. I am told—slowly—to wait for a Piper Cherokee to land and clear the runway. I forget to radio back the courtesy of confirmation—"Eight-two-uniform"—but Dave does this for me. When the Cherokee has landed and pulled off onto a taxiway, we shoot down the runway. There's that same exquisite thrill again, that

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extraordinary exhilaration. I want to yodel, or something. We leave the pattern and head for the practice area, where, at two thousand feet, Dave reacquaints me with the intricacies of slow flight and the reaction of the plane to varying degrees of flaps. At one point, Dave places an opaque plastic hood over my head, which allows me to see just the instruments, and tells me to hold the heading 320. Staring intently at the heading indicator, I manage to hold that course, more or less. "Now shut your eyes and hold that heading," he commands. It's impossible. At last, he says, "O.K., now open your eyes and look where you are." The airplane is all over the sky—nose down, left wing dipping, forty degrees off course. Dave says, "You see, it can't be done. Blind men can't fly. Remember that."

We turn back toward the airport. Over Lake Candlewood, I call the tower for landing instructions. The tower advises me to enter the pattern for a landing on Runway 26 via the right base leg—something I've never done before. I am flustered, forget again to confirm, and enter the pattern at twelve hundred feet of altitude instead of the regulation fifteen hundred. But because I am so low and have a good glide angle I make a smooth approach and landing, with no flaps needed. Dave is pleased at my landing, but he criticizes me for coming in low and not using flaps. As for my failure to confirm the tower's instructions, he says, "Don't worry about that so much. Remember—first aviate, then navigate, then communicate." I have a heady sense of accomplishment in spite of my failings.

Back at the Bluebird office, three pilots are sitting around gabbing with Richard King. Pilots, like skiers and sailors, love to chat about their favorite occupation. Richard is talking about a former student of his who got exceptionally high marks on his private-pilot written test but didn't have a seat-of-the-pants feel for flying, which, Richard insists, is as important as knowing all the facts.

One of the other pilots comments, "Maybe that guy just has a photogenic memory." The others laugh before he can correct himself, but he takes it good-naturedly.

The conversation veers to the economics of running an instruction-and-charter service like Bluebird. When the Kings operated the Armonk Airport, they had six pilots working for them at one point, several of whom

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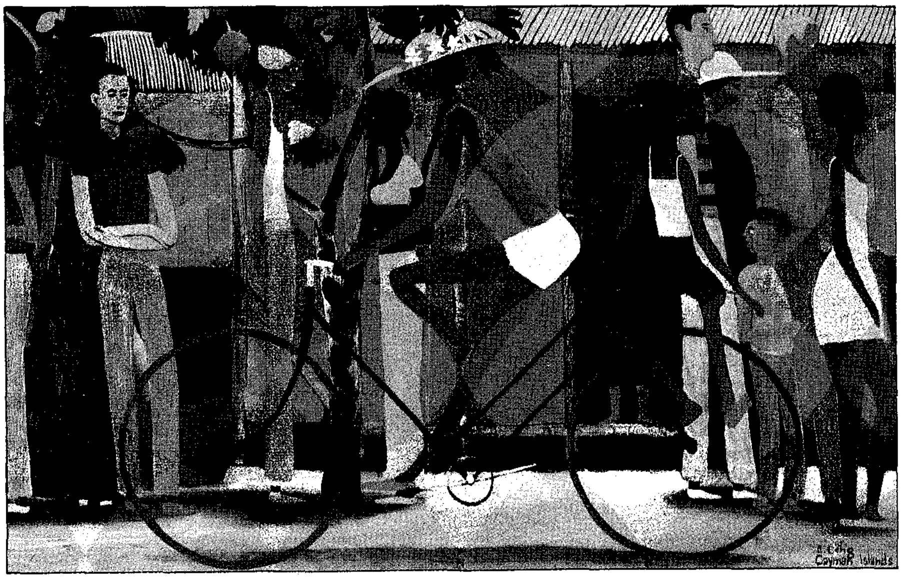

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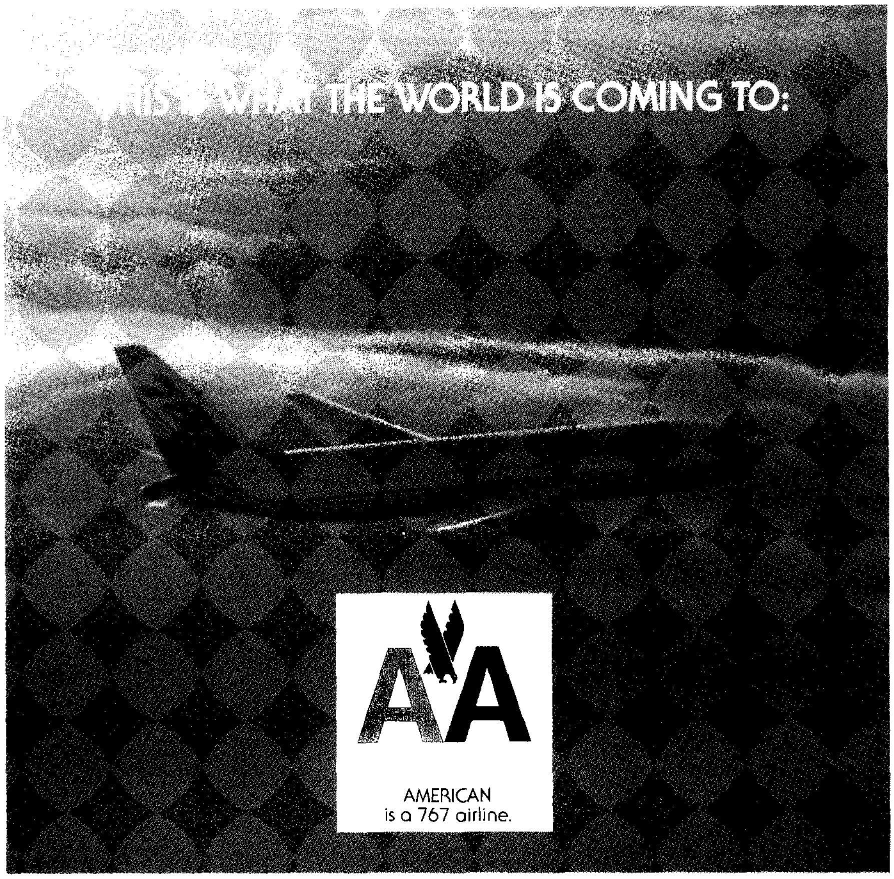
lived in the hangar and worked for free flight time, to improve their ratings. Some of them are well-paid airline captains today. Most of the Kings' Armonk income came from sightseeing rides—at two dollars and fifty cents a head—above the Westchester lakes and mansions. "On weekends, families would picnic at the airport and then they'd all go up for rides," Richard says. "No big deal then, everything was so cheap—a lot of inexpensive fun for a Sunday afternoon. Nowadays, with fuel so high, and with inflation and the state of the economy, it's all different. Charters can be terrible on the bottom line. The clients want the final cost, not the cost per hour, so if you run into bad weather or delays you make little or no profit. Right now, instruction and rentals are about eighty per cent of our income. But you have to enjoy what you're doing to be in this business. It certainly doesn't shower you with financial rewards. I always claim that you can make a small fortune if you start with a big fortune. Some charter operations and flight schools are being bought up by rich guys to dump money for a tax loss. I'll tell you, it's the best business in the world for dumping money—especially in the Northeast, with the weather we have."

This brings up the subject of hazardous flying in the Northeast. One of the visiting pilots says that he was flying through a parachute-jumping area not far away when he was suddenly surrounded by dropping chutists. He landed at a nearby field and had to screech to a stop on the runway just as a grinning chutist plopped to a standup landing in front of his whirling propeller. Everyone tsks and shakes his head and is reminded of a similar stupidity. Finally, I must take my leave, first making an appointment for my third lesson.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 29, 1981
DANBURY

THE late morning is muggy and hot. Billowing clouds, looking suspiciously like thunderheads, are in the distant west, over New York State. Dave and I are above the Roxbury practice area once again, practicing slow flight, hundred-and-eighty-degree turns, and landing-flap procedures, and I am doing well until the wind kicks up. There is practically no wind on the ground, but at three thousand feet the wind is unexpectedly strong, in irregular



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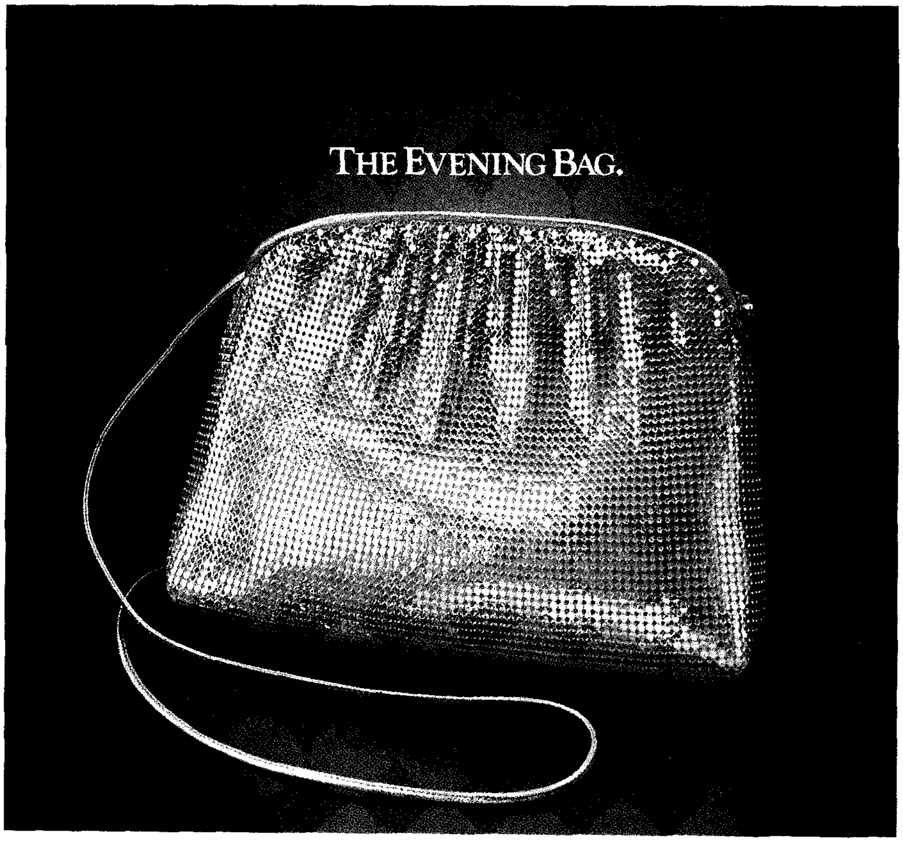

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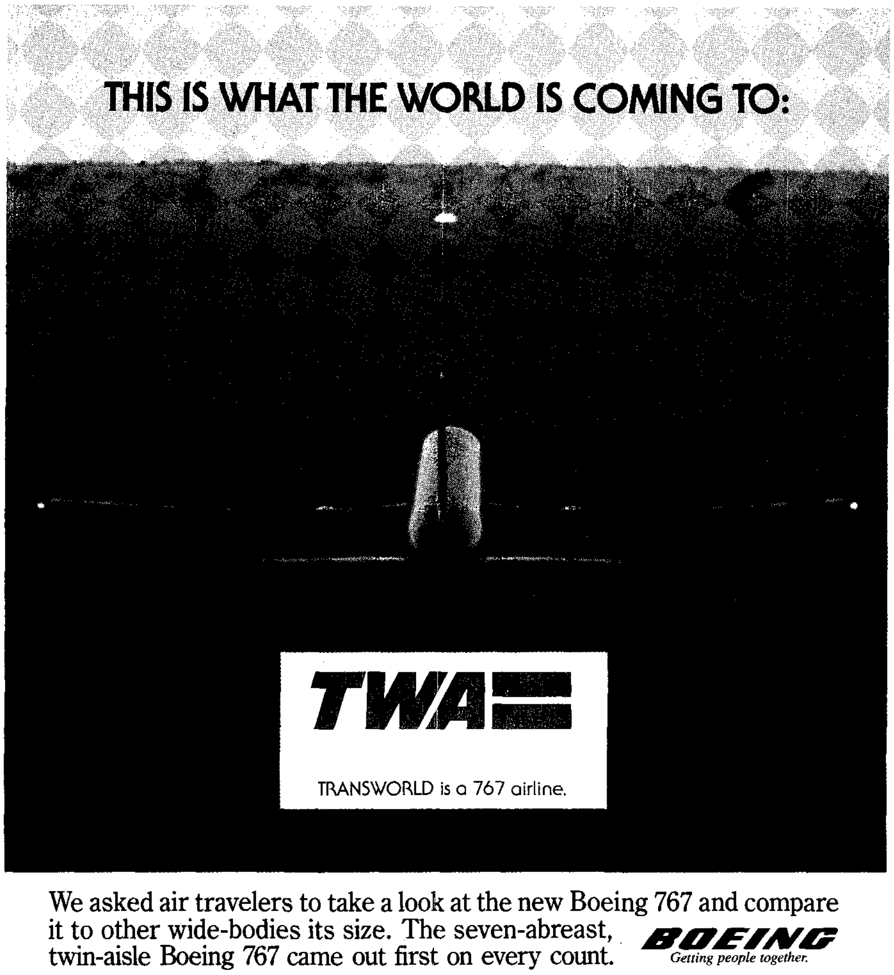
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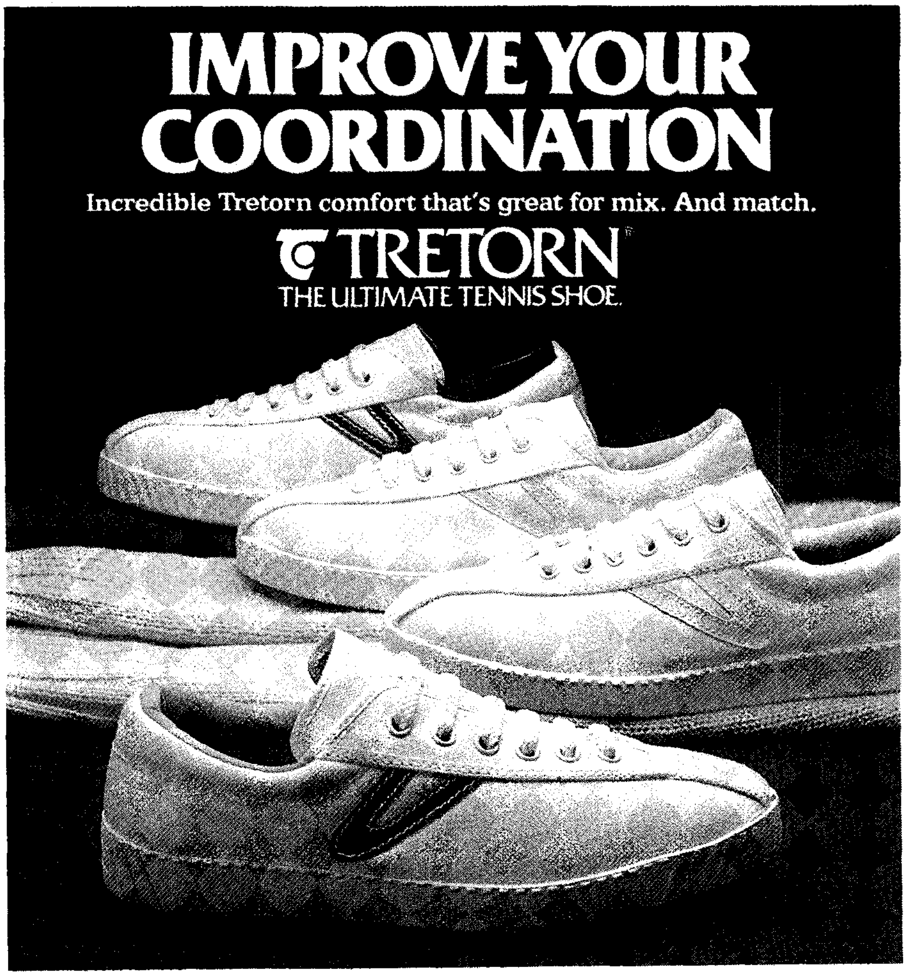
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bursts. A storm front must be coming through. "Don't let that wind fly you," Dave warns, and he demonstrates how to turn into and out of the gusts.

On the way back to Danbury, at cruising speed, Dave orders me to close my eyes and put my head down while he performs crazy maneuvers—diving and climbing, turning abruptly this way and that. When he has finished with his fun, he says, "O.K., open your eyes and find Danbury." I'm a little dizzy and disoriented but still sensible enough to recall that I was flying southwest before his shenanigans. I turn the Cessna until the heading indicator shows that I am flying southwest once again. But Danbury is nowhere to be seen. My intuition informs me that I am heading north, and when I check the magnetic compass my intuition is confirmed. I make the proper correction and spot Danbury. Dave is grinning. "Never trust an instructor when you're not looking," he says. "I changed the setting on the heading indicator to confuse you even more. Always double-check your course with the magnetic compass. Don't rely on just one instrument or sighting. Double-check everything. Imagine you see the word 'assume' always spelled out on the windshield—a-s-s-u-m-e makes an ass out of you and me. Never assume."

I call the Danbury tower and receive clearance to land on Runway 26. This time, I understand almost all the instructions for entering the traffic pattern. However, there is another plane coming right at us, also entering the pattern. The controller didn't say anything about that. The basic rule of flying is still "See and avoid." Dave radios the tower and reports the other plane's position and asks to turn to avoid it. The controller diffidently grants the request. At last, we come in for a landing, which, mysteriously, is my best so far. It is so good, in fact, that Dave asks the tower for a touch-and-go and we take right off again. "I think you were just lucky," he says. We go around the pattern, and I land roughly, wandering off the center line, flaring out too soon, and stalling at about twenty feet. He is right. I was lucky. "Let's try it one more time," Dave says. We taxi back to the beginning of Runway 26 and, after tower clearance, I give it the gun. Halfway down the runway—at a speed of fifty knots, the wheels just off the ground—Dave pulls the throttle back to idle. "Your engine has failed," he tells me evenly. "Abort the takeoff." I am amazed at my coolness. I settle the plane onto the tarmac and keep it rolling straight until the speed slackens and I can safely brake it to a stop near the end of the runway. Dave is very playful today. "Nice," he says, and I am proud.

At the Bluebird office, Dave tutors me in a private ground-school session, in which we review procedures and regulations. I admit that I'm still having some trouble understanding the controllers on the radio. Dave suggests that I drop by the control tower one day to observe and listen to what goes on up there. "When you hear how others do it—and listen to their mistakes—it'll seem clearer," he says. "But don't put it off too long. The controllers are probably going out on strike soon."

FRIDAY, JULY 31, 1981
DANBURY

I TAKE Dave's suggestion and visit the control tower an hour before today's lesson. Despite the regimented confusion in that sunny, equipment-filled goldfish bowl atop a square concrete-and-steel stanchion at the northern intersection of the two runways, the welcome is friendly. Six of the fourteen controllers assigned to Danbury, including supervisors and trainees, are on duty when I arrive. A strike notice for August 3rd is posted on a bulletin board, but nobody mentions the strike or shows concern about it. The weather is clear and warm, and the Friday-afternoon traffic is heavy. A thin young man sorting out the air traffic speaks continually into his headset microphone and shuffles plastic strips in a frame, each strip grease-pencilled with an active aircraft's identification number. (Danbury does not have radar, so all air and ground traffic has to be controlled by sight and sound.) I soon realize that I am not the only one who is tongue-tied and obtuse on Frequency 119.40. One pilot flying through the control area within a five-mile radius of the airport has to be told several times about other traffic nearby. The phrase "Say again" is heard often enough to make me feel less idiotic. A trainee controller handling the ground frequency instructs a landing pilot to leave the runway on a particular taxiway, and the pilot leaves on the one directly opposite. The controllers take the pilot's mistakes in stride, with casual, gentle corrections—and vice versa, the pilots claim. These pres-

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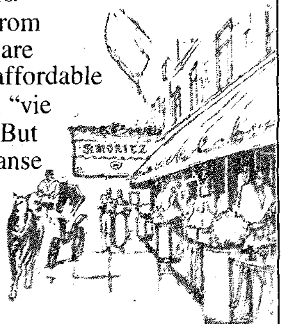

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sured technicians perform a tough job with spirit and efficiency. I understand them better now. They seem less god-like, more human.

When I meet Dave, he is in a surly mood. It turns out that a friend of his was badly hurt in a crash yesterday at Dutchess County Airport, near Poughkeepsie, when his engine quit as he was practicing an instrument approach. He barely missed some houses at the end of the runway. Dave's testy mood spills over onto me. It's hot, muggy, and buggy, and I am uneasy as we take off for some pattern work. On the third time around, we discover that the Cessna's radio receiver has stopped functioning. The tower can apparently hear us, but we can't hear it. "Well, that's the last straw," Dave mutters. He communicates our problem to the tower and asks for a green light, which is the visual equivalent of clearance to land—a system I recall from my old radioless Cub and Champ days. The tower understands our predicament. We spot a flashing green light beamed at us on the downwind leg and then a steady green on the final leg. I land with a small bump, and the radio receiver jumps to life, working perfectly. Dave groans, and says, "My idea of hell is to be flying somewhere surrounded by radios like this and they all quit, one by one." Since the radio can't be trusted, that's the end of today's flying.

In the Bluebird office, the talk is about faulty radios and the impending controllers' strike, set for Monday. The big question about the strike is whether the nonunion supervisors will continue to operate the Danbury tower or will be transferred to busier airports. Dave thinks that the Danbury tower will ultimately be closed down. "There are too many controllers here as it is," he says. "They may find out that they're not really needed, and be out of a job." My next lesson is scheduled for the following Friday, so I may not have to fret very much about controllers and towers and radios from now on.

MONDAY, AUGUST 3, 1981
DANBURY

AT seven this morning, thirteen thousand members of the Professional Air Traffic Controllers Organization, or PATCO, go out on strike. I telephone Dave to ask him how things are at Danbury. "You'd never know there's a strike here," Dave says. "Three supervisors are keeping the tower open on a reduced basis, and

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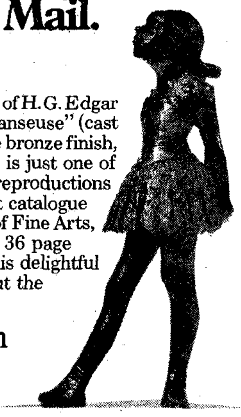

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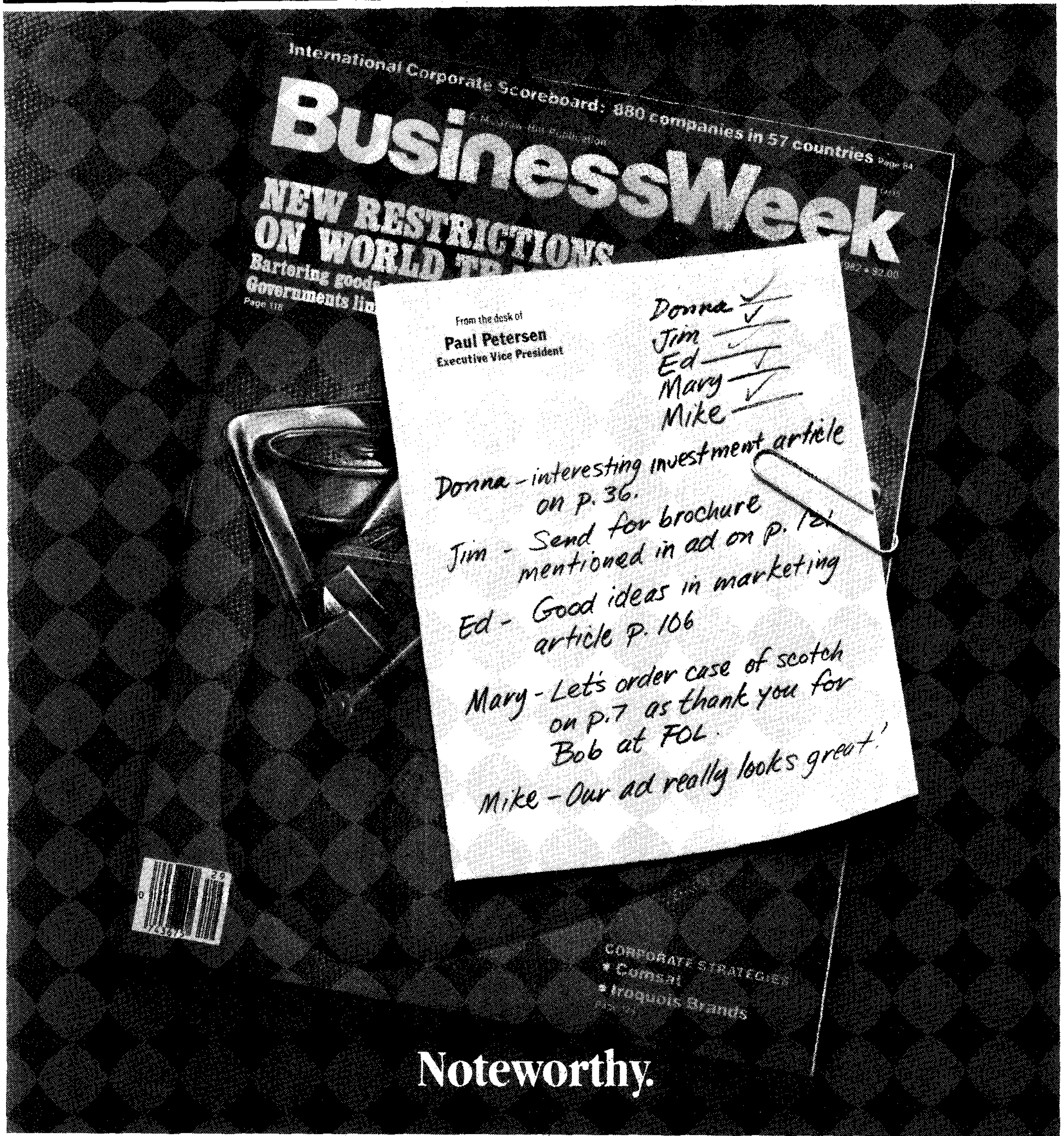
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maybe the others will return after Reagan's threat to fire them."

FRIDAY, AUGUST 7, 1981
DANBURY

I ARRIVE for my morning lesson and learn today from the talk around the Bluebird office that the Danbury tower was closed down the day before at 5:00 P.M. and is now "as quiet as a tomb." The decision was made by the Federal Aviation Administration, which transferred the three working supervisors to a higher-priority airport, in Bridgeport. Dave, who has been at a morning meeting of Danbury Municipal Airport operators, reports that there is a needless sense of panic among them. "It's silly," he says. "What did we do before there was a tower here? We flew just like it tells you in the book: airplanes should land and take off into the wind, only one airplane should be on a runway at a time, you should report your position, and you should obey all the rules. If everyone coöperates, we'll survive just fine." By general agreement, each pilot is broadcasting "in the blind" over the tower frequency of 119.40, informing anybody who's listening ("Danbury traffic") of his identification number, his position, and his intention. This expedient measure has been working fairly well so far, most pilots being doubly courteous and patient with their fellows. Of course, as in any case of spontaneous anarchy, the good behave better and the bad worse. A few hot-shots are taking advantage of the sudden lack of supervision, like children when the teacher suddenly leaves the classroom. Richard tells me that just after the tower closed down yesterday some hot-shot took off in his powerful plane, climbing almost straight up, "so you could read the numbers on top of his wings from the ground," and booming out of the pattern toward his destination without warning a soul. "He's a clear hazard," Richard says. "An accident waiting to happen. They come out of the woodwork at a time like this."

A brisk wind is blowing from the north, so we liberated fliers are using Runway 35, just in front of Bluebird. It is a difficult runway to land on, I have heard by way of airport scuttlebutt, because one's approach must be made between two wooded hills and over a pond, and these tend to generate odd wind currents and downdrafts. (Every airport seems to have its difficult runway, creating its own if-you-can-land-on-that-you-can-land-any-

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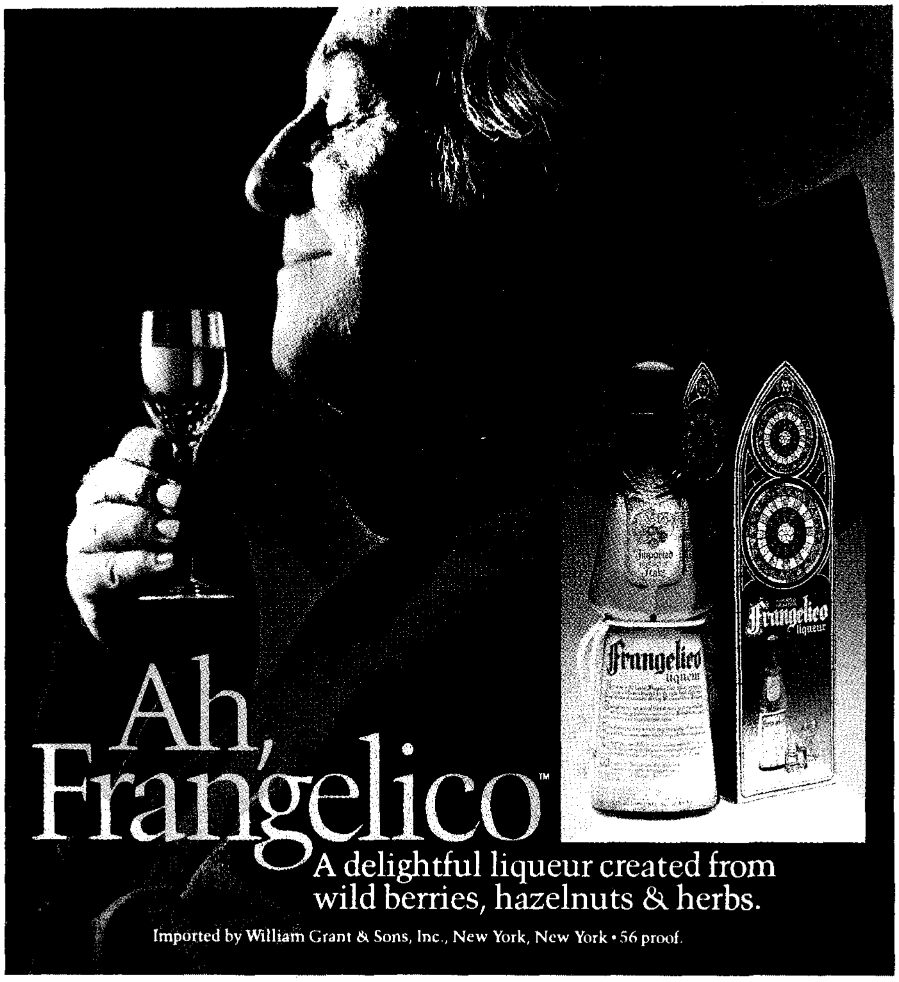
where legend.) Perhaps because of my edginess about the absent controllers and the forthcoming landing on Runway 35, my flight begins badly, embarrassingly. During the run-up, while testing the magnetos, I flick the ignition switch too far to the left, to the "off" setting. *Bang!* A cannon-blast backfire. Dave and I both jump in our seats, our safety belts notwithstanding. Dave shakes his head. "Don't let it get you," he says. "I did it one day when I wasn't thinking. I thought I was shot. Worse was the shame. Just do it this once and never again."

Broadcasting in the blind to "Danbury traffic" is spooky. Some pilots are still calling the silent Danbury tower, and they have to be informed by whoever is listening that the tower is closed. When all appears clear, I radio, "Danbury traffic, Cessna seven-six-eight-two-uniform departing three-five." The ensuing hour of takeoffs and landings around the pattern is marked by one depressing error after another: shaky ascents, shakier descents, forgotten procedures, jerky maneuvers, sloppy control. When the hour is blessedly over, I ask Dave, "Where did I go wrong?" He responds with a long critique of my lingering old habits, my lack of concentration, my sudden nervousness, my run-up blunder. "But don't worry," he says. "It will come to you. This often happens to students after about five hours of instruction. There's just too much to think about, and so they forget everything. It's a question of getting the right feel of it once and for all."

I'm beginning to wonder if I ever will—if I'm too old to learn new tricks.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 9, 1981
DANBURY

IT'S an iffy day for flying, with a morning fog slowly diffusing into a dense summer haze. Dave sniffs the moist air and proclaims that we can fly the pattern and "work on those landings of yours." That's all right with me; after Friday's debacle I need all the pattern practice I can get. In my waking and sleeping moments since Friday, I have been landing Cessna N7682U—sometimes flawlessly, sometimes disastrously—and I feel as if I have added at least a dozen hours to my flight time, imaginary though they are. Apparently, the phantom flying has paid off. My five takeoffs and landings this morning, on Runway 26, are generally clean and



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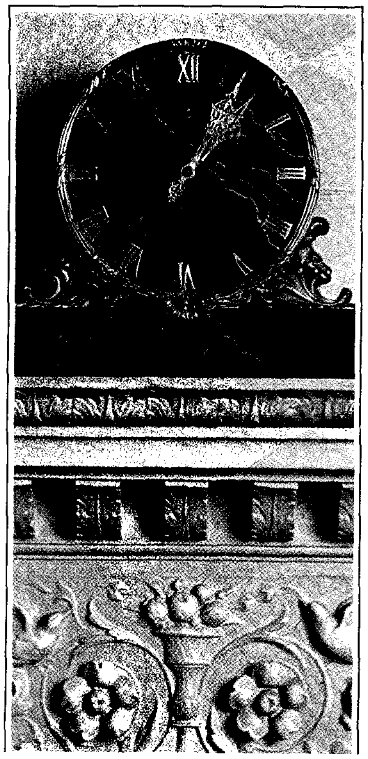
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smooth, with only a few flagrant errors. "You're doing real good," Dave says after my second landing.

"It feels good," I tell him. "The airplane seems like a part of me." I hear myself calling the machine an "airplane," as professional pilots invariably do—not simply a "plane."

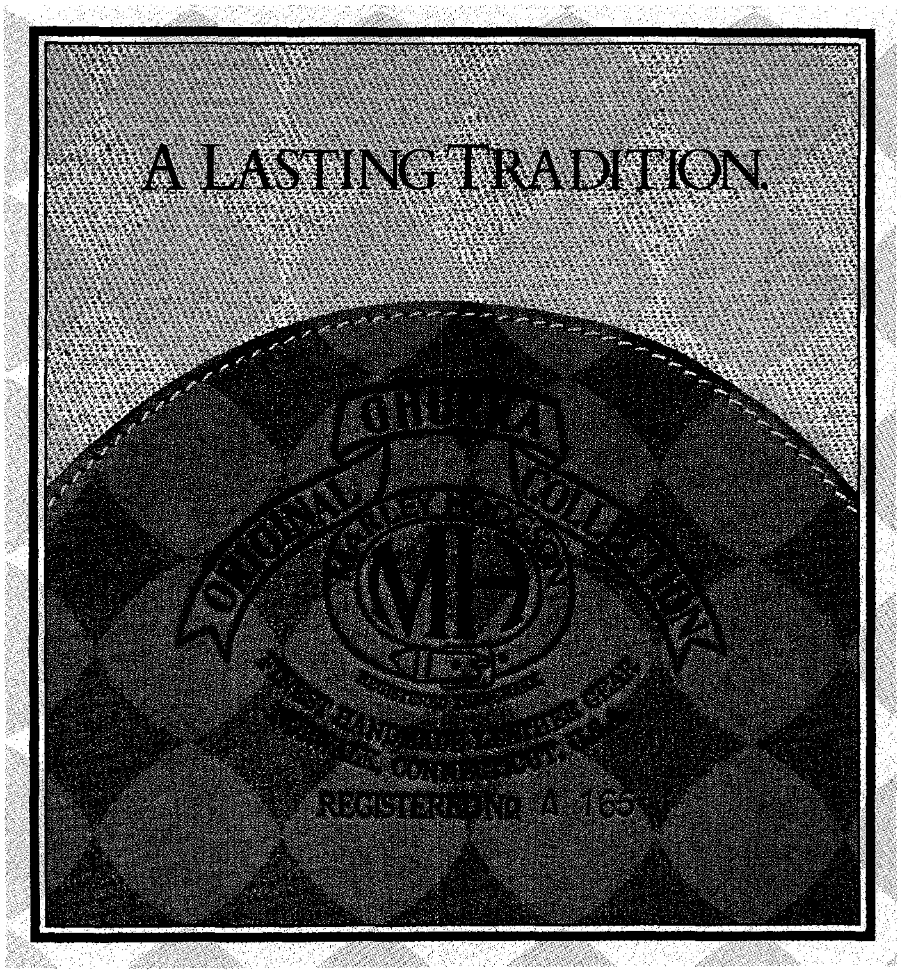
More fliers in the traffic pattern are taking advantage of the controllers' strike. One airplane flies catercornered from its downwind leg to its base leg in a heedless rush to land. Another comes straight in without entering the pattern at all. Even a hawk at fifteen hundred feet is taking advantage, circling in front of me tauntingly. "Another case of see and avoid," Dave says, and just when I'm about to avoid, the hawk soars off to my right. He adds, "They can do a lot of damage, those birds."

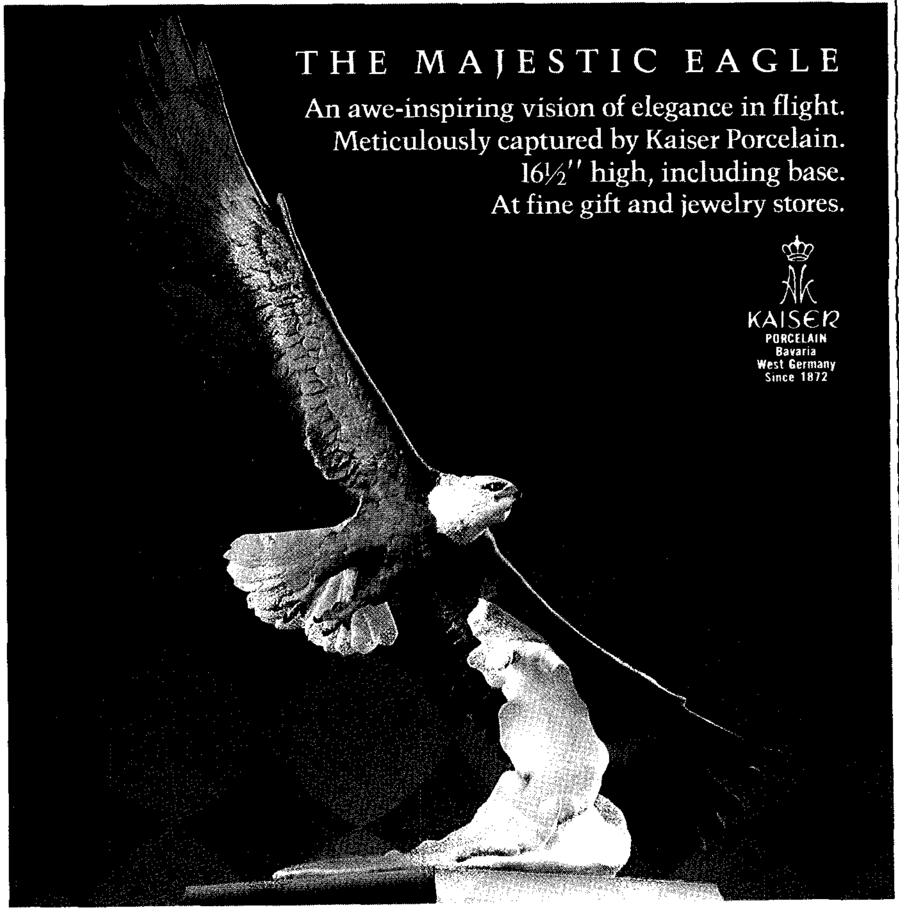
The better I fly, the pickier Dave becomes, insisting on fine-tuning my technique. At one point, he apologizes. I tell him that I don't mind—that I want him to be tough. And so he pulls two more tricks on me. During my third takeoff, when I've reached an altitude of a hundred feet he cuts the power and announces an engine failure and an aborted takeoff. I lower the nose and bring the airplane to a gentle landing on what's left to me of Runway 26. "Real nice," Dave says. "That was real nice." On the next takeoff, Dave unlatches the door to his right and says, "Your passenger door has come open. Fly your airplane and close the door without losing your passenger, yourself, and your airplane." I reach across his lap to slam the slightly ajar door shut. The Cessna banks sharply and then yaws to the right. I have inadvertently turned the wheel and depressed the right rudder pedal. "Fly your airplane," Dave commands, and, chastened, I correct.

At the end of this basically cheering hour, Dave conducts a ground-school session in the Bluebird office. There are several interruptions. A chunky man accompanied by a well-fed blonde enters and asks, with a heavy foreign accent, about helicopter flights over the area. Dave directs him to a nearby helicopter-charter service. "Must be a spy," Dave says after they depart.

A former Bluebird student drops by to say hello. "I see you still got old Cessna eight-two-uniform," he remarks, referring to what I've come to consider *my* airplane. "I spent a lot of hours in that thing."

Two free-lance flight instructors, friends of Dave's, come in to chat and

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tease Dave about his girlfriends, one of whom is of Italian descent. "Watch out, Dave," one instructor says. "I never knew an Italian girl that didn't want to get married."

A man who flies model airplanes for a hobby inquires about learning to fly the real thing. "I've got the itch and I have to scratch it," he says. Sounds familiar.

Finally, the interruptions cease, ground-school class is dismissed, and I make an appointment for early the following Wednesday morning.

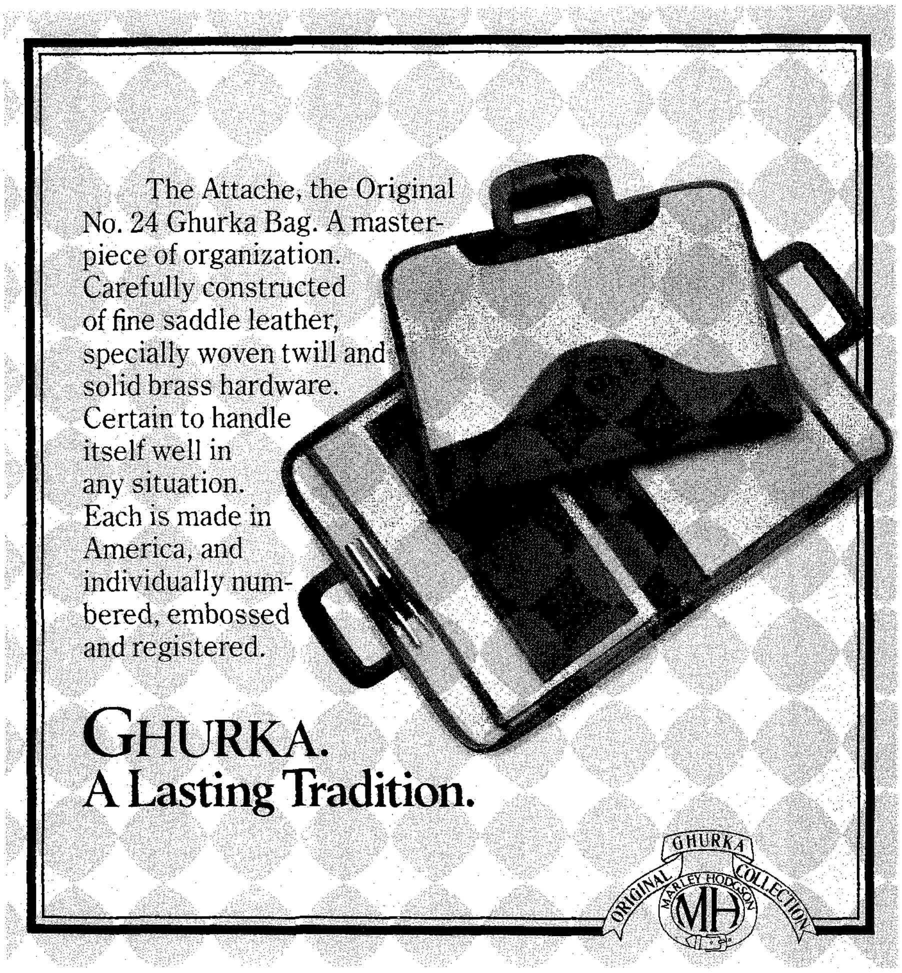
WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 12, 1981
DANBURY

AT nine o'clock, a luminescent ground fog is just beginning to dissipate under a weak sun. There is no wind to speak of. When the sky above the airport is clear, Dave and I take off in the Cessna 150 for more pattern work, to see if my landings are as good as they were three days ago. Once airborne over Runway 26, we are both struck by the loveliness of the patches of ground fog clinging to the valleys and the ponds of Putnam County, to the west. "What do you say we leave the pattern and take a look at the fog lifting?" Dave asks. At fifteen hundred feet, I swing a forty-five-degree turn to the right and climb to twenty-five hundred. The terrain below is a slowly evolving Japanese painting, full of billowy swirls and delicate tracings. Dave and I appreciate the view in silence. At last, he says, "Beautiful. I never get tired of the beauty from up here. It's always changing, changing . . . O.K., Burt, let's go back to Danbury and do some practicing."

For the rest of the hour, and six minutes over, my landings and takeoffs, with one exception, are good. As we taxi back to Bluebird, Dave asks me whether I've made an appointment for the required pre-solo physical examination yet. That's a broad hint—I must be nearing the time for soloing. I am at once thrilled and slightly terrified.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 14, 1981
DANBURY

IT is clear on the ground but hazy aloft this morning. The forecast calls for a front to move in with possible thunderstorms. The wind is capricious, and so the traffic pattern has been revised—informally, over the radio, by Dave. "When I changed it, you should've seen the traffic jam up there," he tells me. "But it had to be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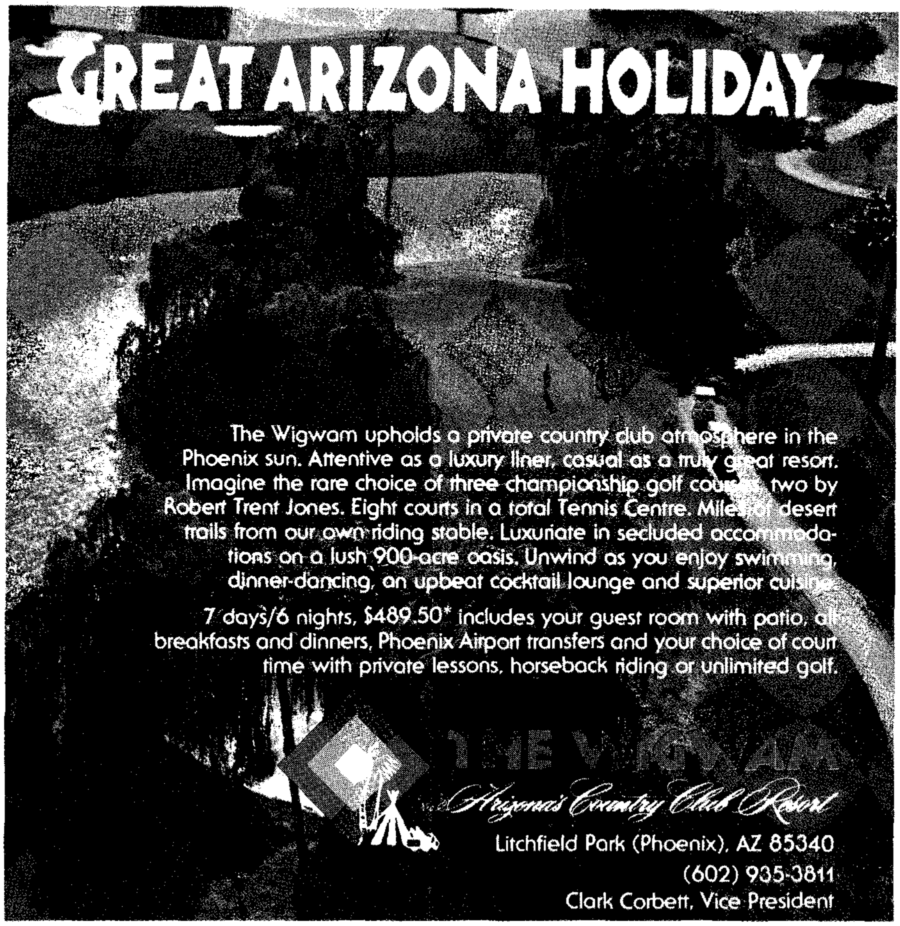
done. Too many students were landing downwind on Two-six. The wind was suddenly coming from the east, so I switched the active to Runway Eight. Nobody was doing anything about it except me. That kind of thing is when I miss the controllers. If they don't come back soon, the F.A.A. should sell advertising on the sides of the tower, or maybe make it into a motel."

I haven't realized how professional my radio technique has become until Dave compliments me during one of our pattern flights. "Hey, you're really getting cool on that thing," he says. My landings today are not so cool, however. The haze and the variable wind have given me a little anxiety attack. I'm "overcontrolling," as Dave puts it—abruptly and needlessly shoving the controls around. "Don't spoil a good thing," he keeps telling me. "Keep it smooth—smooth and coordinated. Relax. Have fun." The last time around, Dave encourages me to "get it all together and really grease it in." With intense concentration, I make an excellent approach, everything just right. "Splendid," Dave says. But then I botch the finale by flaring too high and banging the airplane onto the runway. The inherent drama of the grand climax of flight—the landing—is destroyed; it is as if Hamlet were to appear for his final scene dressed in a bathing suit, muttering one-liners in Hungarian. "Look, Burt, landing right is a very fine thing," Dave tells me. "You don't want to fly the airplane into the ground and you don't want to stall it too high." He holds his right thumb and forefinger a few inches apart. "Theoretically, that's where you want to stall the airplane—that high off the ground. Keep it flying as long as possible."

After the disappointing lesson, Dave and I go for coffee at Donut Time, across Route 7 from the airport, and at the counter he conducts an impromptu ground-school class in emergency procedures. He outlines what to do in case of engine failure, electrical malfunction, control-surface problems, carburetor icing, and fire. "The important thing with emergencies is don't blow them out of proportion," he says. "Ask yourself, 'Is my airplane flying?' Nine times out of ten, it is. One guy I know was freaking out because his flaps didn't work. So what? You can land without flaps, the way you did with the Cubs and Champs. You'll walk away from it. If you can



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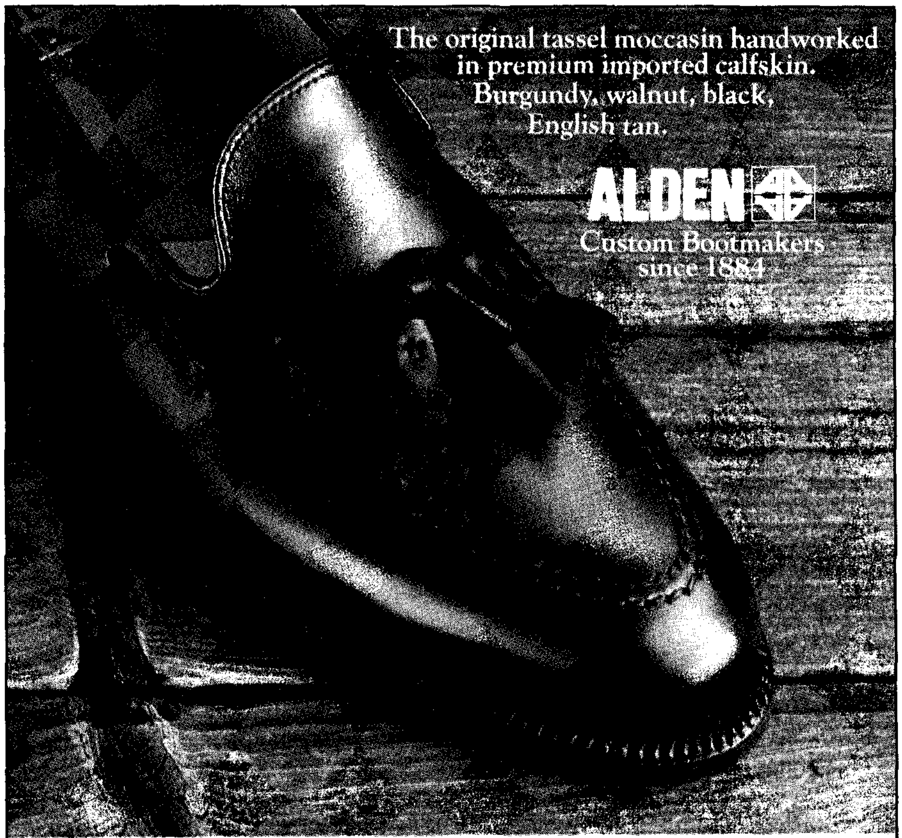

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WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 19, 1981
DANBURY

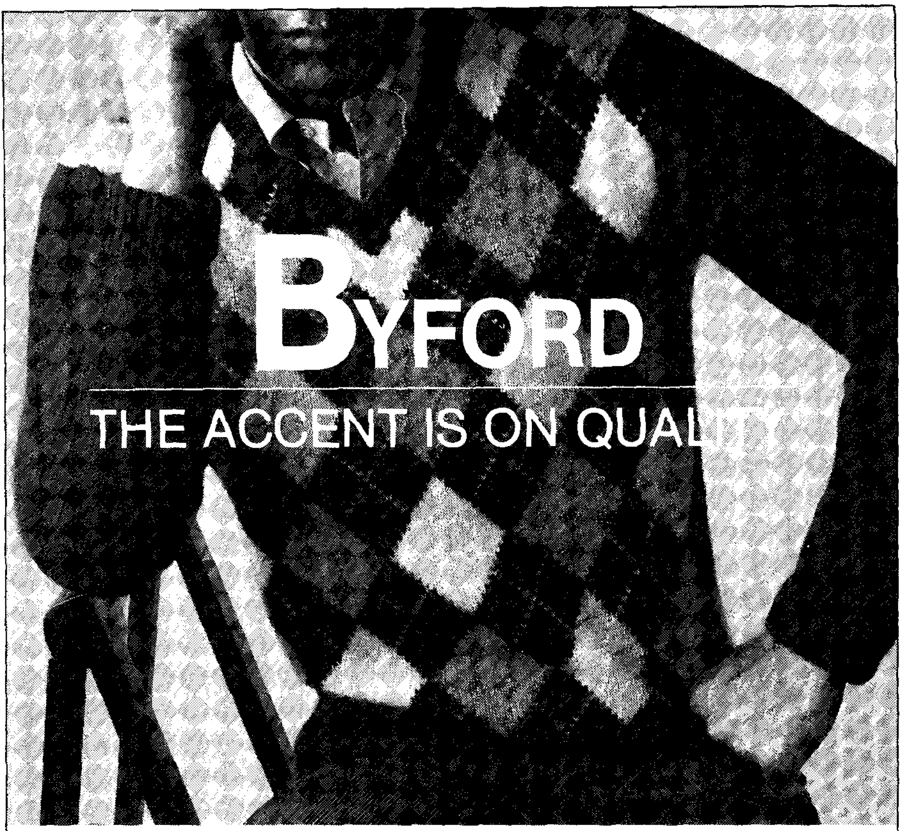
FLYING today is strange for two reasons: it is an ordinary midweek morning, but the Danbury traffic pattern is full of aircraft; and, while there isn't a breath of wind at ground level, at fifteen hundred feet tricky gusts from the north jiggle the Cessna around as if it were a balsa-wood toy. Both circumstances make me more edgy than usual, but, with Dave's comforting advice, I manage an hour's worth of fairly decent takeoffs and landings. Indeed, I am doing a lot better this morning than some other fledglings—especially a helicopter student who is trying to hover over a grassy practice area near the deserted tower and dips and slides alarmingly. I even muddle through another one of Dave's tricks. During a final approach, he pulls back the throttle to idle and announces, "You just lost your engine. Now put us on the runway." I set the airplane down gently, with plenty of room to spare. Not bad, I think. "Not bad," Dave says.

Later, we see a tiny, sparkling Pitts Special S-1S—an aerobatic one-seater—rise crazily into the air after an abbreviated takeoff run. We are both agog with admiration and envy. Dave clucks, and says, "Man, that's flyin'! Every pilot should have one of those to unwind with after a tough day." Inspired, I guess, by the Pitts Special's performance, I proceed to make the best landing of my erratic career. "Get your medical," Dave says curtly.

As soon as I arrive home, I make an appointment for Friday with a local doctor qualified to give flight physicals.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 21, 1981
DANBURY

TODAY is a superb day for flying—a soft northwesterly breeze, a sky so clear that, as some pilots like to say, "you can see for five hundred miles." But my aviatic concern today



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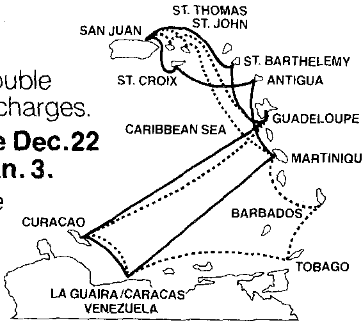

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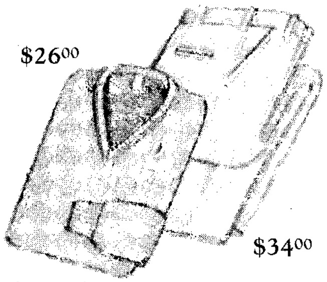

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is in the Danbury Hospital Emergency Department, where I fill out a long F.A.A. application form and am examined by Dr. George Terranova for my third-class medical certificate. The application is detailed in the extreme, requiring particulars on flight time, old ailments, current ailments, physical and moral deficiencies such as drug addiction, alcoholism, arrests, and accidents, and even one's military dog-tag number. The examination is equally thorough, with the usual corporeal explorations and heavy emphasis on vision and hearing acuity. I pass, to my immense relief.

Dr. Terranova is the head of the Emergency Department, and he uses his office there to conduct F.A.A. flight physicals. During the Vietnam War, he was a flight surgeon in the Air Force, and he spent about nineteen hours a month in military aircraft. He gave up flying when he realized that he wouldn't have the spare time in civilian life to practice his aviating skills. He tells me, "Not flying regularly is like being away on vacation for a week and not driving your car. When you get behind the wheel again, the car seems strange to you. In a plane, that could be bad." He asks me how things are going at the Danbury Airport since the controllers' strike. I answer that things are fairly normal except for a few crazies. "Some people do go a little crazy when they're flying a plane—even some doctors I know," he says. "Once, I flew to Nantucket in a light plane piloted by a neighbor of mine, an airline captain. He told me he prefers to fly his plane in bad weather, because most of the nuts stay on the ground then. Anyway, good luck with your flying." He signs my medical certificate—a yellow card—and hands it to me. There is space on the back of the card for endorsements by my instructor that I am qualified to solo in particular makes and models of aircraft. When I solo and Dave makes the proper endorsement, the yellow card will become a student-pilot certificate as well.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 26, 1981
DANBURY

HEARTENED by my medical certificate and a swelling sense of confidence, I am ready to solo, if so bidden. I set out for my nine-o'clock appointment at the airport with a song on my lips and a veritable aria in my heart. When I arrive at Bluebird, I see a beaming, stocky young man parking Cessna N7682U. I learn that his name

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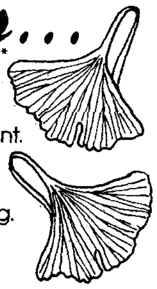

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is Joe Ursone, that he is seventeen, and that he has just soloed for the first time. Dave and the others are congratulating him with pats on the back and high praise. "Joe really greased it right in," Dave says, with the pride of the trusting, vindicated master. "Three beautiful landings." I feel both happy for Joe and jealous of him. When Dave tells me later that "kids pick up flying real quick," I feel almost insulted. I want to ask, "How about *former* kids?" But I don't. Also, I don't mention the possibility of soloing today myself. Dave says that we'll do some power-off and power-on stalls if the ceiling is high enough under the thickening clouds. This brightens me a bit: stalls are the only maneuvers I haven't practiced for my soloing requirements.

While I am pre-flighting the Cessna 150, Dave describes an accident at the airport over the weekend. "A guy landed with his feet down but his wheels up," he says. The pilot was unhurt, and his airplane was only slightly damaged, but when the crash trucks were at the scene on the runway another airplane landed and had to swerve onto the grass to miss the trucks and the crippled airplane. "The press is making a big deal out of it," Dave adds. "They're claiming it wouldn't have happened if controllers had been in the tower. Maybe yes, maybe no. Controllers are supposed to look out for such things as wheels-up landings, and warn other airplanes off after a crash, but who knows if they could have prevented that mess?"

As it turns out, the ceiling is too low to practice stalls, and that means I won't solo after all. There's barely usable altitude to perform takeoffs and landings in the pattern. My landings this morning are tentative and mercurial. "Why did you blow that one?" Dave shouts. "You were doing great until the very end!" A student pilot in another Cessna 150 bounces around on a landing, and I'm comforted once again to see that I'm not the only bumbling student around —young Joe Ursone notwithstanding. This knowledge moves me to finish off the lesson with two nice landings. "Good," Dave says at the end of the session. "Your last two landings were good and safe, but you still need more finesse, more fine-tuning."

O.K., but when am I going to solo? Well, perhaps this very afternoon. In the Bluebird office, a student phones to cancel a three-o'clock appointment, which I snatch up. "If the ceiling

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lifts, maybe we can get some stalls in," Dave says tantalizingly.

By three o'clock, the sky has changed to bright blue with high, puffy clouds—good for stall practice. Before Dave and I go up in the Cessna 150, he invites me for a Coke at a roadside stand near the fairgrounds and proceeds to tell me the story of his life. Our roles are instantly reversed: I take my logical place as the sage older man, and he becomes the confused youth. He tells me how he was infatuated with airplanes at the age of thirteen, when his family moved to Ridgefield, Connecticut, from New Jersey. His father took him to Bluebird Aviation for sightseeing rides and later for instruction. On his sixteenth birthday, he started working at Bluebird as a line boy, washing and gassing aircraft in exchange for cut-rate lessons. His first instructor was James King, Richard's father, and his second was Richard himself. Dave's interest in flying waned during an unhappy stint at New England College, in Henniker, New Hampshire, but after he graduated he went back to aviation with a vengeance, finally winning his commercial and flight-instructor ratings at the Embry-Riddle Aeronautical University, in Daytona Beach, Florida. After working as a busboy and a car salesman ("I was the best damn car salesman you ever saw"), he came back to Connecticut in 1979 and was hired by Richard as a flight instructor—a position that helps him gain flying time, experience, and advanced ratings toward his goal of someday becoming an airline jet pilot. But that dream seems to be evaporating. "The airlines are laying off more pilots than they're hiring," Dave tells me gloomily. "It's not like it used to be, when they'd take a chance on a young pilot and pay for his jet training. Even getting a job with the little commuter airlines is hard. It looks dismal everywhere. People my age are getting awful fed up. In three years, I'll be thirty, and then it will probably be too late for a good career. I may have to go to Australia for a decent airline job." Meanwhile, at Bluebird he is overworked in the summer and underworked in the winter, and there are always money problems. "This instructor business is rough," he concludes, thoroughly depressed by his outpouring. I find that in my new role as counsellor I can offer no substantial advice—just useless sympathy.

Later, while we are belting ourselves into the Cessna 150, Dave, still

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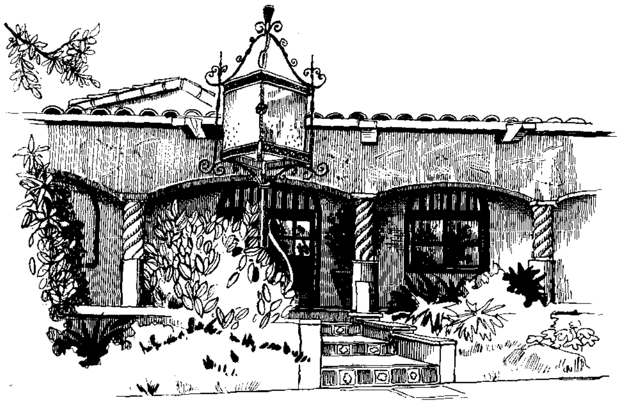

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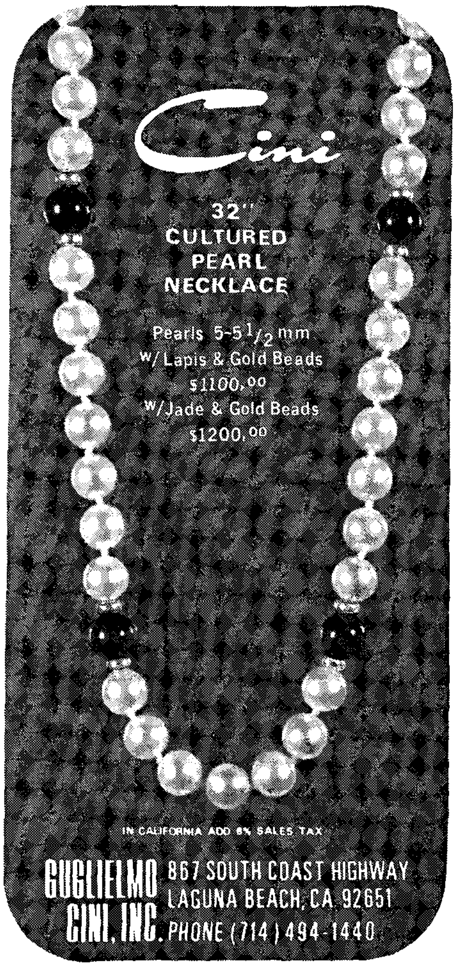
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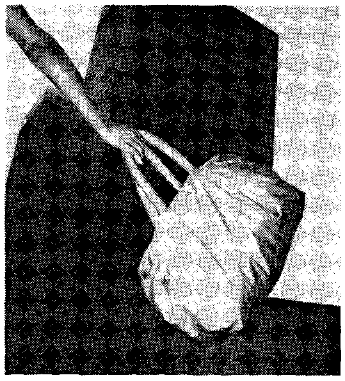
dispirited, points to the instrument panel and says, "What I should do is put a little rack with my toothbrush and shaving stuff here and never leave. That's how much time I spend in this thing during the summer." The cockpit looks like home to me, too; I've been in here a lot today. It's muggy hot, and we open the vents and the windows while taxiing to take off. Once aloft, however—and climbing to three thousand feet over the Housatonic River—both of us are refreshed and stimulated by the cool air and the startling views. Dave's mood has changed. "Well, sometimes the tension and work get to me," he says. "But it's always a new challenge up here. You leave your troubles on the ground." That's a hoary sentiment but nonetheless true. It's wonderful just to fly.

I recover ably enough from the stomach-lurching power-on and power-off stalls over the Roxbury practice area. The recovery procedures are the same as in the Cub and the Champ, so the technique comes to me easily. On our way back to Danbury, we fly directly over my house. With the strong sun illuminating my property, I am astonished at how clearly every familiar detail stands out. There are my son and my dog in the back yard, looking skyward. I rock my wings in salute, and my son waves. I spot a neighbor lounging in the buff beside his swimming pool, and there's another friend mowing his lawn on a tractor. Is that my favorite tennis partner on the town courts? My God, this is fun! It's a fantasy of a celestial view of the world come true. I've almost forgotten about soloing. What the hell. I'll do it some other sunny, bright day.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1981
DANBURY

SEVERAL less than sunny, bright days have kept me from my compulsive pursuit until this Friday afternoon of the Labor Day weekend. Even today, the weather is rather uncoöperative: a low mist slowly lifting, the ceiling just high enough for pattern work—not good conditions for a student pilot to go up alone. Another setback: the Cessna 150 is sidelined because of a broken carburetor linkage. Dave says we'll use the brown-and-white Cessna 152—the first Bluebird airplane I flew, on July 24th. The 152 seems both familiar and strange to me. I have an uneasy feeling about this day.

After more than a week of being earthbound, I'm a little rusty, so per-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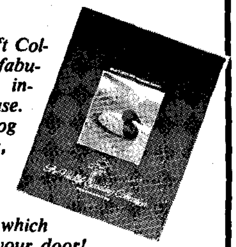
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haps it's just as well I don't solo. I recall what Dr. Terranova told me about the necessity of regular practice to be a skillful pilot. My worst error on our first time around the pattern is a final approach that's too fast. "You let your airspeed get away from you," Dave says after we land. "Trade some altitude for airspeed and use more flaps."

During the second landing, I do as he instructs, depressing the flap lever to twenty degrees as soon as I'm lined up with the runway. I'm concentrating for all I'm worth when suddenly I hear a dull but loud "WHUMP!" coming vaguely from my left. My first thought is that I've hit a bird—a large bird. "What was *that*?" I ask as the Cessna yaws sharply to the left.

"I got the airplane," Dave says brusquely, and I take my hands and feet off the controls. We're still yawing left, veering toward the deserted control tower. Dave is intensely looking everywhere at once. With a gentle, delicate touch, he coaxes the airplane back over the runway. His concentration is awesome. I tighten my safety belt and harness, reasoning that if we have a rough landing at least my head won't smash into the instrument panel. Also, I shut up and keep out of Dave's way. Our letdown onto the runway seems to take forever, but Dave isn't rushing it. He is talking to the injured machine through his hands and feet, persuading it to respond rationally. We're coming in fast, a bit crookedly. Just before we touch down, Dave asks, "Your seat belt tight?"

"Yes," I answer, double-checking.

The stall buzzer buzzes, the tires squeal, and Dave says, "We're down."

I exhale loudly and whisper, "Beautiful."

He brakes and turns off onto the nearest taxiway. "Look at your left flap," he tells me.

I look, and see that it is still in the up position, while the right one is down. So that's why we yawed to the left. "Did it stick, or what?" I ask.

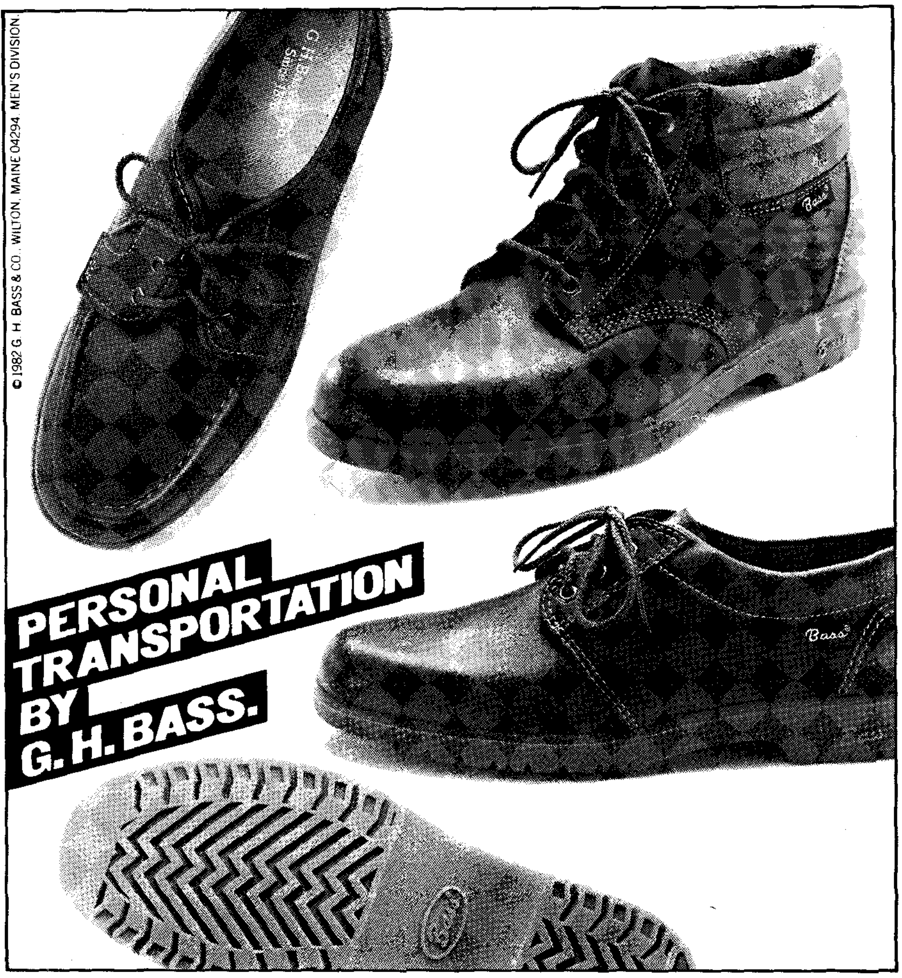
"I think it just broke," he answers. "That's what that sound was. The metal control arm must've snapped." He moves the flap lever to the "up" setting, and the right flap moves and freezes in place. "Yeah," Dave says.

"I checked the flaps in pre-flight."

"Well, those things happen," he says. "Remember what I once told you about aviation being changeable?"

I ask him if this has ever happened to him before.

"I've had both flaps stick down on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me," he answers. "But that's not as bad as this. With one flap up and the other down, we could've gone into a spin, and we didn't have much altitude to recover from a spin—which is why I took over from you."

"You were terrific," I tell him. "I thought we hit a bird. What if I was flying solo? Could I have brought it in to a decent landing?"

Dave smiles, and says, "I'm sure you could have, but it wouldn't have been *one* of your better landings. In something like this, the first thing you want to do is fly your airplane. Then it's a matter of bringing the airplane down in one piece. In a way, it's good when something like this happens once in a while—and you can walk away from it—because it makes you more careful about your flying habits and better prepared for the unexpected. A lot of your reaction is instinct, which is an amazing thing. You do what you feel is right. Of course, we had plenty of runway to land on and no crosswind, which was lucky."

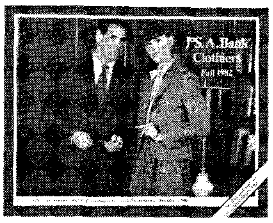
I congratulate him on a brilliant performance, and he shyly looks away. For all my apparent composure, I am a little shaken once I set foot on the ground. Things slip inexplicably from my fingers. I keep thinking, What if I had soloed today?

Dave writes in my logbook, "Flap malfunction on landing. Burt remains 'cool.' " As he hands me my logbook with that ringing notation, he apologizes for the aborted lesson. "Gee, I was just about ready to hop out," he says—meaning that I would have likely soloed today after all. Now, with both Cessna trainers disabled ("It looks like the Libyan Air Force around here," Dave says) and the weather worsening, I'll have to wait a while longer.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1981
DANBURY

THE morning sky is the very definition of cerulean—autumnally impeccable. The murky, wet weather of the Labor Day weekend was blown to sea last night by a front moving down from Canada, but with the front have come strong, variable winds—perhaps too strong and variable for soloing. However, while I'm driving to the airport I hear on the car radio that this is the last "square-root day" of the twentieth century, being 9/9/81. Maybe a good omen.

At Bluebird, Richard tells me that the Cessna 152 turned out to have a broken cable leading to its left flap. "I



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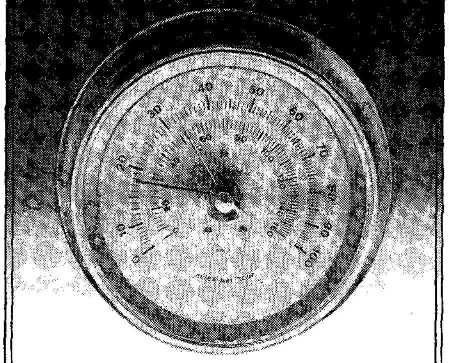

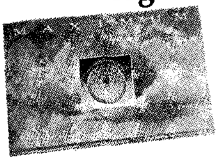

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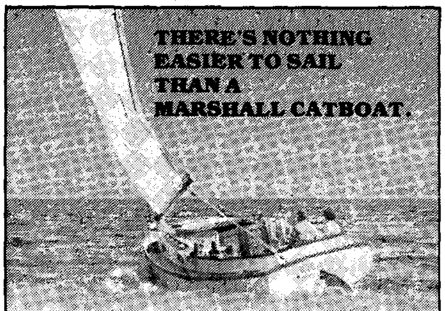

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never saw that before, even with much older airplanes," he says. "The hardest thing will be getting the replacement part, not fixing it." The Cessna 150, my old friend N7682U, is in good shape, the carburetor linkage having been repaired. It's nice to be back in the 150's cockpit, as familiar to me as my own living room. I trust this airplane more than the 152—with good reason, I guess. With extra care, I pre-flight while Dave sniffs the wind and frowns. We start out on Runway 26, the wind seemingly favoring that strip more than the northerly, and infamous, Runway 35. In mid-pattern, the wind abruptly changes direction, blowing from due north in unsettling gusts. Under Dave's tutoring, I handle this situation by crabbing into the wind. "Nice, real nice, Burt," Dave says as we land crosswind, scattering some seagulls that have nonchalantly alighted on the runway.

The pilot of a Piper Cherokee radios that the wind is now favoring Runway 35 and that he is taking it on himself to change the traffic pattern. "He's right," Dave says, and we taxi to the beginning of Runway 35 for a takeoff. The letdown approach to Runway 35 is the one between two wooded hills and a pond; a pilot must stay high over the hills to avoid tricky downdrafts, and then descend steeply with full flaps onto the runway. Everything is going fine as we touch down until a green-and-yellow Bellanca, on a taxiway to our left, suddenly begins to cross the runway on a sure right-angle collision course with us. Dave takes the controls and swerves to the right, neatly averting the collision. It is the second near-accident in two flying days, but I feel more anger than fear. I spot the culprit's identification number and report it to Dave while he brakes the Cessna.

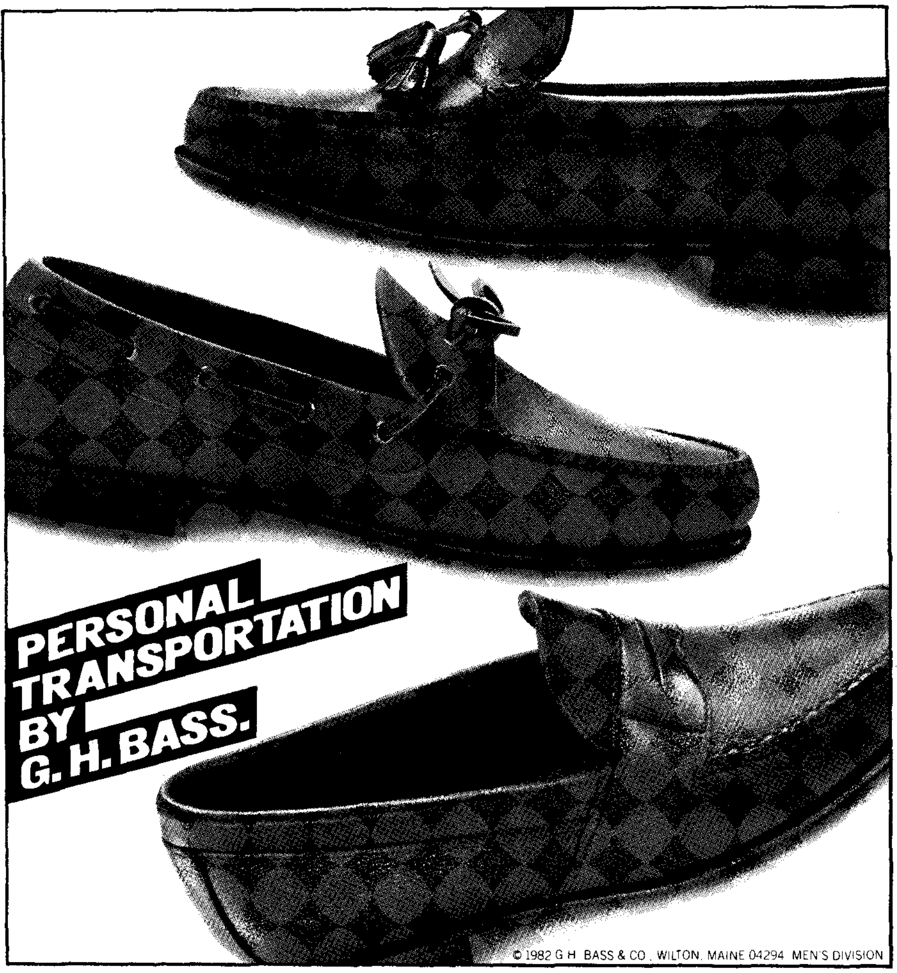
Dave grabs the microphone and radios, "Hey, Buster, you ought to really watch it there!" No response from the Bellanca, which proceeds to the end of Runway 35 for takeoff.

An anonymous voice on the radio says, "Are they keeping you on your toes today, Dave?"

"Did you see that one?" Dave replies into the mike.

"Yeah, crazy," the voice says.

"That guy in the Bellanca doesn't have his damn radio on," Dave tells me. "He never saw us. No reflexive braking, no beacon light, no nothing. If you follow him wherever he's going, you'll see he'll screw everything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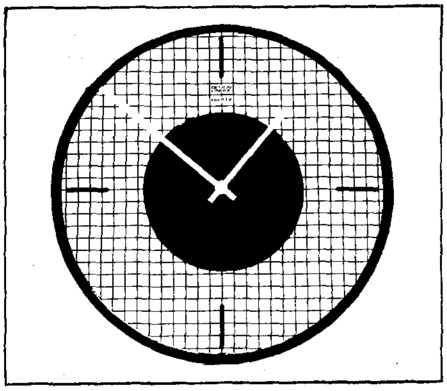

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up." Dave is angrier than I am, and just as disconcerted. "Let's call it a day," he says as we taxi. "The wind is too tricky anyhow. Next time, we'll fly very early in the morning, before the wind kicks up. We'll be out here by ourselves, and we won't get run over. That incident was a little bit closer than I like." Same here.

Back in the Bluebird office, Dave holds forth on fliers like the one in the Bellanca. He says that that flier was not a serious pilot but, probably, a businessman with other things on his mind, like making his appointment in Syracuse or someplace. "That's the trouble with amateurs. All they're interested in is getting home or to their destination, not in flying properly. They make too many stupid mistakes. What we got to do in aviation is not just make the airplanes safer but improve the pilots."

Sombrely, we agree to meet at seven o'clock Saturday morning, weather permitting.

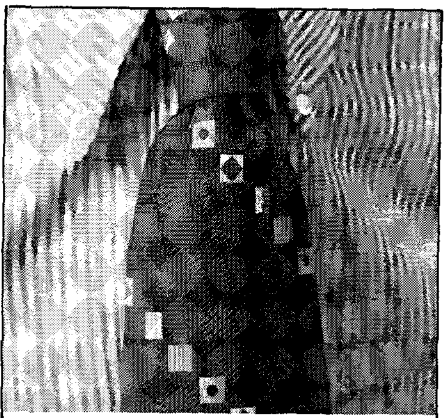
Saturday, September 12, 1981
Danbury

LAST night, after listening to the ten-o'clock weather forecast ("Coming up tomorrow, a hot, partly cloudy return to summer—a beach day"), I went directly to bed. I was sure, gut sure, that I would solo in the morning. Mentally practicing landings, I finally fell asleep at about ten-thirty.

I awake, brain crackling, at four o'clock, totally unable to close my eyes. The alarm goes off at five-thirty. First thing, I stare out the bedroom window. There is haze in the sky, a reddish sun trying to break through. "Red sky at morning, sailor"—and pilot?—"take warning." Everything is an omen lately. But there is almost no wind, and the haze will disappear once the sun gets higher. I eat a light breakfast, with two cups of coffee, and drive to the airport. It is only a quarter to seven when I arrive, so I have another cup of coffee and a sugared cruller at Donut Time.

Dave is waiting for me at the Bluebird flight line. Not another soul or machine is stirring. Dave is unusually formal and laconic. He informs me that the Cessna 150's tanks have been topped off and that I should preflight the airplane scrupulously. In his usual manner, he sniffs the wind—or lack of it—and tells me the runway we will be using: good old 26. I sense that this is my day.

Everything must be perfect, I keep



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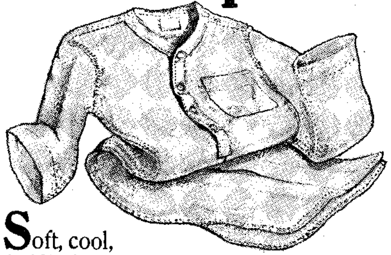

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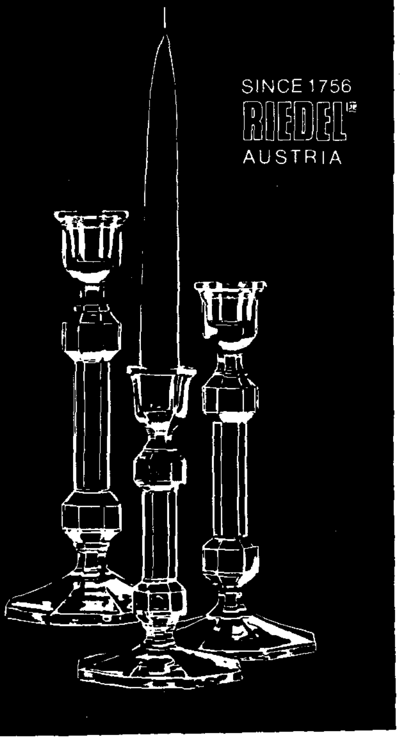

reminding myself. But I am a little nervous. I have trouble attaching my harness strap, which won't latch on to the safety belt. Dave hums while I fiddle with the strap and prepare to start the engine. Once it's started, I relax somewhat; the engine noise is comforting—a reassuring sound of tested technology. The radio is quiet except for one other pilot, who is announcing to the world at large that he will be flying into the Danbury traffic pattern. While we hold before taking off, he touches down—a clean, feather-light landing. The sun comes out strong, and the haze immediately disintegrates. In fact, there is a harsh glare, and, searching unsuccessfully in my shirt pockets for my sunglasses, I realize that I have left them in the car. Damn. Stupid. Everything must be perfect.

When the other active airplane has cleared the runway, I radio my intentions and take off. On the downwind leg, I unaccountably lose three hundred feet of altitude, but I correct and make a tight landing on the first third of the runway. "Let's go," Dave commands, and we take right off again—a touch-and-go. "Did you have your Wheaties today?" Dave asks as we climb into the still air. "Your landing was fine, but your approach was terrible. You were at twelve hundred on your downwind leg. Now, make this one real good." With heavy, sweaty intensity, I do just that—make a real good landing. Dave compliments me and loosens up a bit, relating the latest in airport gossip as we taxi back to the eastern end of the runway. Like the most eager pupil in the class, I ask him about iffy approaches. "If in doubt, don't," he replies. "I always liked that expression: 'If in doubt, don't.' "

The third time around, Dave is still beside me in the cockpit. While I'm settling over the runway at two hundred feet, Dave orders, "Go around! There's nothing wrong with your approach. I just want you to go around." That's odd. Does this mean something significant? My ensuing pattern and landing are, as far as I can tell, unimpeachable. During the rollout, I think, My God, what does he want? I'm doing this as well as any student pilot. Silence while taxiing. Dave whistles, hums, whistles. As we pass the empty control tower, he says, "The tower people were over there yesterday, turning in their keys or something." More silence, more humming, more whistling. Then: "So what do you say,

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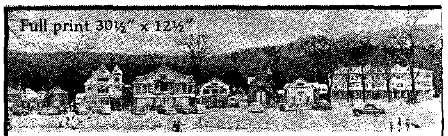
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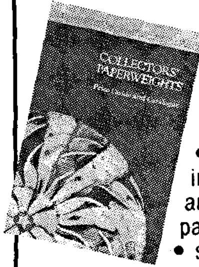

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I can feel an enormous grin spreading over my face. "I'd be glad to," I answer.

"One rule of thumb: if you're in doubt about landing, go around again. But you should have no trouble." He points to a man fuelling airplanes from a tank truck alongside the taxiway. "I'll hop out there," he says. "Make a full-stop landing and taxi back this way. If I signal you to go through the pattern again, just go. Enjoy it!" I stop near the tank truck, and Dave leaves the Cessna. We reach across his empty seat and shake hands.

"Thank you," I say.

"O.K.," he answers, and slams the door shut.

At last, I am alone, ready to first-solo for the third time in my life. I am sweating. I force myself to breathe deeply, to relax. I wiggle my toes. As I taxi away from Dave, I find that I am mumbling aloud. "O.K., I'm going to solo," I say. "You've done it before. Nothing to worry about. Great weather. Just one other airplane in the pattern. I wish I had my sunglasses, that's all. But I'm going to enjoy it, as Dave said." While I hold at the end of Runway 26, I check all the instruments and make fine adjustments. Everything is all right. The other traffic has landed and pulled off the runway. The sky is clear of aircraft. The radio is broadcasting only muted static. "Danbury traffic, Cessna seven-six-eight-two-uniform departing two-six," I proclaim, pleased at the casual, if high-pitched, sound of my voice. I turn onto the runway, straddle the center line, and slowly push the throttle all the way in. The engine growls and then roars, and the Cessna rushes to a speed of fifty knots. Lighter by the weight of one man, it wants desperately to leave the ground, and I grant its wish by easing the yoke back. All by myself, I'm flying. It is, quite simply, the most exhilarating feeling I have ever known.

I hear myself talking: "Twelve hundred feet . . . crosswind turn left to fifteen hundred . . . level off . . . cruising speed . . . downwind turn . . . Danbury traffic, eight-two-uniform downwind two-six . . . reduce speed . . . carburetor heat on . . . ten degrees flaps . . . seventy knots . . . turning base . . . turning final . . . more flaps . . . power off . . . line up on runway . . . looking good . . . sixty knots . . . runway coming up . . . fifty knots . . . I'm in there . . . stall buzzer . . . flare . . . flare . . .

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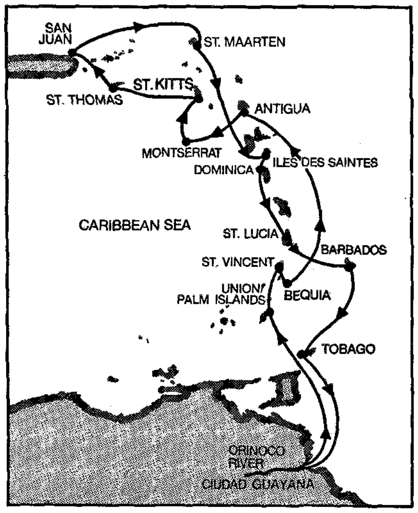

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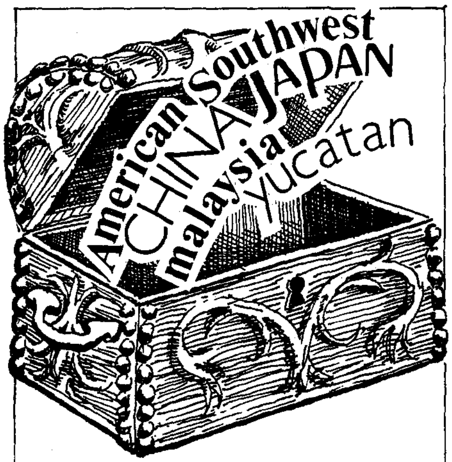

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flare . . . yoke back and . . . I'm down and rolling . . . *Yahoo!* I did it!"

I brake, turn off the runway, and taxi past some Canada geese, which stare at me with what I assume is admiration from fellow-fliers. Dave is standing beside the tank-truck man just ahead. He is smiling broadly, and he makes an "O.K." sign with the thumb and fingers of his right hand. I hold one questioning finger up, and he nods several times. Then I repeat the first flight, feeling just as thrilled but more confident. As I come in for my second solo landing of the day, I see an airplane holding at the end of the runway—an addition to my audience. I try hard to perform as well as the first time, but there is a small bump when I touch down. Oh, well, I'm safely on the ground and taxiing back to Dave. The notion strikes me that flying is the ultimate ego trip—to know that you can cause an ungainly contraption to leave the planet and return again in one piece. It is an unalloyed personal triumph. That's what hooks you.

Dave gestures for me to return to Bluebird. He walks the hundred yards or so behind me. Richard is waiting as I park the Cessna and shut the engine down. He shakes my hand and says, "You're not supposed to let your instructor walk back all that way." Pilot humor.

Then Dave appears and shouts, "You really greased it right in, Burt. You did real nice." That was what he told young Joe Ursone after he had soloed.

My pleasure is instantly doubled. I natter on about how good it felt. The others are indulgent. With some ceremony, Dave endorses my medical certificate—now my pilot's license—and signs my logbook, adding the notation "Supervised solo—nice job!" The morning is warm and sunny. Life is beautiful. I am in rapture, for I am a pilot again, a kid again.

—Burton Bernstein

•

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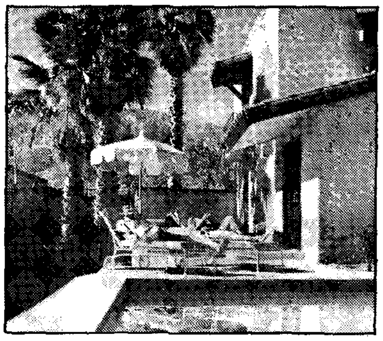

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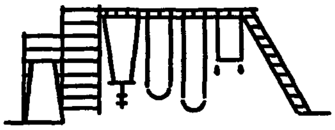

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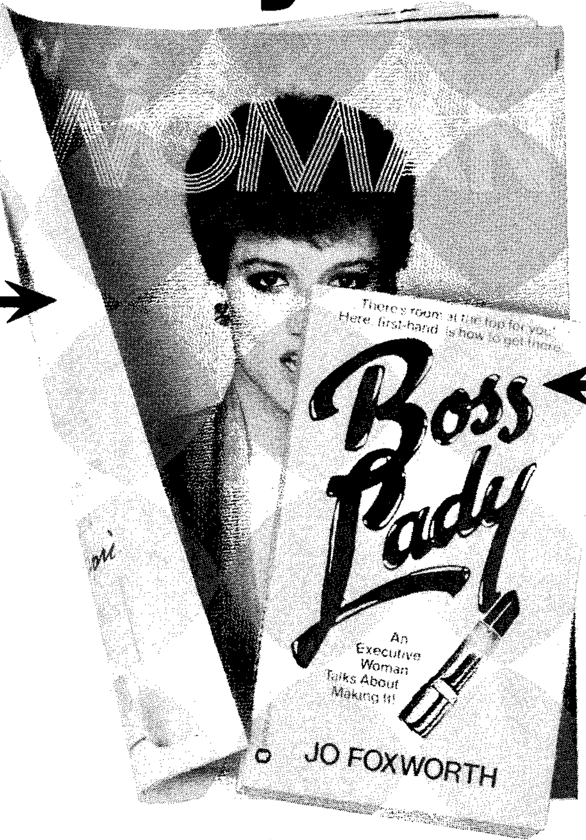
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THE THEATRE

Nora Comes Home

ONE could see that in the early stages of its composition "A Doll's Life," which gave up the ghost after five performances at the Mark Hellinger, must have had an exceptionally ambitious intention—nothing less than providing an appropriate sequel, in musical-comedy terms, to Ibsen's "A Doll's House." Audiences would be invited to observe the series of adventures and misadventures that Nora Helmer was likely to have experienced after her celebrated loud slamming of the door on her astonished husband and sleeping children. How was she to survive in the inimical, male-oriented society of that day? Having possessed the intelligence to perceive her stultification as a twittering little lark of a wife and mother, she owed it to herself not merely to make a place for herself in the world but to become a superior human being. Surely, then, instead of being content to beat—or attempt to beat—men at their own dirty games, she would seek to outwit and surpass them, as Shaw's Ibsenesque women were later to do. Oddly, Betty Comden and Adolph Green, the authors of the book and lyrics, abandoned Ibsen's gallant, questing Nora in favor of a Nora who was in part an unscrupulous sexual bully and in part a ninny, and who therefore bore an unlucky resemblance to the heroine of some nineteenth-century French melodrama by Scribe, or even to one of those twentieth-century American heroines who "guess" that they are entitled to be called "the Cosmopolitan girl." The Nora of "A Doll's Life" conducted herself in a fashion far more self-serving and hypocritical outside the Helmer household than she had done within it, and if the musical had any moral it was that Nora might just as well never have left home. Indeed, to our dismay, but not in the least to our surprise, home was where poor Nora wound up; in the final scene she opened the door that she had slammed at the start, and for scarcely any better reason than that (in Frost's chilling words) "home is the place where, when you have to go there, they have to take you in."

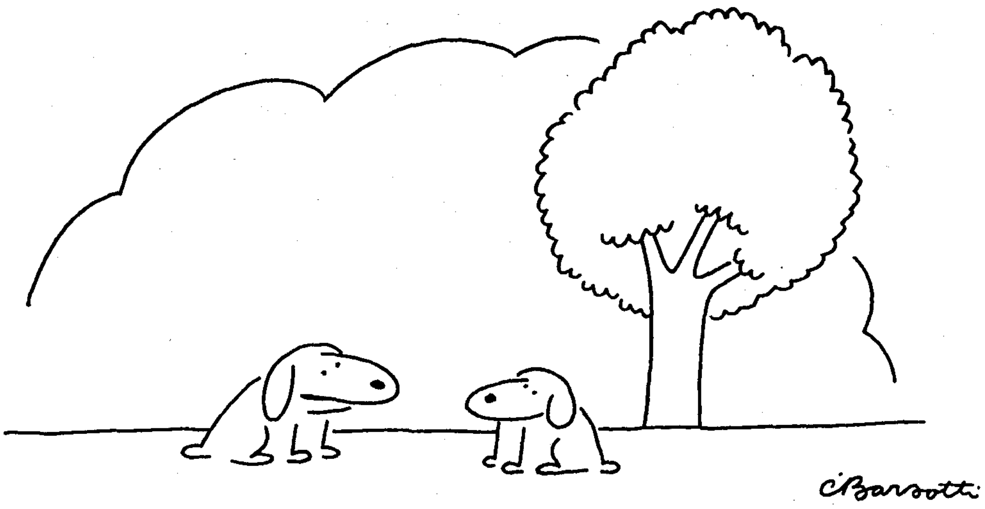
The book of the musical failed, and so did its direction, which was by Harold Prince. Nowadays, whenever modesty is called for Mr. Prince falls back upon extravagance—in this instance, settings, costumes, scenes, and even individual gestures that were far more elaborate than they needed to be. Meanwhile, fugitive souvenirs of past Prince successes (and failures) drifted across the overstuffed stage, turning it into a sort of scrapbook. To make matters worse, Mr. Prince was unfortunate in his casting. Betsy Joslyn proved ideally unsuitable in the role of Nora, displaying only abundant energy where charm and sensual warmth and at least a measure of feminine winsomeness were called for. George Hearn is an able actor and singer and yet went largely to waste both as Nora's husband, Torvald, and as her admirer, Johan. Edmund Lyndeck, as a worldly magnate who recruited Nora as one of his many mistresses, appeared to have dropped in at the Mark Hellinger from some neighboring Lehár operetta, and Peter Gallagher was calculatedly boyish and implausible as Otto, a young composer. Larry Grossman provided the music, which was orchestrated by Bill Byers. The scenery was by Timothy O'Brien and Tazeena Firth; the costumes were by Florence Klotz; the lighting was by Ken Billington; and the choreography was by Larry Fuller. All parties to the production labored hard, and I am sorry that their labor turned out to be in vain. —BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Schwartz & Co.

"THE STAGE THAT WALKS" is a two-tiered puppet theatre with a cupola on top which is perched upon the shoulders of an ingenious puppeteer, Bruce D. Schwartz, of Los Angeles, who inaugurates this season's American Humorists Series in the Subplot Cabaret, at the American Place. Using hand puppets on that boxlike stage, he performs mock-antique plays of his own devising, assuming various roles in various voices. The evening opens with a duet for recorders: tiny man and woman dolls, standing on a balcony, hold the pipes to their lips, put them down, whisper to each other, and kiss. The number makes a quite charming prologue. It is followed by one of the mock antiques, a drama in Elizabethan style called "A Rat of Huge Proportions," and written in rather trying rhymed couplets, about the courtship of one Eleanor by one Thomas, who disguises himself as the rat. The interplay of the little figures as they touch each other (and an intruding rat) and adjust their costumes is very nimbly done. But only when Mr. Schwartz removes the box from his shoulders and enters in his own person—a rather stocky young man with a mustache—and changes from hand puppets to rod puppets does he fully reveal his accomplishment. In a set called "Victorian Songs and Dances," he sings as he manipulates an East Indian fortune-teller and a Chinese fan dancer; then a poor woman, her head in a shawl, fondling her baby in her arms as she croons a lullaby; and, last, a half-crazed mountain woman in a yellowed wedding gown wandering and singing the lovely ballad "Shiloh."

The evening moves back and forth from the hand puppets on the little stage that walks to the rod puppets on the larger stage that doesn't. The hand puppets and their plays, though inventive and in-and-out entertaining, are seldom truly funny: the humor in the



"Oh, I would bite, but only if the cause were just."

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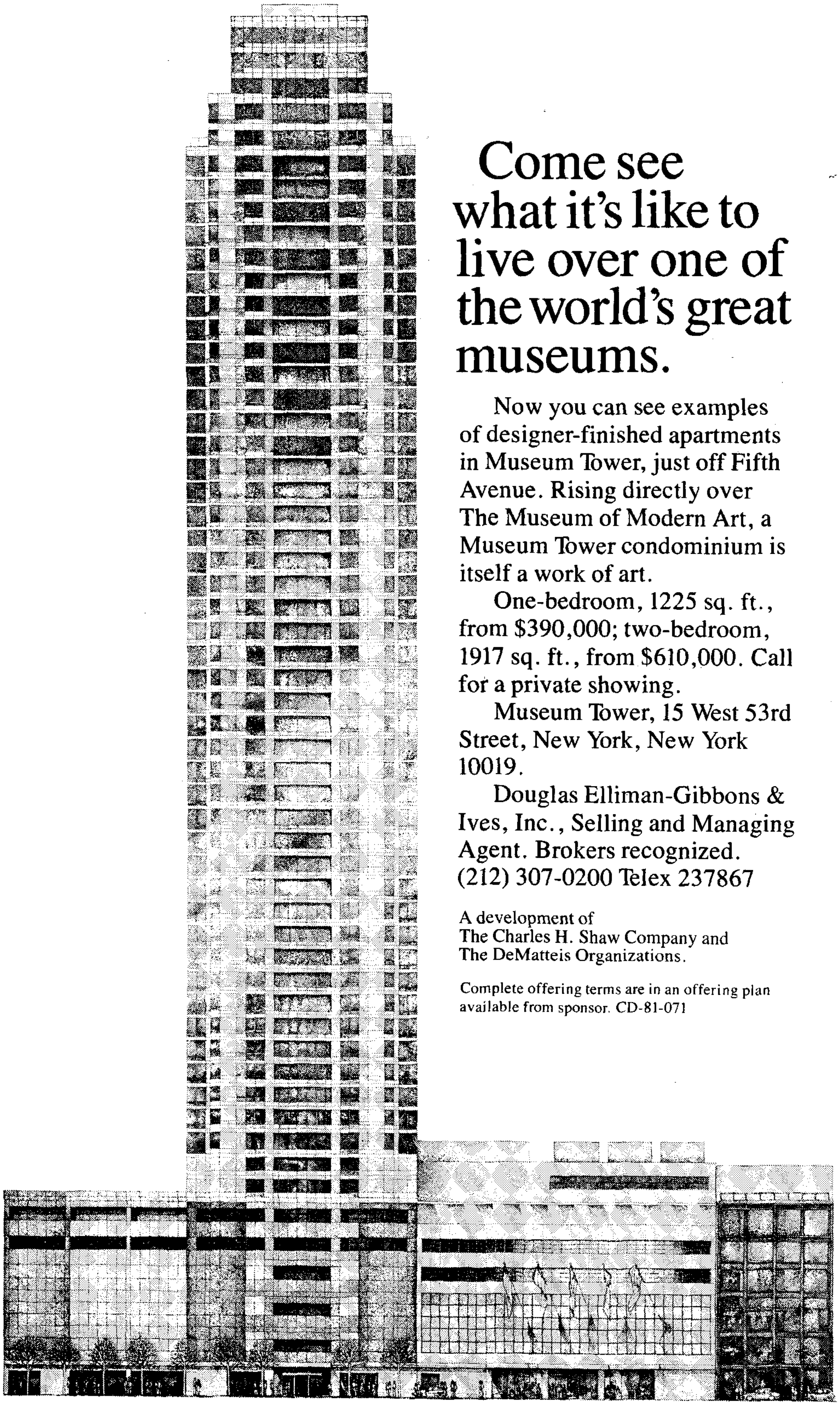
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—Amos Pettingill

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dialogue sometimes works, sometimes seems forced and intrusive; and the mimicry—the spoken mimicry, that is—is only pretty good. My own response, at any rate, was admiration rather than laughter. Most of Mr. Schwartz's wit and imagination, which are considerable, are reserved for his remarkable dexterity. The show runs through October 3rd. —EDITH OLIVER

•

Spring fever, summer romance, warm winters together.

Exceptionally nice guy looking for compatible female counterpart, equivalent, coequal with similar background, shared interests, life-style, life goals. Mid-thirties male, 6 feet, 180 lbs., ancestors in both families from the British Isles, brown hair (disappearing hairline), green eyes, no beard (amenable only under extreme duress), "cute," beginning to show signs of weathering (some wrinkles). Self sufficient, "living lightly," neat and orderly mannerisms and habits, mostly organized living space, small car (my only debt), small clunky old house and garden (renting). Very private person, loner and individualist. Diehard romantic, enthusiastic in a relationship, understanding, sensitive, considerate and very intent. Never married. Patient, gentle, giving, constant, devoted (but certainly not boring). Pragmatic, eclectic, somewhat spartan way of life. Although comfortable and not entirely nonmaterialistic. Educated in the sciences, college degree, "zen-atheist" anti-religionist nonreligious, apolitically liberal, feminist, underemployed, low income, Vietnam veteran (Army), middle class upbringing in local small town (where a high school track star). Idealist, humanist, intellectual, creative, artistic, sometimes a poet. Absolutely a nonsmoker, absolutely no alcohol, absolutely no drugs. No T.V., no pets, no children (permanently childless), semi-vegetarian diet (no large animal protein). Into astrology, poetry, photography and long film, tennis, swimming, water skiing, bicycling, skiing downhill. Interested in history, anthropology and psychology. Learning chess and Mah Jong. Likes the mountains and day hikes, some camping, sometimes fishing. Weekends at the coast and long walks on the beach. Talking and quiet times. Going barefoot in summer. "Book phreak" interested in much of literature (Tolkien to Einstein, Mead to Ferlinghetti). Likes art, crafts, theater. Likes classical music (Beethoven, Brahms, Schumann), likes some jazz, some modern and popular music, likes folk, bluegrass and "folk-rock." Passionately hates acid rock, "hard" rock and KGON. Radio listening mostly to KOAP, some KINK. Loves Chinese food and seafood. Enjoys dining out and Auditorium events. Does not dance (adamant), not into wild parties, not into spectator sports. Hates dogs, not overly fond of cats. Likes a garden and flowers. Is a tinker and handyman. Hates apartment living. Hates city living. Likes travelling in Canada—staying in old hotels or in a tent in remote areas. Wears Clarks shoes, Levis cords or jeans and sport shirts or flannel shirts around the house.

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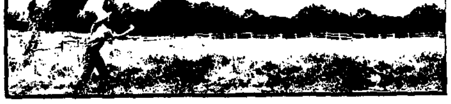

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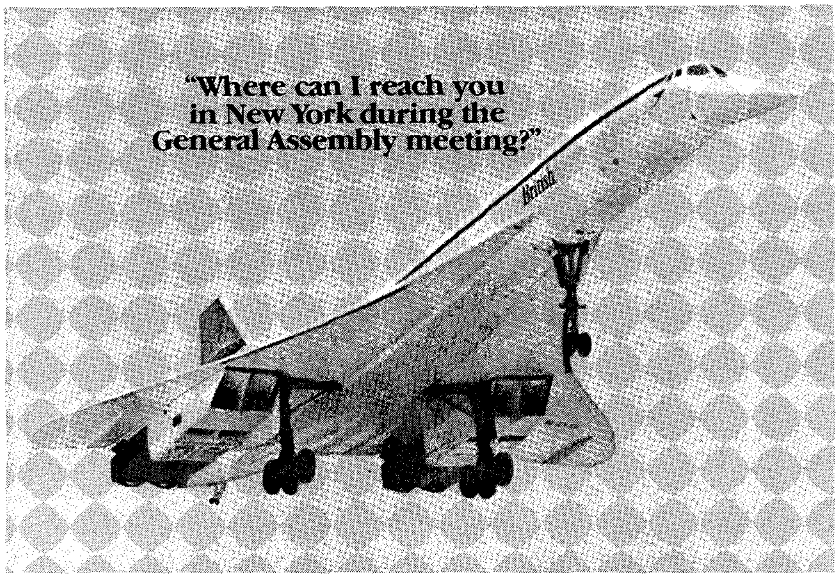

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Under Way

MERKIN HALL—whose various concert series promise fare from Balakirev, Biber, and Byrd to Wuorinen, Zelenka, and Zwilich—began its season with one of Gerard Schwarz's "Music Today" concerts, each program of which contains a "modern classic" as well as new pieces. Eighteen expert young players had been assembled—largely wind players, for the classic was Berg's Chamber Concerto, for violin, piano, and thirteen winds. The violinist was Mark Kaplan, the pianist David Golub, and with Mr. Schwarz and his ensemble they conspired to give a performance at once polished and uncommonly emotional. The climaxes took the hall to its sonic limits but not beyond them, and it was exciting to hear the concerto in intimate surroundings. In larger halls, the *pp* and *ppp* lines can sound softer, but the warmth and directness of this performance were very taking.

The concert opened with two of Percy Grainger's folk-song settings—"Spoon River" and "The Power of Love"—that have "elastic" scoring. In the preface to the score of "Spoon River," the composer wrote, "I do not care whether one of my 'elastically scored' pieces is played by four or forty or four hundred players . . . I do not even care whether the players are skilful or unskilful, as long as they play well enough to sound the right intervals . . . as long as they play badly enough to *still enjoy playing* ('Where no pleasure is, there is no profit taken'—*Shakespeare*)." Grainger misquoted the "Shrew," but the sense is there, and for players and listeners alike the works made a good warmup to an evening mainly of pleasure and profit. Nicholas Thorne's "From the Dying Earth: Three Tales for Eleven Players" left, I regret to say, little impression, although in a program note the composer wrote that he "wanted to create something unimaginably beautiful and strong, something with a sense of personal, poetic vision." Leonard Rosenman's Chamber Music V, written in 1979 for the Collage Group of Boston and here receiving its New York première, was more beautiful, stronger, more poetic. It is a small-scale concerto, lasting about twenty minutes, for piano and an ensemble of flute, clarinet, violin, cello, and two percussions. The ideas and their working are deft, and the form is shapely. Christopher Oldfather was the refined soloist.

IN Alice Tully Hall, the Aston Magna Foundation for Music celebrated its tenth anniversary with a concert of Handel, Vivaldi, and Mozart, played by a band of eighteenth-century size and on eighteenth-century instruments or modern replicas of them. Aston Magna's care is not simply for authenticity and historical replication; under Albert Fuller's inspiring artistic direction, it explores—in its Great Barrington summer academies and in concerts both private and public—the whys as well as the hows of seventeenth-century and eighteenth-century music and its contemporary performance. In a brief, civilized speech of welcome before the concert, Mr. Fuller recalled that the founding of Aston Magna was influenced by the moon landing: man's farthest reach outward into the unknown chimed with and affected the musicians' inner search for perspective and significance. And in a program note he wrote of "our inquiry into the meaning of musical art—what it has to do with our behavior, how it touches and alters our lives, what we have inherited through it from the past, and where we might be going with it." If the Tully Hall concert raised as many questions as it answered, they were questions of a kind that Aston Magna is passionately and practically concerned with: Whom was this music meant for? Whom is it meant for today? Where, how, and to whom should it be played?

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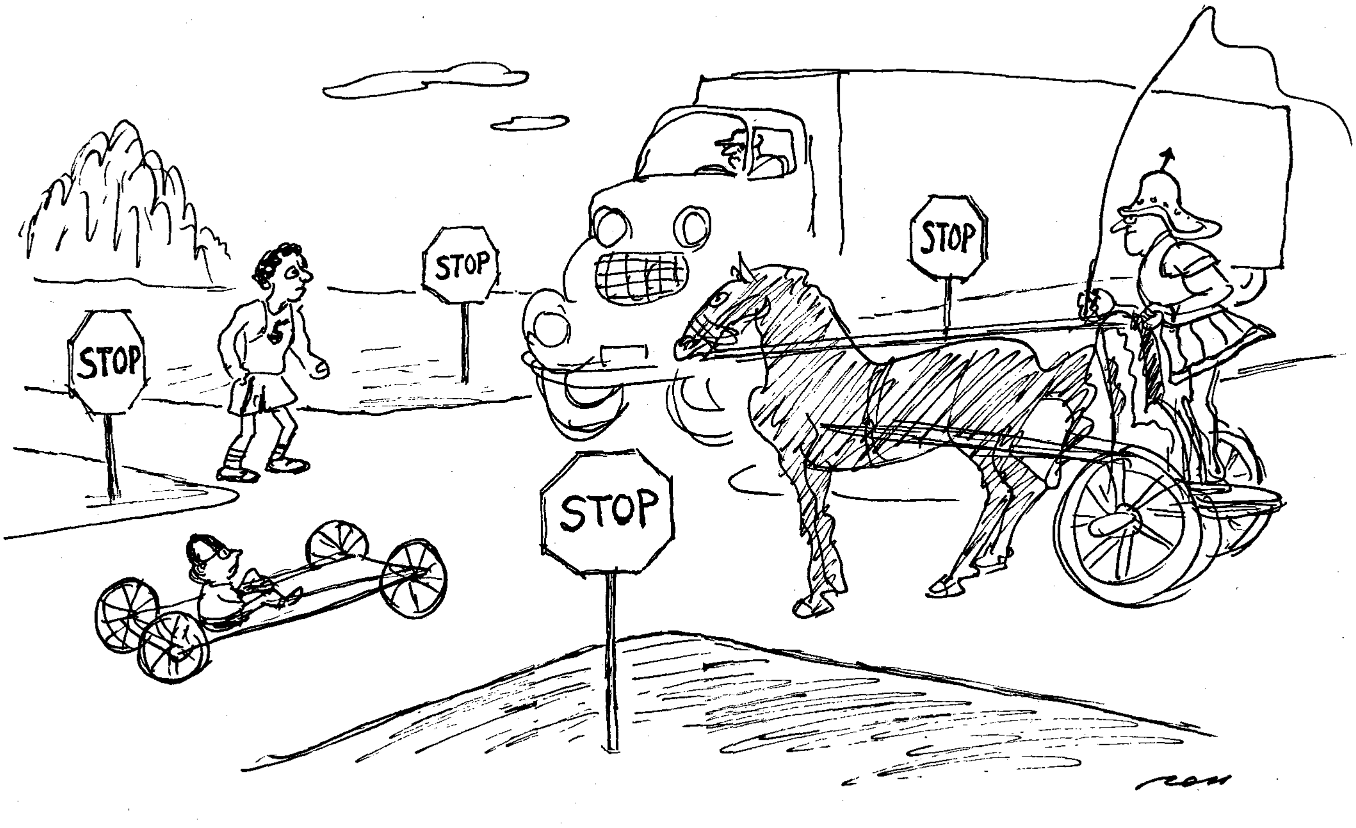

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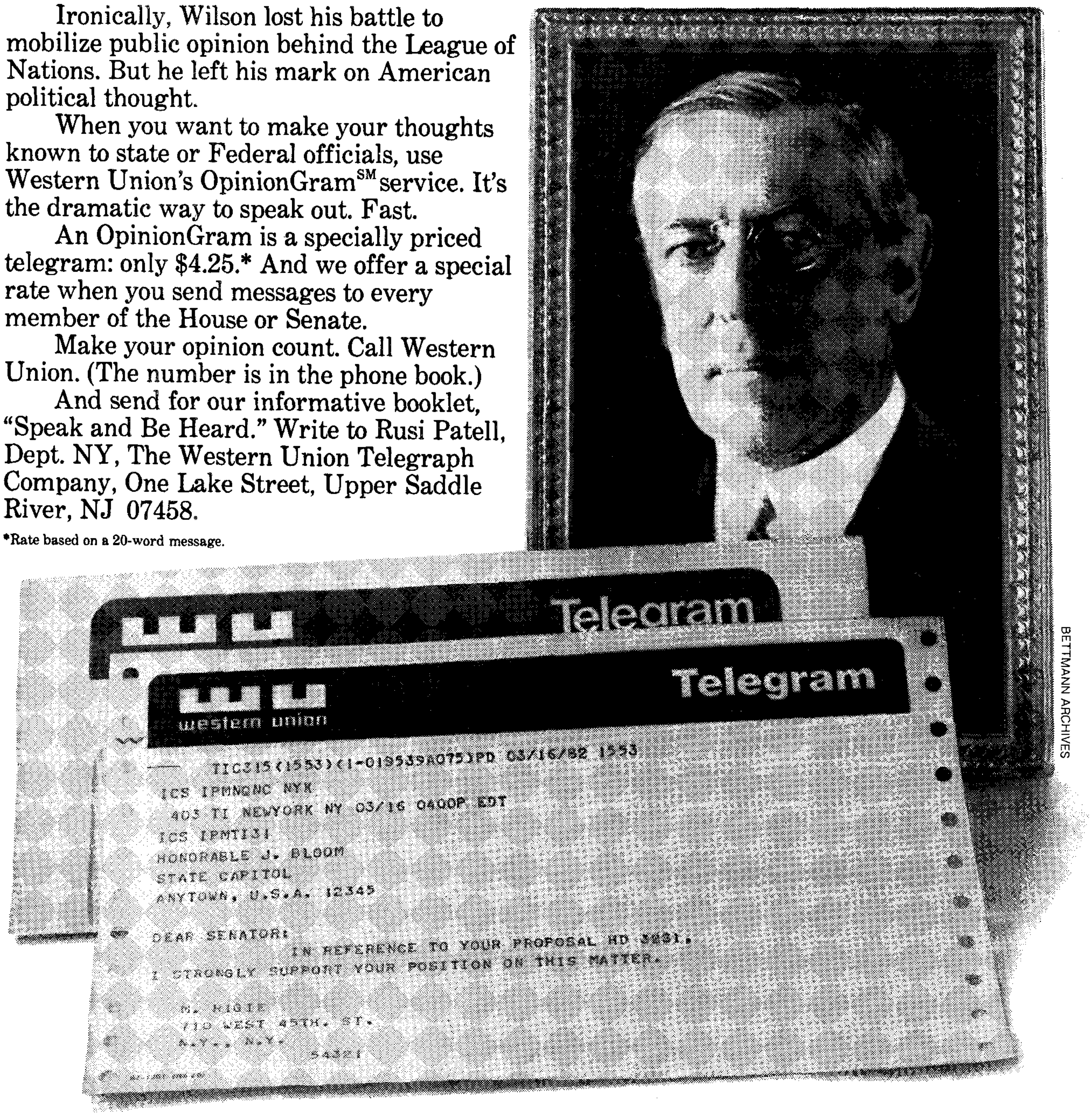

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Rainey Rogers Auditorium, in the Metropolitan Museum—its former New York showplace—as being acoustically and architecturally unfriendly. But for early music Tully Hall is only a little better. True, at the Aston Magna concert it looked less bleak than usual, since the handsome organ stood revealed—not to be played but, as Mr. Fuller said, only to provide a striking backdrop. The acoustics, as dry as ever, drained the bloom from eighteenth-century string tone, and the little band could not bring the vast space to life. The program ended with Mozart's D-Major Symphony, K. 250—one of the five D-major symphonies extracted from Salzburg serenades. The performance was directed by the concertmaster, Jaap Schröder. He is also the concertmaster of the K. 250 played by London's Academy of Ancient Music in Volume V of the complete recording of Mozart symphonies under way from Oiseau-Lyre. That performance was recorded in resonant acoustics. When chords are cut off by the players, they do not "drop dead," as chords did in Tully, but linger on for a moment in reverberant space. And the music lives in a way that the Tully acoustics precluded. (Aston Magna played just four of the five serenade movements that went into the symphony. The second minuet, which calls for two flutes, was omitted; there were no flutes in the Aston Magna ensemble. Mozart's oboists could evidently double on flutes; in our day instrumentalists have tended to specialize—although some Aston Magna players are acquiring an eighteenth-century versatility.)

The pleasure and profit of hearing Mozart's music with timbres, balances, and phrasing that he would recognize scarcely need stressing today. The Oiseau-Lyre albums—five of them have now appeared—make the sounds available to all, and in successive issues the style of the London players has become surer, more graceful, and more poetic. For Aston Magna, Mozart has also been a goal achieved—led up to by fiddling, singing, and dancing through the musics of the previous century. And yet this New York performance of music originally written to be played at Elisabeth Haffner's wedding party was by Aston Magna's own standards a trifle staid. The players had donned the formal uniform of urban concert giving. No harm in that—but it was rather as if along with the old soup-and-fish they had put on an earnest manner, un-

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suited to the score. The Academy of Ancient Music—as photographs of the sessions included in the record albums make plain—records Mozart in its shirtsleeves. In Great Barrington, garb is informal. The appearance of a concert does matter; and to prescribe, on the ground of historical authenticity, the slovenliness of dress—or the bibulousness—that, Mozart wrote, the Salzburg court musicians were prone to would be carrying things altogether too far. (Or would a touch of drunkenness in wedding-feast music be apt?) It matters most when the music itself seems to be affected. Whatever the reason, at this formal concert the players had evidently forgotten some of what Great Barrington teaches them about dancing, singing, and enjoying themselves in a way to fill their listeners with shared happiness. Not Mr. Schröder: his direction was an invitation to delight. His colleagues produced exquisitely shaped, delicately balanced, and technically accomplished playing, but they remained grave.

Vivaldi's Two-Violin Concerto in D, RV 511, flowed more freely. The soloists were Mr. Schröder and Stanley Ritchie, a well-balanced yet fascinatingly different pair—one a quirky, attractive, unpredictable blend of poet and pedant, the other an exquisitely sane, polished performer. The account of Handel's Grand Concerto in D, Opus 6, No. 5, which opened the program, was oddly lumpy, and three of Cleopatra's airs from Handel's "Giulio Cesare," which followed, were unaccountably undramatic. "Unaccountably" because they were sung by that accomplished young soprano Elizabeth Pruett, whose Violetta for the City Opera's touring "Traviata" was so vivid, and whose Donna Elvira at Glyndebourne this summer was so much admired. "Tu la mia stella," "V'adoro, pupille," and "Da tempeste" were tamely done—sweetly, truly, but tamely. On accessory levels, the soprano's coiffure, costume, and constricted stage demeanor and the rude lighting that shone on her nose and her hands but left her eyes and her lips in shadow further dimmed the portrait of Cleopatra. Separation of the two bands in "V'adoro"—a nine-strong ensemble of Muses set apart from the full-orchestra interjections—was not attempted. The words of the airs were printed in the program book but in an italic type too small to be followed at a glance.

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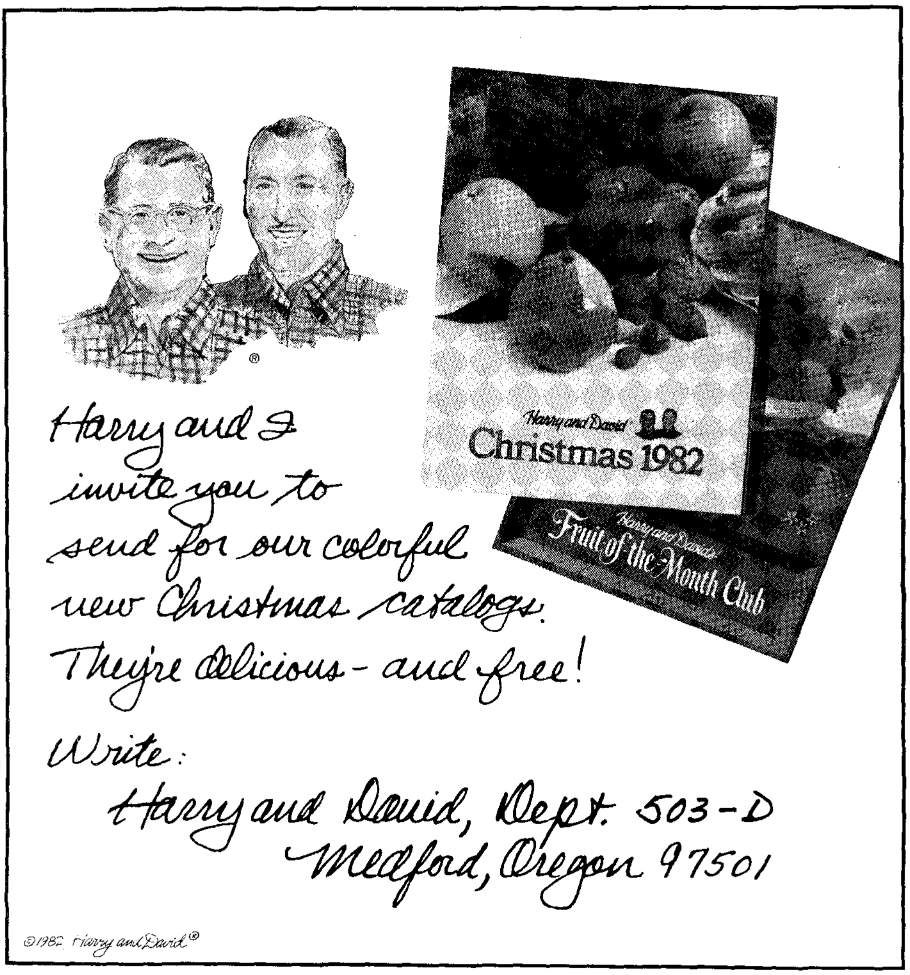

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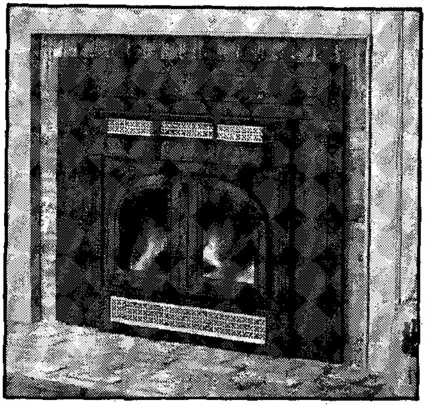

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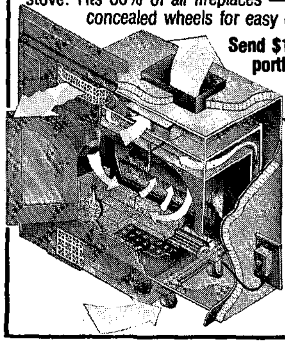

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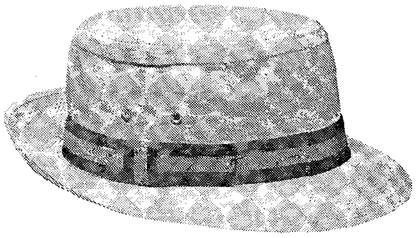

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March. The acoustics there are on the "modern" side—clear rather than warm—but the size should be right.

THE first program of the New York Philharmonic's subscription series, in Avery Fisher Hall, began with two American compositions: Charles Ives' "Decoration Day" and Steve Reich's "Tehillim." Zubin Mehta conducted. "Decoration Day" is the second of the four pieces that make up the "Holidays Symphony"—each movement, Ives said, being "based on something of the memory that a man has of his boy holidays." The composer allowed that any one of them might be played independently but foresaw a danger that it might then be received as "just an emasculated piece of nice embroidery!" There is also a danger that "Decoration Day," which lasts eight or nine minutes, and has been much played by the Philharmonic, may be used to provide too easy a token representation of Ives for audiences unprepared to grapple with his large-scale visionary music. The "Holidays Symphony," which the Philharmonic has never played as a whole, is greater than the sum of its parts; the "attempts to make pictures in music of common events in the lives of common people (that is, of fine people), mostly of the rural communities," culminate in a transcendental finale, "Thanksgiving," which "has some religious significance." "Decoration Day" was fairly well done, and the program note did give the audience a context within which to listen. But its scenes—the dawn flower-gathering; the Town Hall assembly; the solemn march to Wooster Cemetery; *the brassy quickstep return, its jaunty* strains shadowed by sombre reflections—were less passionately and picturesquely evoked than they can be.

"Tehillim," Reich's setting of four Psalm texts, had a poor performance. The sparkling, dancing composition heard at the Metropolitan Museum in March was dulled. The Philharmonic played the full-orchestra version, which calls for twelve woodwinds instead of the six in the chamber version, and full strings instead of an amplified string quintet. Mr. Mehta and his players seemed to approach the piece as if its performance were a duty rather than a joyful celebration. The amplification of the vocal quartet, through loudspeakers on the edges of the platform, was tinny. "Tehillim" probably dances and sparkles more readily in the chamber version. Steve Reich and

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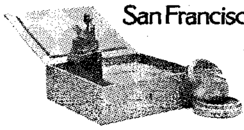

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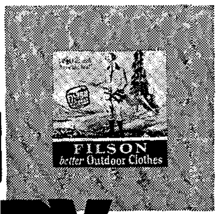

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Musicians play it at the Brooklyn Academy of Music on September 30th and October 2nd, and have recorded it on the ECM label.

THE American Philharmonic's first concert of the season, in Fisher Hall, was an old-fashioned Wagner program, distinguished by the presence of Birgit Nilsson as the soloist. Miss Nilsson sang Isolde's Act I narrative, Elisabeth's Greeting, and the Liebestod. She has been just about the only singer of our day able to set the Met spaces ringing, and last week she set Fisher Hall ringing, too. That was exciting. She is sixty-four. Her best notes had lost none of their old power or burnished brilliance, but the control of the voice was less secure than before: there were moments of unsteadiness and others of untrue intonation. I was glad to hear her Isolde again: she has a fine concert presence and the ability to make excerpts from an opera seem not just concert numbers but parts of a complete and intently imagined performance.

Rohan Joseph, the founder and director of the American Philharmonic, conducted. His young orchestra was large and rich in tone. An ambitious series of eleven further programs, containing much of interest, has been announced, but the orchestra's president told us that unless more subscriptions were forthcoming the Wagner concert would be the orchestra's last.

—ANDREW PORTER

•

Yet a new ABC News-Washington Post poll indicates that a large number of people are not only disinterested in the Middle East but also badly uniformed.—*Seattle Post-Intelligencer.*

And need haircuts.

•

Counting all benefit programs, state and federal, the number of Americans receiving jobless benefits in the week ended Aug. 14 dropped slightly to 4,454,200 from 4,450,200 the week earlier. These figures aren't seasonally adjusted.—*Wall Street Journal.*

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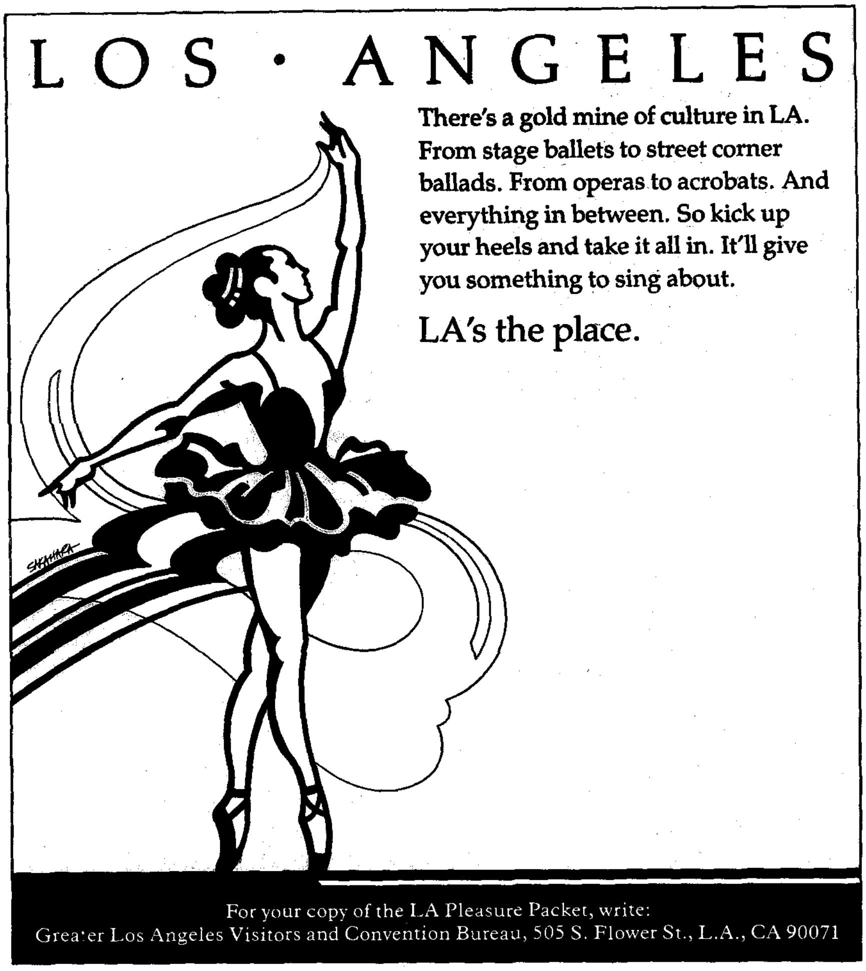

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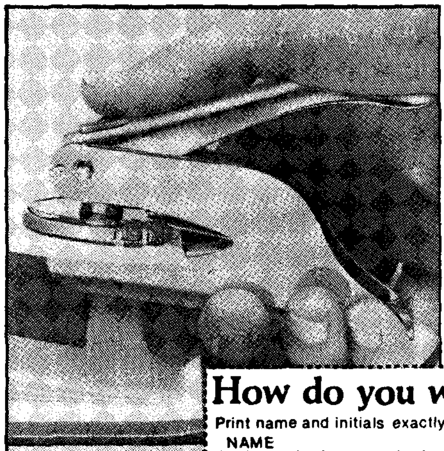

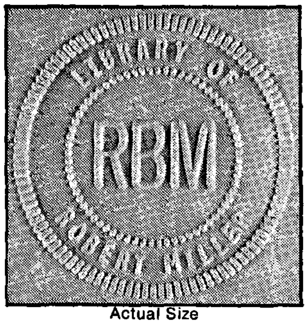

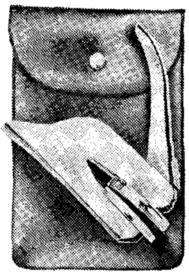

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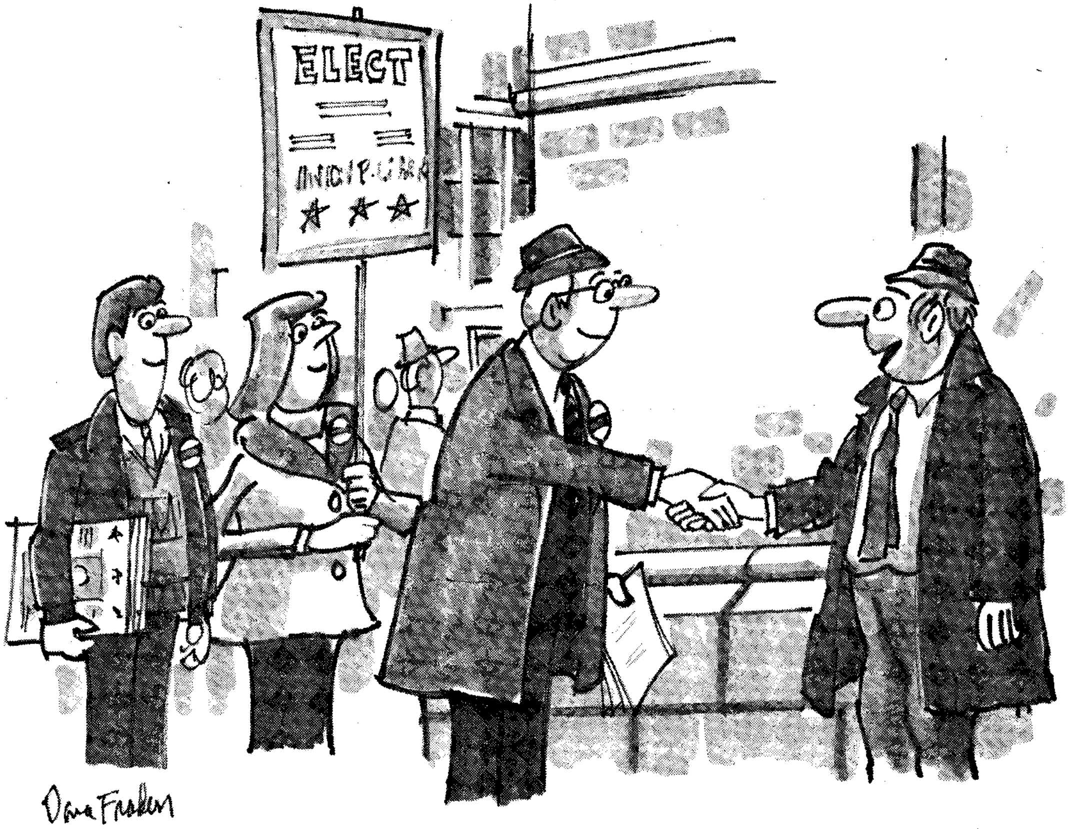
"MY FAVORITE YEAR" is about hero worship, and—surprise!—it's for it. The picture is set in New York in 1954—the year that the live Saturday-night TV series "Your Show of Shows" was at its peak popularity. That was the year NBC divided it into two shows by separating its stars, Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca, and created a third asset by signing their producer, Max Liebman, to put on specials. "Your Show of Shows" was followed by "Caesar's Hour," in which big Sid was teamed with Nanette Fabray, and these two series have merged in people's memories, where Sid Caesar has the hallowed status of genius, because of his own gifts and because of the writers who worked on his shows—Neil and Danny Simon, Carl Reiner, Larry Gelbart, Lucille Kallen, Joe Stein, Mel Brooks, and Woody Allen, among others. "My Favorite Year" is a fictional treatment of life backstage during the days when those soon-to-be-famous writers were brainstorming together, shouting ideas into the air or, as in the cases of the shy Neil Simon and Woody Allen, whispering their jokes to a fearless, brass-lunged confederate. It helps to know the legends, because some of the scenes aren't fully shaped, but if you didn't know anything about Sid Caesar or his writing team you could still laugh at "My Favorite Year"—the characters and situations are alive on their own. This show-business farce is the first film directed by Richard Benjamin, and the lighting is gummy, the views of Broadway are a blur, and the staging sometimes creaks—it even klonks. But the film has a bubbling spirit, and I was carried along by the acting and by Benjamin's near-libidinous reverence for his smart-ass characters. This man is crazy about actors—not a bad start for a director.

As Stan (King) Kaiser, the brawny star of the TV show "Comedy Cavalcade," Joe Bologna suggests an introverted ox. Absent-minded, slugged—like a heavyweight who has just gone ten rounds—he stares down at the small people who work for him as if he couldn't remember what they were there for. He stares down even at people who are taller than he is. What makes Bologna so authentic is that he has a manic force field, and it was precisely the comics with this kind of aggressive aura (Sid Caesar, Milton Berle, Jackie Gleason, the young Steve Allen) who came across the strongest on early, live TV. Somehow, TV filtered out their threat, and viewers didn't register it. (What viewers experienced was simply their energy.) But backstage how could anybody miss it? Bologna's King Kaiser is a looming presence, and there doesn't have to be trouble for him to smell it; violent and depressive, he holds his ground, and if his punches knock someone out he has a self-congratulatory reflex—with a gigantic paw, he shifts the weight in his crotch. An inarticulate comic who has surrounded himself with talker-writer prodigies, King has no awe of them: he knows that he—not the writers—makes people laugh.

One layer of the script, which is by Norman Steinberg and Dennis Palumbo, is about the truculent, half-mad King in relation to the writers in their rumpus-room office. They, of course, think they're the reason he gets laughs. Sy, the senior gagman (Bill Macy), rants about everything they have to do; even his personal grievances are all-encompassing. Bill Macy has a true comic artist's understanding of sleaze, as he proved in "The Late Show" (he was the failed talent agent turned bartender), and he has a gift for bringing unexpected depth and detail to a role, as he demonstrated in the otherwise tinny "Serial" (he was the suicide). When Sy holds forth to the other writers about what he's going to say to King, he sounds as if his life is on the line; when King confronts him, he retreats instantly. He's so smooth it's a transformation—it's on the order of a recantation. This rancorous old warhorse of a gagwriter has all the mechanisms to survive in the business; when he goes home, he probably sleeps like a baby. (He's no saner than King—just more verbal.) As the only woman in the bunch, the nifty Anne De Salvo makes you understand at once why the attractive but self-deprecat-



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ing Alice would be accepted, and how much she enjoys being part of this competitive craziness where anyone's best lines may be stepped on.

The youngest of the writers—and the film's protagonist—is a small chipmunk called Benjy, whose actions are probably based partly on the exploits of the young Mel Brooks (his company co-produced the film), with maybe some borrowing from the early life of Woody Allen. The role is played by Mark Linn-Baker, who is dark-haired and has a round face with pointy features—even a pointy chin. His Benjy is button-eyed and shiny—a snookums. He looks as if when he opened his mouth a cheep or a chirp would come out. This Brooklyn worrywart with cultural yearnings and conflicts about becoming a gagwriter is like a Jewish-intellectual version of Eddie Bracken. It's a tricky role; at times Linn-Baker is borderline ghastly, and at other times he seems just what was needed, and quite inventive. Then you may be dubious again—especially in the scenes between Benjy and the producer's assistant, played by Jessica Harper, whom he considers his girl. (Her boss, the teeth-gnashing producer, is played by Adolph Green, who certainly has a lot of teeth to gnash.) You'd never guess what a remarkable performer Jessica Harper can be from what she does here; she has no role to play, and the only time she doesn't seem like a bad actress is when she's telling Benjy why she isn't interested in him—she's saying things you agree with. What finally saves Linn-Baker is that Benjy is given the task of keeping an eye on the week's guest star—a screen star he idolizes—and making sure that this notorious womanizing boozer stays sober. In his first big movie role, Linn-Baker has the good luck to play most of his scenes with Peter O'Toole.

As the guest from Hollywood—the peacock Alan Swann, who is part John Barrymore and part Errol Flynn (maybe the best parts of each)—O'Toole is simply astounding. In recent years, he hasn't had the press he deserves—particularly in England. Maybe, having had the nobility of a certain kind of stardom conferred upon him, he is thought not to have kept his side up. His recent performances seem to be an answer to that; he's saying, "See, I'm not gone—you're just looking in the wrong place." And he has been getting better as an actor. When you watch him work in "The Stunt Man" or on TV in "Masada"

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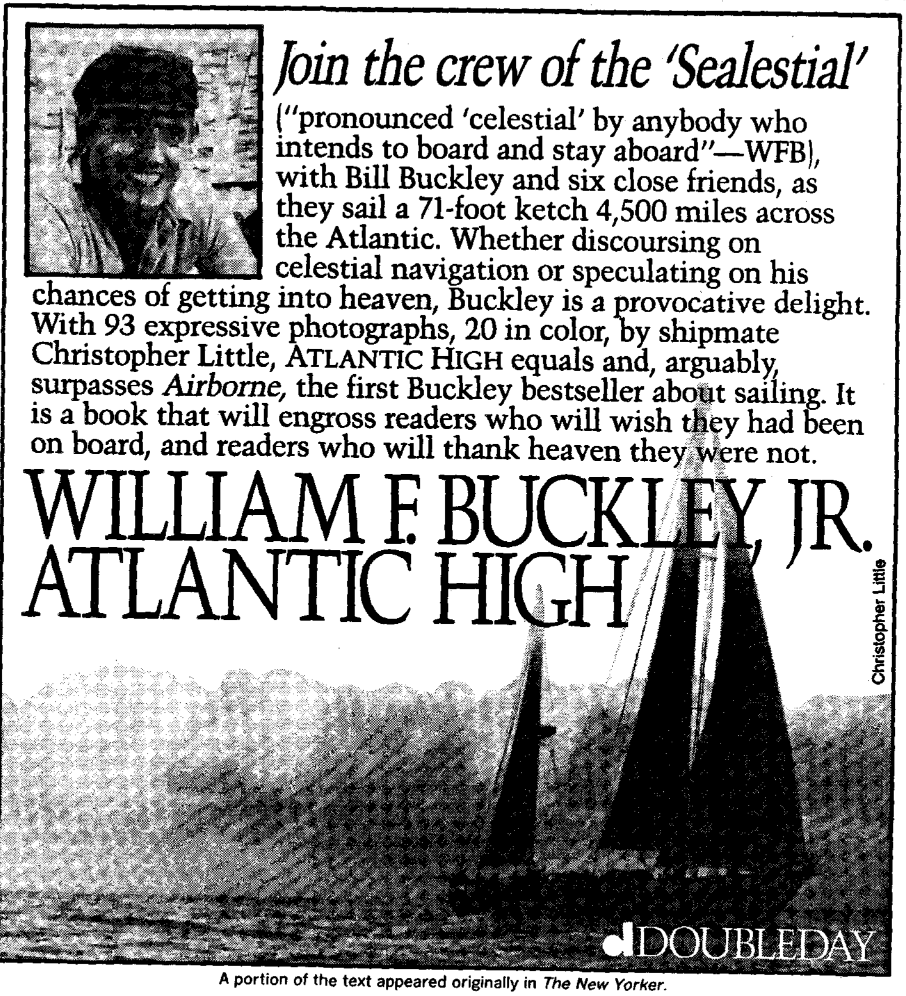

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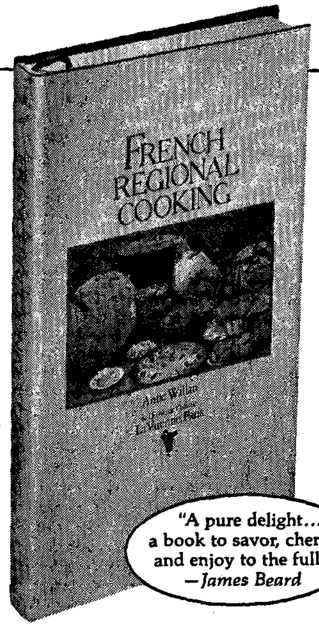

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or here, it's clear that he doesn't impress himself with what he's doing. And he doesn't hold back a thing—not even what stars usually hold back to make you know they're stars. While others turn into immobile figureheads, he has become a master of physical comedy—a whirlwind on the order of Barrymore in "Twentieth Century." O'Toole's Alan Swann arrives at the TV production facilities and collapses—apparently dead drunk, but not quite unconscious. He hears King's decision to bump him from the show and hears Benjy make an impassioned plea that they keep him. And when he's on his feet he acknowledges his debt to Benjy. At that moment, we're his, and, as a result, we know why Benjy is his. Drunk, Alan Swann isn't merely swozzled—he's liquefied. But in his woozy eyes you can still see his imagination at play, and you recognize that he exults in his diction and the fine, trained voice that echoes back. Even when Swann is drunk, he's acting a great actor drunk. Self-destructive as Swann is, he still has some control. When we first see this wasted dude, he isn't wearing a watch, but he arrives for rehearsals on the dot. He honors his commitments, as he honors his debt to Benjy. Swann is a pro, and wants to work, just as King Kaiser does. King is a star because he's funny, and so he has got to be funny. Alan Swann knows that as a romantic-daredevil hero it's his job to make people fall in love with him. Each in his own area is a cock of the walk, and in the film's climax they stand together as heroic equals and fight off their common enemy.

The picture is a triumph of casting—not least in giving us Lainie Kazan as the chipmunk's mother. I never thought that I'd be capable of saying anything complimentary about Lainie Kazan; watching her sing and bulge on television, I have sometimes cowered—I've wanted to throw a blanket over the set. But her fleshiness is perfect here; it goes with her fossilized hairdo and her leering smile. Padded (I assume) and stuffed into her dress, this new Lainie Kazan goes beyond shtick; when she talks about what's real, she seems to become a real mother. And, powerhouse comic mama though she is, she's—well, sexy. When Alan Swann, who has accompanied Benjy to Brooklyn for dinner, looks at her, there's tribute in his eyes; his expression says, "This woman is not just this kid's mother."

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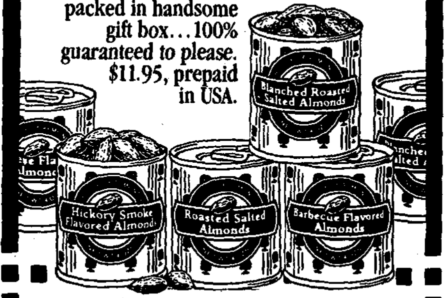
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The whole Brooklyn sequence is generous-hearted; everybody is ridiculous but no one is put down for it. And running through the film there are jokes that spin off each other. As a crooked union leader in a pin-striped suit who is trying to kill King Kaiser for repeatedly satirizing him on the show, Cameron Mitchell has great animal noises rumbling out of him. When the live "Comedy Cavalcade" is to start, King Kaiser is dressed in his own version of the pin-striped suit—it has shoulder pads sticking out so far you could fly with them. Then he becomes confused and begins to think it's the Musketeers routine that's coming up. Talking out loud to herself, the wardrobe mistress (Selma Diamond) honks, "He thinks he's in the wrong costume every week." But it turns out that King is right to be confused, because inadvertently the union-crook routine and the swashbuckling skit merge.

The jokes are good, but it's Peter O'Toole's Swann—the film's wild card—who makes it memorable. I can't think of another major star, with the possible exception of Ralph Richardson, who would have the effrontery (about what great actors should allow themselves to do) to bring this sly performance off—and Richardson didn't develop this kind of funky daring until he was too advanced in years for it to be romantically effective. O'Toole and Linn-Baker almost bring off a close-to-impossible-to-play sequence in which Swann takes Benjy to the Stork Club. Swann is asked to speak to an elderly adoring fan (Gloria Stuart, as deep-bosomed as ever, and, except for what looks like a gray, elderly-lady wig, nearly as beautiful). He understands what his romantic persona is, and he plays it immaculately, sweeping the woman into his arms and waltzing with her. Though the Club scenes end in a sloppy bit (the usual tray of pastries gets spilled), O'Toole's tone is so sure that the waltzing episode doesn't become maudlin or self-congratulatory.

Swann is always aware of the impression he's making; when he enters a room, his feelers are out. He enjoys living up to the public's dream of him—his courtliness is part of his sense of the fitness of things. But this same man drinks out of cowardice and is in absolute terror when he realizes that the TV show must be done live, in front of a studio audience and twenty million people at home. Benjy per-

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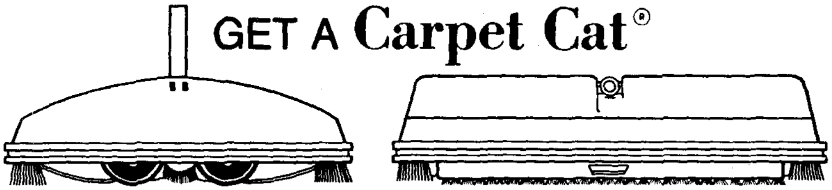

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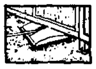

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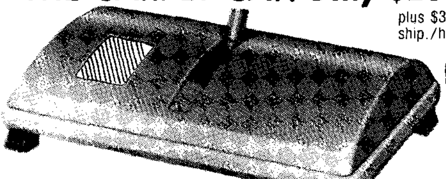

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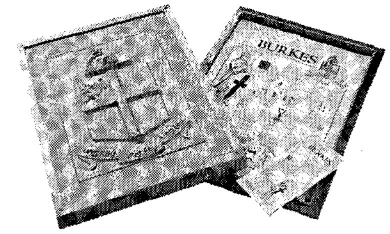

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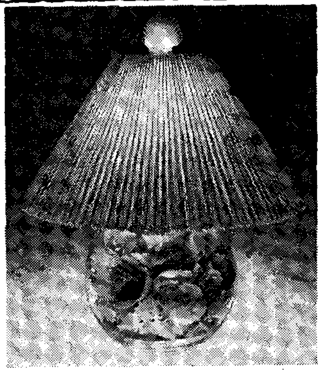

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suades him to go on by telling him that he couldn't have played all those movie heroes if he didn't have some of that courage in him; by the end, Swann has justified Benjy's idolatry. Maybe this movie is so satisfying because it believes in what it's saying: that stars have the heroism to do things most people couldn't do—that there's a reason these heroes are heroes. You can almost see Richard Benjamin (part Benjy himself) grinning, his sheep's eyes wet with admiration for Peter O'Toole, who does the equivalent of pratfalls on his face—smacking himself against walls and floors—and then may do something so foxy-subtle that some of the moments between Swann and Benjy transcend comedy and become fable.

The plot appears to be casual—even a bit scatty—yet when you think the movie over, the layers of reference in the script come together. They chime the way they do in the best-constructed farces, and it's a very pretty sound, especially when they chime ironically. Sy and the other gagwriters who think they're the reason for King's success—how do they feel when at the climax of the TV show everything crashes and the script is discarded, and the studio audience goes berserk with laughter? King gets an ovation. Imagine what it will be like on Monday when he walks into the writers' office and says "Top it."

ACTORS who have labored to learn the rudiments of their profession must want to kill the potential teen idol Matt Dillon, the open-faced young star of "Tex." He's a "natural," who takes the camera with the baffling ease of a puppy. He doesn't apply any particular sexual heat in this movie, and he isn't crafty, like James Dean—there are no Method mannerisms, no affectations of any kind. From the way it looks, he just uses the sweet starry radiance that nature gave him, and smiles his relaxed, all-American-sweetheart smile. Even his gift for baby-macho comedy seems part of the package. What Dillon does in "Tex" may not be the result of studying technique, but it works better on camera than most trained acting does. Viewers can feel they're in direct contact with this luminous kid. The only thing his performance lacks is tension—that's what's usually missing in the performances of naturals—but the movie isn't conceived in terms that require it. (I imagine that a director who wanted tension and excitement

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wouldn't have much trouble getting it out of Dillon if he weren't playing such a nice boy. He wasn't this down-home yokel in "My Bodyguard," "Over the Edge," or "Little Darlings.")

"Tex" is oddly quiet, tepid, soft. At times, I wasn't sure whether the Oklahoma locations were hazy or the cinematographer (Ric Waite) was in some personal, watery-pastel fog. The movie has no strong images; everything is flattened out. And Tim Hunter, making his début as a director, uses setups that are drably simple. Luckily, his modest, amateurish approach comes across as integral to the material, which is an adaptation that he and his writing partner, Charlie Haas, did of one of the four novels by S. E. Hinton that became favorites of teen-agers in the seventies. When Susan Hinton (who appears here in a bit as the typing teacher) began writing, she used her initials on her books because she was afraid that high-school boys wouldn't accept stories about their adolescent travails if they knew that the writer was a girl. Now in her thirties, she was only sixteen when she wrote the first, "The Outsiders," which Francis Ford Coppola has filmed, also with Matt Dillon—it is to be released before Christmas. (Coppola is working on a movie based on another Hinton novel, "Rumble Fish," again with Dillon.)

Tex, an affable, unformed kid, walks with his arms out, away from his body, as if he were slightly muscle-bound (though he isn't). He's a prankish but harmless fifteen-year-old who loves his horse, Rowdy. He and his serious-minded eighteen-year-old brother, Mace (Jim Metzler), are pretty much on their own—their mother is dead, and their father is off on the rodeo circuit. There's no way of citing what happens in this movie (Tex loses Rowdy, Tex becomes involved with a drug dealer, Tex intercepts a letter, Tex learns a secret about his parentage, etc.) without making it all sound like an everything-but-the-bloodhounds-snappin'-at-his-rear-end joke. The plot is just one damn thing after another going wrong for the boys, and a lot of the film's insights are socio-babble, junior division. But an amiable, unforced good humor takes the curse off all this. Hunter's major contribution as a director is that he allows Dillon's mysteriously effortless charm to shine, and Dillon, who has a gift for expressing confused and submerged

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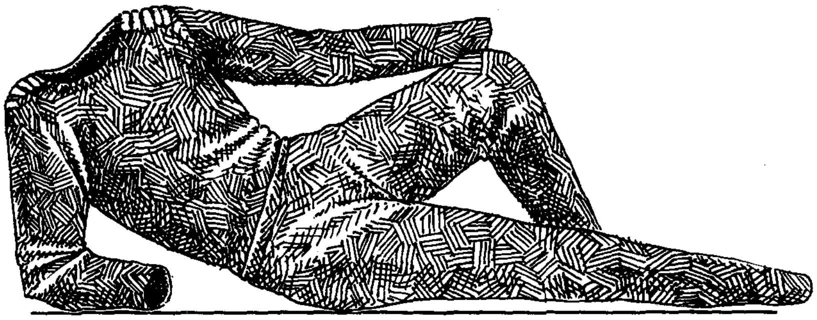

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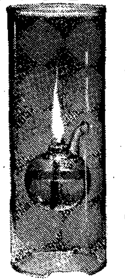

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shifts of feeling, makes us see that Tex is developing into a more definite—and stronger—boy. (We may feel that we're actually seeing the growth process.) The director doesn't do as well by some of the other performers—he keeps them on one emotional key throughout. There's an unrelieved performance by Ben Johnson as the heavy—a rigid-minded, prosperous citizen who doesn't want the no-account Tex hanging around his kids; he doesn't even know that Tex has a crush on his daughter (a lively, smart performance by Meg Tilly). And as the older brother, who takes out his own frustrations on the screw-up Tex and is like a strict, nagging parent to him, the promising Jim Metzler (who has the handicap of looking too old for the role) is monotonously harried. If Metzler had been encouraged to lighten up now and then, or even if he were different with Tex from the way he is with other people, he'd be a whole lot more convincing. There's more shading in Pamela Ludwig's scenes as a high-school-age mother and in Bill McKinney's performance as the boys' rodeo-bum father—whom we learn not to judge too harshly.

There are little "life lessons" all the way through—this is an old-fashioned kids' movie (and I'm not sure what it's doing in the New York Film Festival). Yet it creeps up on you—the way, I'm told, Hinton's books do. The naïveté has its own kind of emotional, fairy-tale magic. Too bad that there's nothing in the very likable "Tex" to make it linger in the mind—it's visually so fuzzy that it drifts away like a TV show.

Eric Rohmer's "Le Beau Mariage" ended just when I started to get interested, and when I hoped we might find out something about the heroine (Béatrice Romand). A bright young working girl who is studying for her Master's in art history, Sabine has had a considerable amount of sexual experience. At the beginning of the film, she breaks off an affair with a successful painter, because he's married and she is weary of the complications, weary of freedom and insecurity. Twenty-five now, she decides she wants marriage; she wants to be taken care of and to make a home for a man and have children. But she pursues this aim in an inexplicable way: she meets a lawyer whom she decides is her type, and she goes after him so briskly and transparently that

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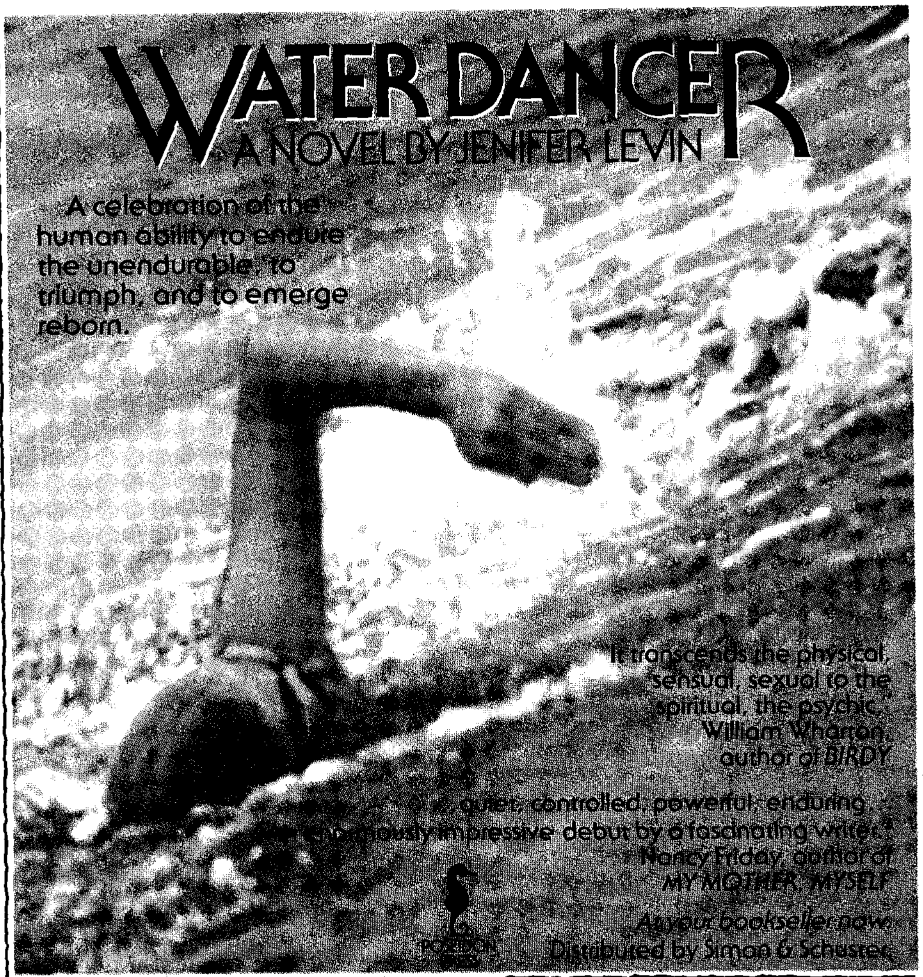
she might seem a madwoman, except that her obsession is mundane. It's such a dumb little obsession that there's no passion in it, and she's an orderly little campaigner—watching her lay siege to this man is like watching someone arrange his desk. Rohmer, who wrote the script, never gives us a clue to why the attractive Sabine doesn't draw upon her knowledge of men to be more elusive and less forthright about her intentions. Or why she can't read the lawyer's feelings. She puts herself in a pitifully exposed position, and she's so stubbornly determined to marry this man, whom she hardly knows, that she goes through a series of humiliations before she abandons the chase.

What Rohmer is up to is basically cuteness, but with a measured tone. The film is full of glib, precise chatter and the clickety-click of Sabine's high heels; it's a "nicely made film," and you're aware that everything in it is intentional to the last nuance. And during Sabine's hounding of the lawyer his embarrassment is calibrated very skillfully. But Sabine's willful stupidity is preposterous, and the whole conception of the film rests on our recognition that its premise is preposterous. (That's the only kick the film has.) When Sabine abandons her delusion, she smiles at herself as if she'd had a victory—as if she'd shown that man a thing or two. I don't know why she smiles, unless Rohmer is suggesting the old ponderosity that woman's nature can't be fathomed. Béatrice Romand, who was enchanting as the young teen-ager in Rohmer's "Claire's Knee," is initially disappointing. But as the movie proceeds she regains some of that enchantment. In several sequences, she seems to light up and grow beautiful in front of our eyes. And, since we see her suffering, she becomes poignant—we want Sabine to come to her senses. And at the end, when she does, and there is the suggestion of a new candidate for her affections, I, for one, wanted to see her play the game right. I wanted to see her when she was in control of herself—maybe in counterpoint to what she had done when she was direct and honest and utterly impossible. What we have witnessed seems only the first act. But it's all we get, and though the end has a teeny twist, it's still a letdown. Seriocomic triviality has become Rohmer's specialty. His sensibility would be easier to take if he'd stop directing to a metronome.

—Pauline Kael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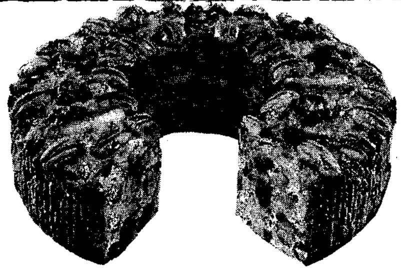

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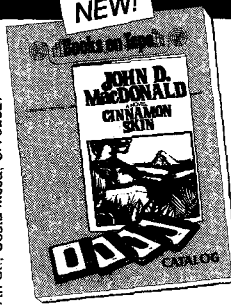
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JAZZ

King Again

IT is hard now to understand why the Frank Sinatra who came to the fore with Tommy Dorsey forty years ago had such an electric effect. RCA has reissued, as "The Tommy Dorsey–Frank Sinatra Sessions," all eighty-three of the vocals that he did with Dorsey between February 1, 1940, and July 2, 1942, and they are, with a few celebrated exceptions, vapid and inert. Sinatra had broken with the bouncy, gingham style of Bing Crosby (although he seems to have listened to sleeker crooners, like Eddy Howard), and, by virtue of his simplicity and straightforwardness, he projected a kind of modernity. But his sense of phrasing was unfinished and his diction was unsteady—he tended to let his words drift away open-ended. There was a slight nasal quality to his singing, he was not always in tune, and he had little sense of dynamics. His vibrato sounded skinny. He has said that he modelled his singing on Dorsey's bland, stainless trombone playing, and his early singing does have the same creaminess, the same reluctance to rock the melodic boat. Of course, Dorsey, whose personality was the direct opposite of his playing, didn't make things easy for Sinatra. Fewer than a quarter of the songs Sinatra was asked to record are worth hearing more than once, and this was during the years when numbers such as "It Never Entered My Mind," "I Concentrate on You," "Blues in the Night," "The Nearness of You," "Bewitched," "How High the Moon," "It's So Peaceful in the Country," and "Soft as Spring" first appeared. The tempos Dorsey chose were often so slow that the music sounded as if it might congeal, and the backgrounds, full of muted trumpets, high-pitched reeds, and dull rhythmic patterns, provided little support for the singer. The best things Sinatra recorded with Dorsey were done with the Pied Pipers, who seemed to make him work hard. Four of these numbers—"I'll Never Smile Again," "Stardust," "I Guess I'll Have to Dream the Rest," and "The One I Love"—still have a hymning, bas-relief quality.

It is equally difficult to connect the Sinatra of the Dorsey days with the Sinatra of "Trilogy," the surprising album he put out two years ago, and the Sinatra who gave ten concerts at Carnegie Hall in mid-September. The vicissitudes of his career are well known: his being dumped by Columbia Records in the early fifties; his return to fame and fortune through Hollywood and Capitol Records in the fifties and sixties; his gradual vocal deterioration in the late sixties, and his retirement in 1971 (now referred to by Sinatra as a "vacation"); his often shaky comeback, begun in 1973; and the surpassing of his old strengths in "Trilogy," which contains several classic recordings—"It Had to Be You," "My Shining Hour," "More Than You Know," "Something," and "Love Me Tender." (The album also contains a section called "Reflections on the Future in Three Tenses." It is a fantasy, with words and music by Gordon Jenkins, in which Sinatra, narrating and singing and backed by a huge chorus and orchestra, takes a trip through space and prepares himself for old age and death. It's the silliest venture the singer has ever got himself into.)

Sinatra's new strengths were brilliantly displayed in almost all the fourteen songs he did at his second Carnegie Hall concert. His voice, close to a tenor in his Dorsey days, has become a true baritone, and it has taken on thickness and timbre and resilience. He can growl and sound hoarse. He can shout. His vibrato is tight and controlled. He has a fine sense of dynamics. He has mentioned his admiration for Billie Holiday, and she seems at this late date to have subtly possessed him. He uses her exhilarating rhythmic devices (her mysterious way of enhancing her accompaniment by slowing down and speeding up her own tempo) and her sometimes staccato, rock-

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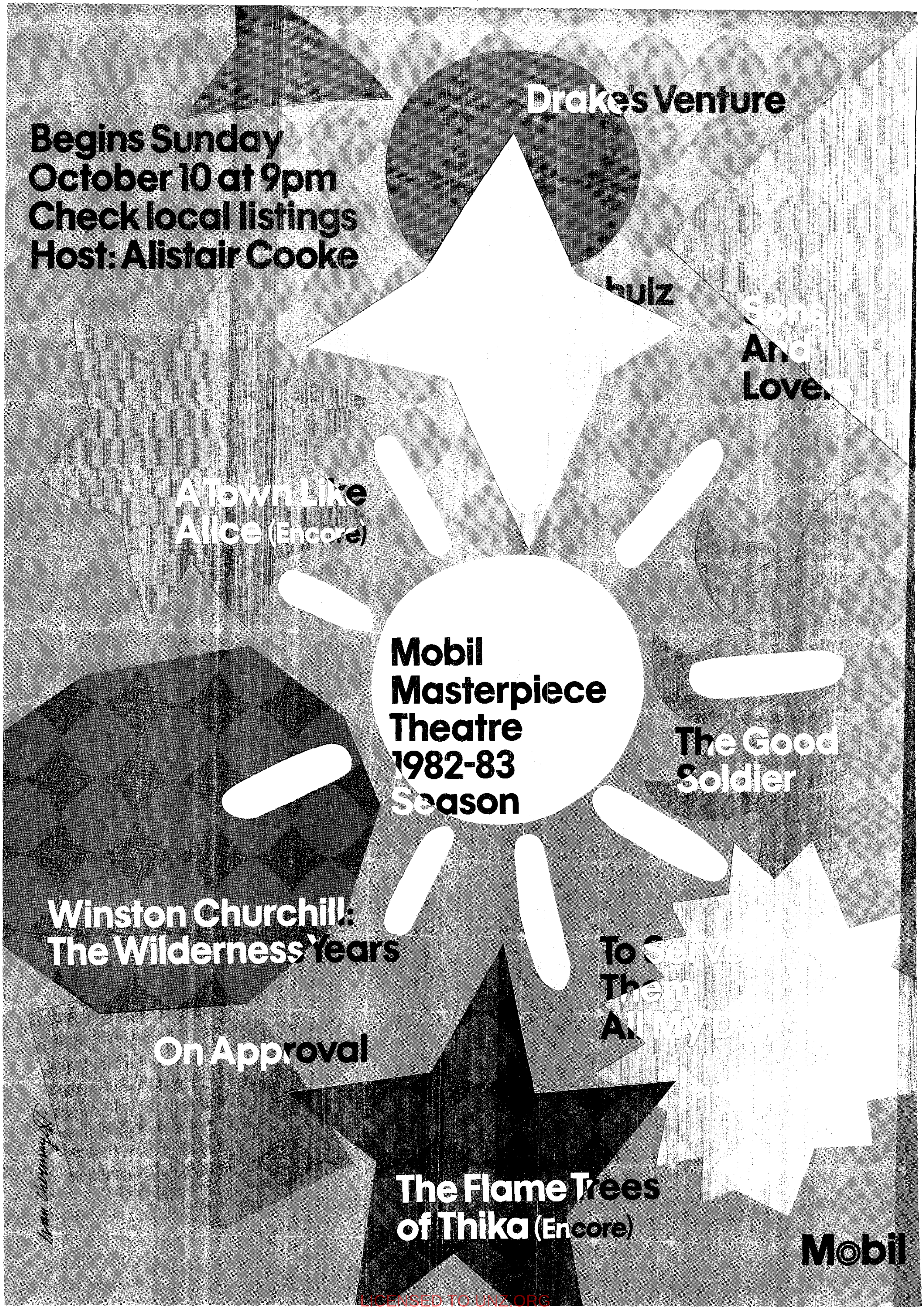

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ing diction. Occasionally, his voice resembles the heavy, robed one she developed in the forties. Also evident are the definitive phrasing of Mabel Mercer and, in small pinches, the abandon of Ray Charles. The early Sinatra sang with veiled emotion; the present one was clearly moved by much of what he did the other night at Carnegie Hall, and his transports were passed on to the audience. He did a slow, slightly husky “Come Rain or Come Shine,” using Billie Holiday's legato pacing, his face brimming with emotion. He did an intense, ad-lib “When Your Lover Has Gone,” backed by rich Ellington hum chords, and a rocking “The Lady Is a Tramp.” He did another classic version of “It Had to Be You,” a pushing “I Won't Dance,” and a graceful ad-lib rendition of “As Time Goes By.” All his unexcelled showmanship was n place. There were the searchlight blue eyes that give the impression they are looking into every pair of eyes in he hall; the ineffable cool and skill hat make his singing appear effortless; he flashing smiles that dispel the emoion of the last song and light the way or the next one; the easy stage moions, even including the seemingly osentatious sipping of a glass of red vine. It is possible that the news of the leath of his old friend Grace Kelly had stirred him. Whether or not this vas so, it was an indelible time.

Sinatra was handsomely backed by his own rhythm section and by Buddy Rich's big band, which opened the oncert with five numbers that set the high tone of the evening. Rich played vith an unbroken concentration and erocity, and in his big showpiece, ‘West Side Story,” he fashioned two olos that had a relentless energy and irtuosity. They wouldn't let you breathe. —WHITNEY BALLIETT

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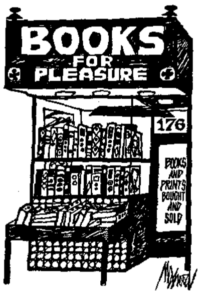
BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

FAMILY HAPPINESS, by Laurie Colwin (Knopf; $12.95). The painting reproduced on the cover of this delightful novel is filled with a bowl of glowing peaches, but one perfect specimen has rolled out and rests in the foreground, across from a cluster of dark plums. If the Solo-Miller family is this bowl of peaches, then Polly Solo-Miller Demarest is the wayward one, and her discreetly anti-social lover (a painter of landscapes and people) completes the triangular composition. Polly's pre-adulterous days composed a less interesting still-life: her uncomplaining conformity to the Solo-Millers' long-standing high standards—as an attentive mother (of two bright youngsters), a dutiful wife (of a distracted lawyer), a patient daughter (of a sanitation fanatic and a direct descendant of Mrs. Malaprop), and a cheerful sister (of a pair of silly, selfish brothers)—was taken for granted by one and all. The story of Polly's new and secret feelings (that the whole family remains blind to her fallen condition does not ease her guilt) is told in terms of six months of delicious meals; it is good food—its preparation and consumption—that salvages her, from day to day, as she hungers for attention, and it is equally good writing that keeps the reader happily attentive to the end.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FOR
PLEASURE
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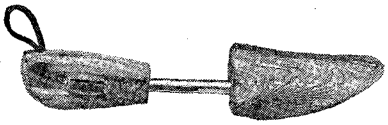
BOOKS AND PRINTS BOUGHT AND SOLD

DANCING GIRLS, AND OTHER STORIES, by Margaret Atwood (Simon & Schuster; $14.50). "The way men and women in the 1980s still miscommunicate" is one of the themes, according to the dust-jacket copy, of these fourteen tiresome stories; but nearly all of them date from the nineteen-seventies. No matter: the small-minded creatures featured here seem fated to miscommunicate into the next decade and beyond. Fortunately, Margaret Atwood's fiction has been improving steadily, and so the publication of this collection can be dismissed as an aberration, while her last, best novel, "Bodily Harm" (1982), holds out hope for a next, truly new work.

DELICATE GEOMETRY, by Ken Chowder (Harper & Row; $12.95). "Carolyn by Evan," "Rice by Carolyn," "Evan by Rice": these are the three parts of a story, set in Oregon, written by and about an especially eccentric ménage à trois. Evan, a trim and low-keyed schoolteacher, has been Carolyn's lover for fourteen years, first in New York, when she was a student at Barnard, and now in Portland; he shares Carolyn with Rice, on a weekly basis, and spends his free time painting still-lifes in the bathroom, where the light is good. Carolyn is a pretty and poised novelist. (It is *she* who proposes the ménage, and then the writing project.) Rice, a gruff and burly country boy, composes at the kitchen table, and (despite his initial reluctance) he carries his narrative beyond the others' endings and on to its painful conclusion, which coincides, appropriately, with the first eruptions of Mt. St. Helens. There are really nine portraits here, since each narrator ends up describing the whole trio, but Mr. Chowder never lets these patterns and puzzles become more important than the stories themselves. A good novel. Its stylistic and imaginative refinement is reflected in a graceful typeface and in fine paper with generous margins.

GREEN ISLAND, by Michael Schmidt (Vanguard; $10.95). A sickly English boy convalescing at his family's Mexican country estate befriends a poor Mexican boy, the gardener's son; neither his parents (they visit only on weekends) nor the servants (not even his shrewd Mexican nanny) know that he sneaks his friend into his room at night and tutors him (having taught him how to read) in secret, under the bedclothes. The gardener runs off, and his son takes over the job, but he is paid only a child's half wage; as he grows into his teens, he also grows restless and bitter, aware that society will not let the two boys be equals—that he must leave the "green island" or grow up to be his gringo friend's peon. The rich boy postpones the departure by making



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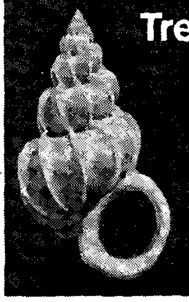

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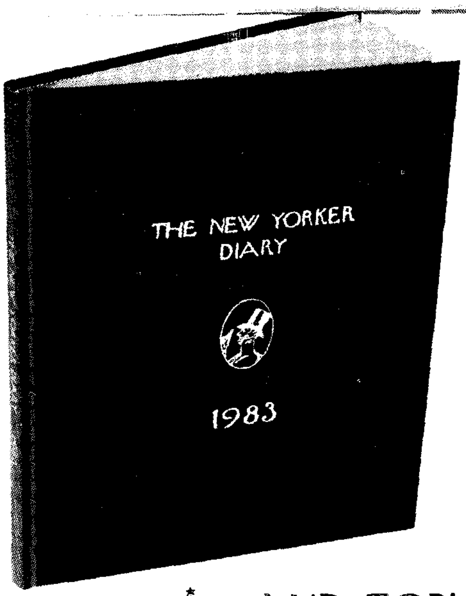

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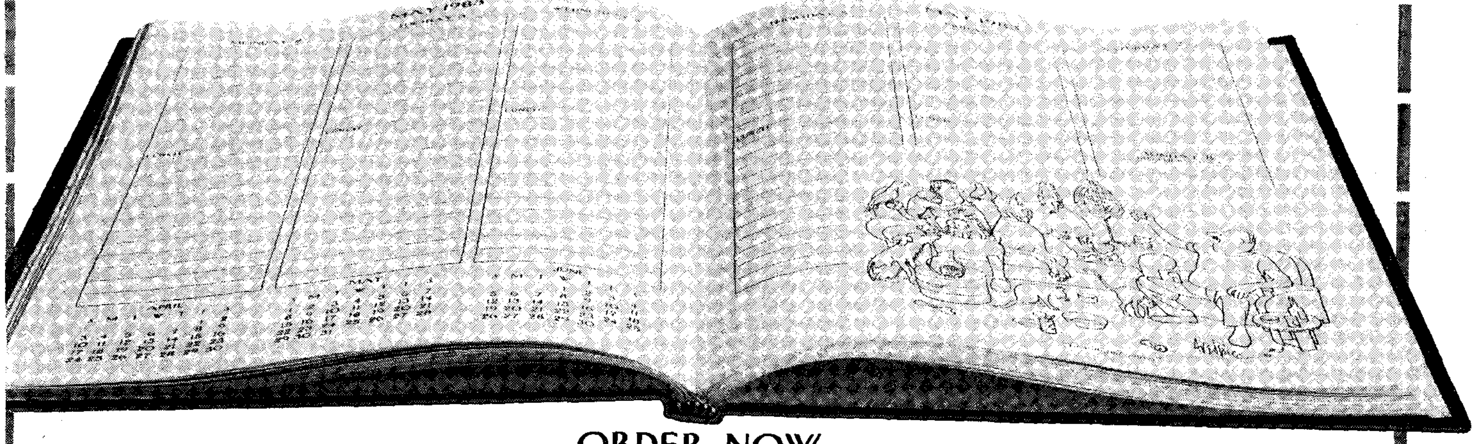

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up the difference in the wages (he pilfers cash from his nanny and his mother), but in doing so, of course, he proves his friend's point. Written in the form of a memoir, this fine, sad novella (only a hundred-plus small pages), by a poet raised in Mexico and now living in England, was first published in England, as "The Colonist": a title more pointed than the new one but less evocative of this fragile friendship.

NOTE: "A Thousand Pardons," a collection of stories by Katinka Loeser, all of which originally appeared in *The New Yorker*, has been published by Atheneum ($12.95).

GENERAL

SHAKY RELATIONS, by Edward Blishen (Hamish Hamilton; $22.50). An exceptionally fine slice of autobiography—part of a continuing series—by a BBC broadcaster, about two new, though not equally unexpected, challenges that he met fairly late in his life, around 1970: the decline of his and his wife's aged parents (most painfully, of his fiendish father); and his introduction to and eager championship of African literature. Mr. Blishen has organized these memories into five sections, which alternate between England and Africa. The English sections often alternate, in turn, between the seaside bungalow where his father (a retired civil servant) cursed the seagulls for fouling his roof and greeted his son, on his occasional visits, with "My God, you *are* looking old" and the hospital where the father became convinced that a code determining the fate of the patients could be deciphered from "the shapes of doorhandles, screws, bedpans, the legs of beds." Mr. Blishen made two visits to Africa, which were timed by his hosts to coincide with various "Book Weeks." He faced outdoor assemblies of orderly, uniformed schoolchildren as well as full-fledged African writers (always writing in English for publication in Europe), and soon found himself urging them all to describe their own amazing world (he never got over the intensity of African colors, from the red soil of a valley in Kenya to the blue workers in an indigo pit in Nigeria) in their own terms, and not, as the schools had always taught, to attempt odes on, say, daffodils. A year or so after his second visit, Mr. Blishen found

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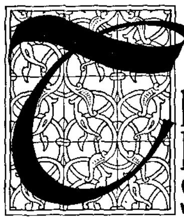

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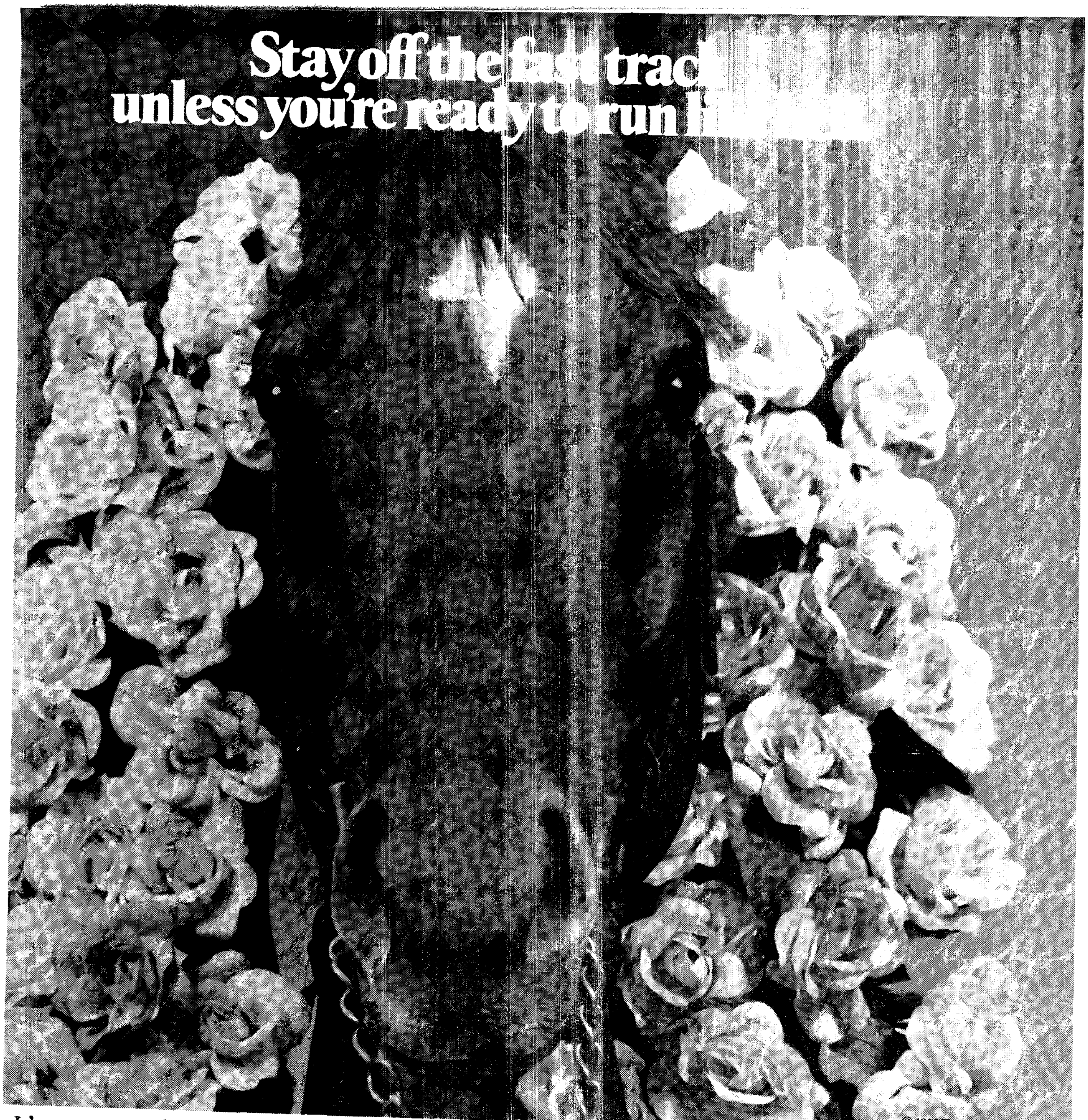

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himself lambasted, because of his genial and optimistic attitude, as one of those "Western flatterers"—a charge not unrelated to his father's chronic contempt for such a son, who had failed to inherit his misanthropy.

Lizzie Pye, by Edward Blishen (Hamish Hamilton; $21.50). Like "Shaky Relations," this five-part sequel alternates between two not obviously related episodes in Mr. Blishen's adult life: his effort, beginning around 1950, to fashion a domestic utopia for himself and his wife (pregnant, at the start, with their second son), along with two pairs of friends, in a rambling three-story Victorian structure outside London; and his ancient and fragile mother's ambition, about twenty-five years later, as soon as her husband died, to open her tiny house to throngs of charming neighbors, who would themselves be charmed by her conversation and her cakes. Mr. Blishen's autobiographical writing is a subtle blend of a diary's on-the-spot details and patient retrospection. His description, for instance, of a housemate's slow-motion fall from a ladder is a hilarious premonition of the household's, and the house's, demise; and his account of his mother's antics as a born-again coquette (hence the title, which is her maiden name)—half blind, half deaf, and, for a while (after breaking her hip), trotting around with the aid of an aluminum walker ("Drawing on a memory of athletes on television using parallel bars, she expressed chagrin because she couldn't hold her legs straight out in front of her")—is as rich in amazing stories as it is in his own amazement.

Thomas E. Dewey and His Times, by Richard Norton Smith (Simon & Schuster; $22.50). This is the first serious study of the New York governor (1943-55) and twice-defeated (1944, 1948) Republican nominee for the Presidency. It recreates an epoch, and ranges from the small town of Owosso, Michigan, where Dewey was born, in 1902 (he died in 1971), through the criminal courts of New York City, in which he starred as a federal, state, and city prosecutor between 1931 and 1941, and to Lowell Thomas's handpicked colony at Quaker Hill, New York, where Dewey bought a farm, and the cavernous convention halls and crowded hotel suites where

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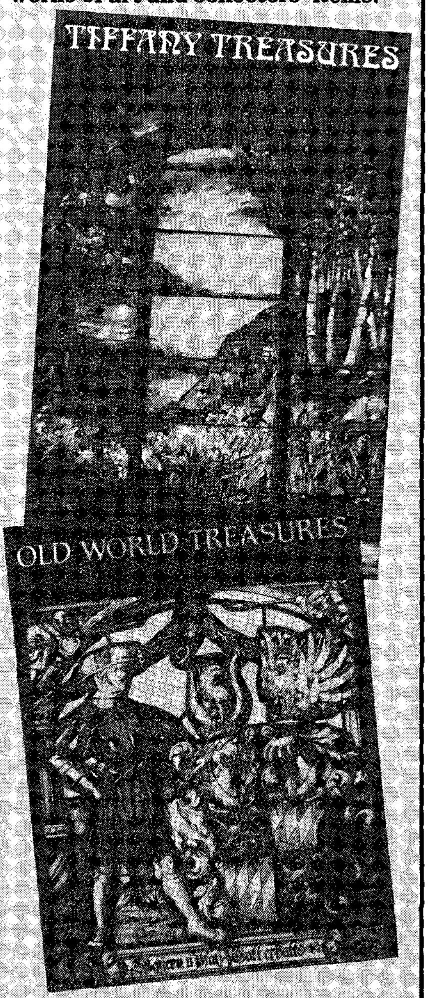

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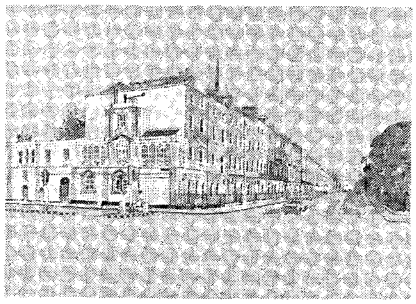

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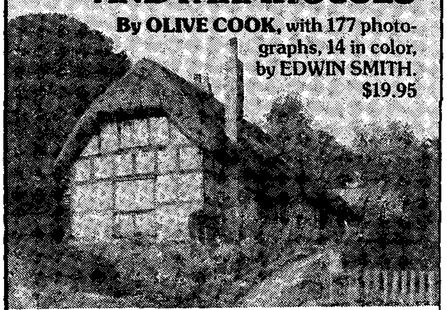

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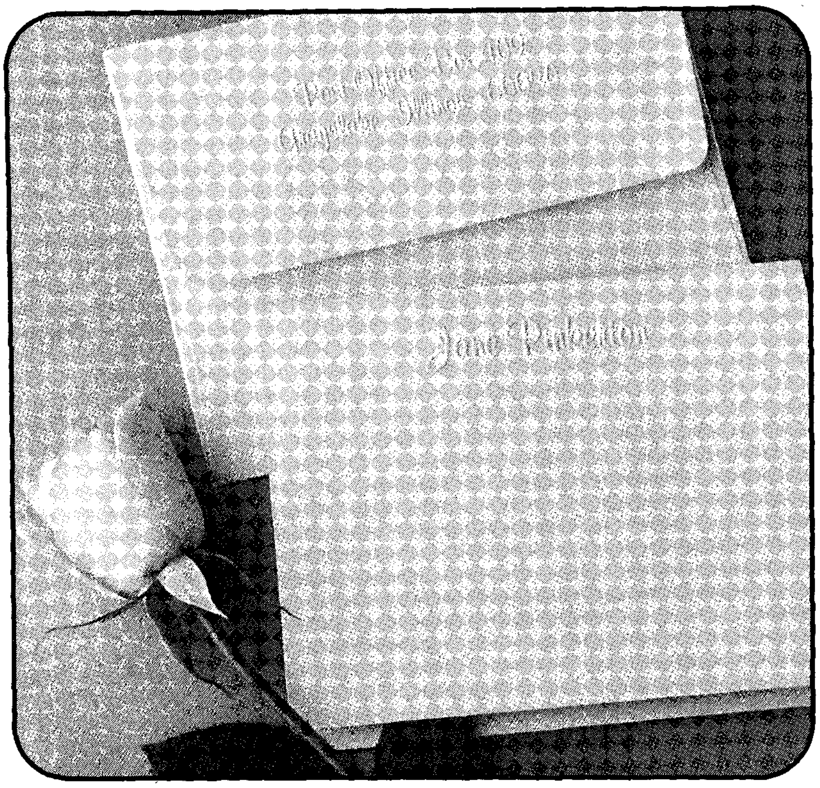
Republican policy was made. The author, himself a young (b. 1953) Republican, has done so well that his work is a judgment not only of his subject but, in some respects, of the United States today. His detailed account of organized crime in the thirties makes plain the viciousness of rackets and racketeers and the fact that their commonest victims were the poor. Dewey, who as early as his 1942 campaign for the governorship called for a program of medical insurance for the poor, devoted his career to an effort to liberalize or modernize the Republican Party, in the tradition of Theodore Roosevelt. Though Mr. Smith is generally approving, he is acute in delineating the temperamental inadequacies that limited Dewey's popularity as well as his effectiveness.

THE BOY SCOUT HANDBOOK, AND OTHER OBSERVATIONS, by Paul Fussell (Oxford; $15.95). Thirty-four essays (book reviews, mostly) by an American professor whose first book was about eighteenth-century English prosody but who soon moved on to poets of the Great War and then to British travel writers of the nineteen-twenties and thirties; his next book will be (as a dust-jacket biography puts it) "a study of the behavior of the imagination in the Second World War." The editors of the journals and magazines—ranging from the *London Review of Books* to the *American Scholar*—in which these essays first appeared (between 1966 and 1982) seem to consider Mr. Fussell qualified to discuss almost anything written in English since "The Rape of the Lock," and the result is an enthusiastic display of quasi erudition. In "Baron Corvo, Sturdy Beggar," for instance, after sneering at "the brilliant high-class scornful Latinate diction that is part of the British autodidact's stock in trade," Mr. Fussell puffs, "To understand why only the half-educated lower middle class talks this way when it conceives its dignity affronted would be to understand some important things about the social history of the nineteenth century."

NADIA BOULANGER: A LIFE IN MUSIC, by Léonie Rosenstiel (Norton; $24.95). Mlle. Boulanger (1887-1979), who was internationally recognized—indeed, idolized—as a teacher and inspirer of composers, once dreamed of becoming a com-



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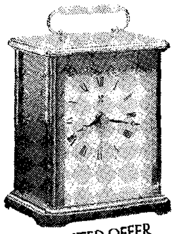

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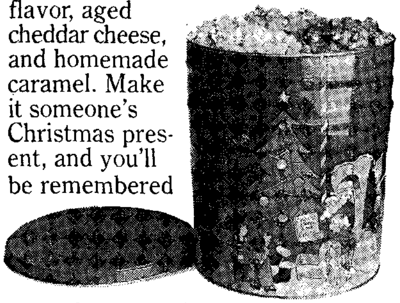

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poser herself. She failed four times to win a Prix de Rome for composition; in 1913 her younger sister, Lili (1893-1918), became the first woman to do so. (Nadia had been supporting her sister and their domineering mother since 1904; their father, a professor at the Paris Conservatory, died in 1900.) Nadia played both piano and organ (she was also an able conductor—a career not thought of for women in her time), but her maladroitness in public relations, her lack of showmanship, and her mother's demands for her time, company, and steady earnings made a career as a performer impossible. In Mlle. Boulanger's fifty-eight years of service at the American Conservatory at Fontainebleau, as in her entire life, she was a complex combination of star and drudge. Miss Rosenstiel, a violinist, gives us an immediate sense not only of Mlle. Boulanger but of a host of people who contributed to "modern" movements in music in this country and abroad.

POLITICAL GRAPHICS: ART AS A WEAPON, by Robert Philippe (Abbeville; $50). A quite wonderful presentation of more than four hundred graphic images that have been used, since the fifteenth century, to urge a political point of view, whether to exalt a king or a dictator, to denounce capitalism, to recruit soldiers for a war, or to excoriate the proponents of atomic weapons. The images range from engravings, etchings, and woodcuts to posters and cartoons reproduced by the most modern methods. The author, a professor of history at the University of Le Mans, follows the development of the art of graphic persuasion (and exhortation) chronologically. It is the pictures, however (and appropriately), that best tell the story.

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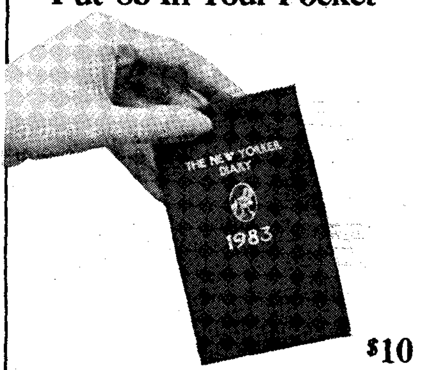

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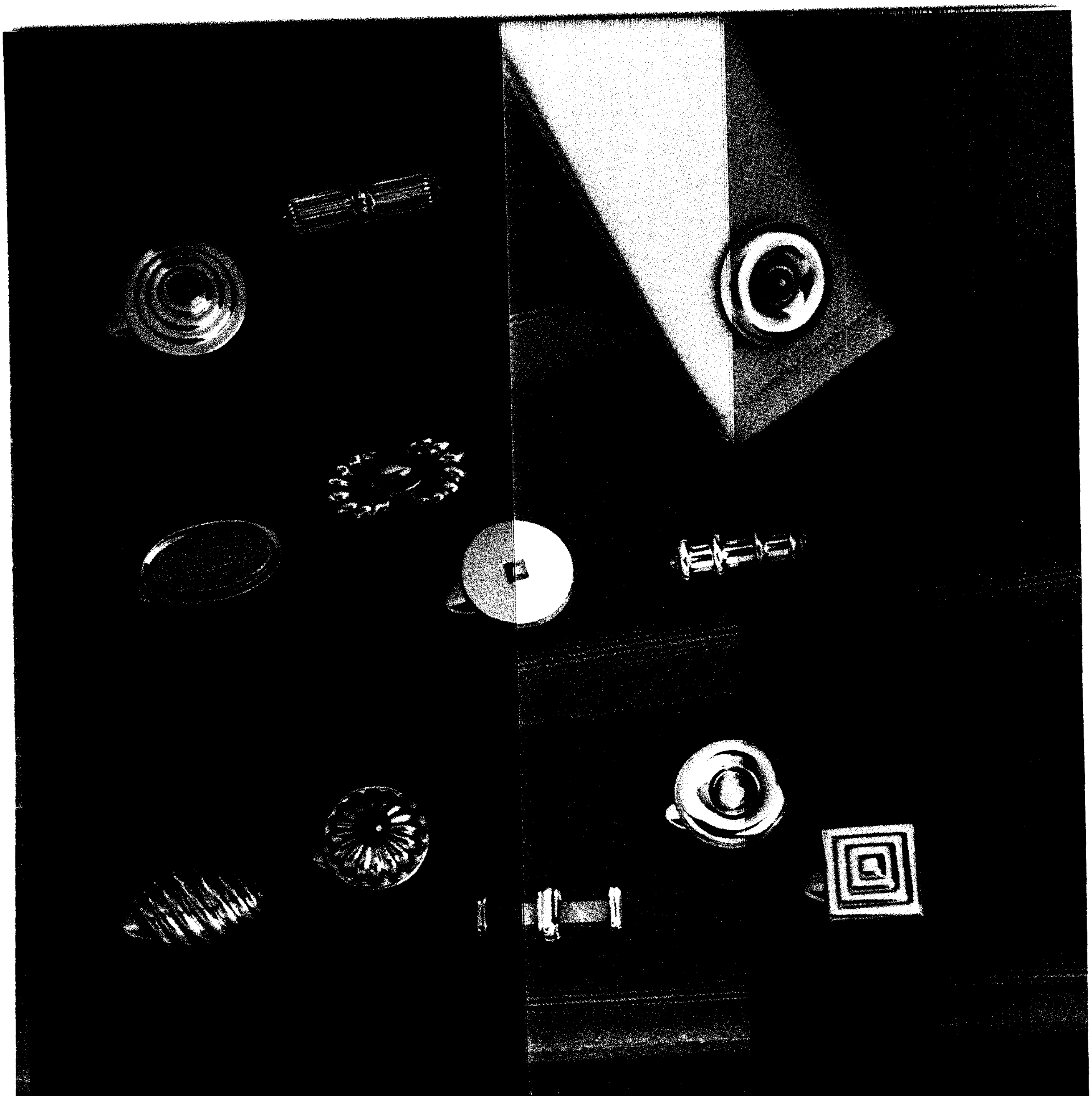

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